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FISTS ACROSS THE SEA

AN UNSENTIMENTAL PROPHECY

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

SOME months ago Mr. Newton D. Baker made a strong plea for cancellation of the war debts. It may be taken for granted that he was not speaking for political effect in the narrow sense, since his party promptly repudiated his views. One must admit that a good deal of what he said might be best judged, probably, on the assumption that he was speaking as a survivor of the Wilsonian Old Guard; but he called attention to two facts that are very little known and are worth the prayerful regard of every American. The first is that nowhere in Europe are the debts considered as a binding obligation, and no one feels any moral responsibility about paying them. If they are ever paid at all, they will be paid to us, Mr. Baker says, "for a cause and in a form to them (*i.e.*, to the debtor peoples) not greatly different from the tribute which Rome imposed upon her friends and enemies alike."

This is a profound truth, and Mr. Baker deserves credit for pointing it out. It is a truth which our citizens have never even begun to take in. I wish they might dwell on it long enough to become aware—really aware—that it is the true view held by the debtor *peoples* of Europe. I am not speaking of their Governments' view. I think I know what that is, and I shall get around to it later on. But it is a fact that the masses of Europe, the "man in the street," Tom, Dick, and Harry, do not regard these debts as debts at all in the commercial sense, but merely as so much blackmail that we are trying to sandbag out of their necessitous condition. I do not believe the census-taker could ferret out one hundred persons in any debtor country who regard the demands of the United States as anything but a monstrous and iniquitous extortion.

This view may be all wrong, or it may not. It may be the consequence of ignorance, propaganda, or anything you please. Let us not go behind the returns—at least, not for a few moments, not until we fully understand that this

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view, odd as it may seem, is a *general* view, practically universal, and that it is an *honest* view. I have been in Europe many months now, and I get everywhere the impression that this view is as widely held by the peoples of Europe, however they came by it and however erroneous it may be, as the contrary view is held in the United States; and with just as great sincerity. I wish that Mr. Baker had laid stress on this point. I could have forgiven him if he had not been in such a tearing hurry to get those debts cancelled, and had done a little more to help his countrymen understand an alien frame of mind, for that is the important thing. In a matter of this kind, understanding is more than half way to sympathy, and both together are more than half way to appropriate and effective action. Cancelling the debts is relatively easy, but bringing about a change of mind and feeling on the part of whole peoples is extremely hard.

At present, neither the European nor the American understands the other's view; neither is making any effort to understand it; neither is getting any light or encouragement for such an effort from anybody, least of all from the several Governments. Our own Government has persistently shirked a psychological fact as obvious, as obtrusive, as inexorable as any fact can be. No doubt it has its reasons for so doing. The European Governments, probably for analogous reasons, have shirked the same fact as persistently. Consequently, human nature being what it is, both the American and the European tend to take a disparaging and contemptuous view of the other. It quite regularly happens so. The American, when he thinks about the matter at all, regards the European as a low, swindling fellow who wants to get out of paying for a horse that has died on his hands; the European regards the American as a sharper and a gain-grabber who will not recognize the principle that there is honor among thieves.

The American generally, as I believe, would put his case to the European somewhat thus: "This was your fracas—we did not start it—and for a long time we loaned you money to go on with, and finally came in ourselves to help you through. If the war was a mistake and didn't pan out, if you overshot the mark and shot your grandmother it is too bad, and we are sorry, and all that, but we can't see that it affects our claim. You gambled on your own judgment, borrowed our money to back your gamble, and now if you don't fork up, we American taxpayers have to make good. That is to say, we have to pay for your dead horse two or three times over, and we don't see it."

The European replies, "No, for you were in on the gamble as much as we were. You were in it, and on the make from the first moment, clawing incredible money out of it with both hands. Your pretended neutrality was a transparent fraud. You protracted the war by staying out as long as you possibly could, and you came in finally for no purpose in the wide world but to protect your investments, and establish yourselves in a colossal economic imperialism. We do not find fault with that; it was the regular thing done in the regular way, taking a leaf out of our book. We simply say that you can't have it both coming and going—you can't have it as a gamble for four years and a commercial transaction for the next sixty-two. We see no moral obligation in the matter, and we won't pay unless it is blackjacked out of us, and that is the word with the bark on it."

Here again, I say, it is not to the point to discuss the right and wrong, the wisdom or absurdity of these views. Let it pass that either or both are ten thousand times as wrong and absurd as anyone wants them to be, the primary questions still remain, first, are they held *generally*, and second, are they held *honestly*? Those who have doubts about the European view can settle them by coming over here and nosing about a bit, not being too careful about picking their

company. Those who think the American view is not held generally would seem to imagine that the size of the late Mr. Harding's popular majority meant nothing in particular—and there is hardihood in that thought. Those who doubt its being held sincerely, even enthusiastically, would seem to think that Senator Borah has made himself merely a prophetic voice crying in the wilderness for the fun of the thing; and anyone who thinks that is too simple-minded for this world—heaven is his home. No, if any respectable contention can be made against these views being held widely and sincerely as I have stated them I shall be unfeignedly astonished.

Well, then, here we have a serious misunderstanding, strong rooted enough in my judgment to stand a deal of grubbing and thrive on it. It is more than a detached difference of opinion. There is so much feeling involved in it, so much that is instinctive, that it might almost be called temperamental. Put an intelligent European and an intelligent American together to explain themselves to each other, and it is an easy hundred to one that they cannot do it. I have seen it tried several times, and never yet saw it done. Neither party can be blamed; neither of them can fairly be called pig-headed or vindictive in the matter, however wrong or absurd one may judge his view to be. Can this misunderstanding be modified? In time, a very long time, perhaps—nothing like that can be flatly put down as impossible. But will cancellation of the debts modify it, or even tend enough that way to make it worth while to cancel them? I greatly doubt it.

Mr. Baker's style of advocacy strikes one as a little unfortunate, because he seems to be trying to keep his eye on two things at once. He wants the debts cancelled as a demonstration "to the rest of the world that America's interest is not in dollars, but in a reconstructed international order, with as much as possible of the grief of the World War swept into oblivion." One takes this to mean that cancellation should be a gesture of benevolent and disinterested good will. This is very fine and very good. It touches traditional American pride in always doing the handsome thing where money is involved. But Mr. Baker devotes the larger part of his plea to showing what uncommonly good business it would be for us to make that gesture. He quotes with approval Mr. Mellon's saying, that "a prosperous Europe would be worth far more in dollars and cents to the United States than any possible return from debts." He musters the impressive figures of our export trade to show that America "not only has an interest in general rehabilitation and the maintenance of world peace, but that our own continued prosperity requires it." He observes further that "the overseas investments of the people of the United States now aggregate perhaps eleven billion dollars, and we are investing annually overseas at the rate of a billion a year. As this goes on, our interest in world peace becomes more and more insistent. Where our treasure is, there our hearts will be also." Really, Mr. Baker's discourse mixes up benevolence and shrewdness at such a rate that one hardly knows which he wishes to be our guiding motive.

It would be a petty business to bear down on Mr. Baker merely because one cannot be quite sure whether at any given time he is speaking as a man of generous impulses or as a man of affairs. I should not dream of doing this. I point out these little peculiarities of his argument only to show cause for my belief that if the debts were cancelled the European would still regard America with somewhat the same uncertainty that a clear-thinking person must regard Mr. Baker. The high nobility of American purpose will be no more distinctly shown by cancellation than Mr. Baker's altruism (in which I firmly believe) is shown by his argument. Moreover, the untutored foreigner has heard of Amer-

ican idealism and altruism before. He will simply point Mr. Baker back to his own figures on the stupendous amount of bankers' loans put out in Europe since the War, and he will say, "As long as war was a good thing for your investments, you kept us at war. Now that peace and prosperity in Europe are good for your investments, you are all for peace and prosperity. In respect of the debts, thank you for nothing. If ever you collected them, it would be at the sword's point, and perhaps in the long run it might cost you more than they came to, and jolly well you know it. You want Europe pacified and revived so that we may work like the very old Harry to pay interest on your post-war exportations of private capital—that is about the size of your idealism." He might be doing us a shocking injustice; our intentions might be pure as the snows of Mont Blanc, yet that is what he would say and with all his heart believe.

Again, will cancellation change the American's opinion of the European? Not if I know anything of human nature. He, too, will turn on poor Mr. Baker and ask him why it is only the taxpayer's and rentpayer's money that he proposes to make so free with. Why does no one ever hear any talk of cancelling some of the bankers' loans that have been made so abundantly to these decrepit European States? Why sacrifice only the public loans to show America's inflamed interest in providing a permanently attractive roost for the dove of peace? Why, whenever taxpayers' loans and bankers' loans stand in competition, as in the case of the Italian settlement, do the former always get the worst of it? Why must the taxpayer always dig up for our toplofty international moralities? Indeed, the American is almost sure (I think improperly, but Mr. Baker has laid himself open to it) to ask Mr. Baker if his own superheated anxiety is not due to fear for the fate of the private loans in case repayment of the public loans is insisted on. In any case, it seems to me he will be more down on the foreigner than ever for having again succeeded, as he thinks, in "putting something over."

Once more, the measure of truth and justice in these sentiments is nothing to be considered at the moment. The thing to be remarked is that cancellation will not change the view held by either the European or the American concerning the nature of the debts. The American will continue to regard them as of a purely commercial character; and the European, as part of a joint stake in an unlucky gamble. Nor will it change by one iota the most unpleasant opinion that each has of the other. In the American's eyes the European will remain a swindler, and in the European's eyes the American will remain a swine. Hence the misunderstanding to which Mr. Baker has called attention will remain unmodified, cancellation or no cancellation.

II

So much for popular opinion and sentiment. Now, what about the Governments? This is a short story. Certain Americans visiting Europe in 1915 came home foretelling two things: first, that whichever side won the War would lose it, and second, that if the Allied Powers won the War, the United States would pay for it. These persons had only one qualification for prophecy—nothing recondite or elaborate—simply that when they sailed for Europe they neither left their horse sense and emotional detachment behind, nor did they have them shipped in bond. They took them along and made them work union hours all the time. They were equipped also with a slight knowledge of modern European history, enough to know the actual origins of the War, and they were somewhat conversant with fundamental economics. But the qualification that counted most was the one I have mentioned.

These persons regarded the War, as it is now quite generally regarded, as a purely imperialist enterprise—nothing

to be proud of, in other words, but rather a squalid affair. When peace was declared, their judgment was justified, at least in America, with an astonishing suddenness that was a great embarrassment to those who had been propagandized into a different view—in other words, to almost everybody. The terms of the armistice (the actual terms, that is, not the Wilsonian terms) and the terms of the peace turned out to be, letter for letter, the terms of the secret treaties, precisely as these persons knew they would. Everything went according to schedule, except one trifling matter that apparently no one in Europe foresaw; and the fact that it was not foreseen is competent evidence of the quality of Allied statesmanship in force from 1910 to 1914. In putting down one competing imperialism, the Allied Powers built up another, which for magnitude and potential menace made the vanquished one, even in its palmiest days, look cheap. The world's economic hegemony dropped like a ripe plum into the capacious and waiting paw of your Uncle Samuel, thereby enabling him to exercise an economic imperialism the like of which was never seen on earth. Think of Palmerston or Salisbury overlooking the chance of a little thing like that!

The United States was not accommodating enough to participate in the fighting until everything in sight had been cornered and further abstention was perilous. On this point the current European testimony to America's behavior is hard to rebut. Meanwhile the Allied Powers turned a bilious eye on what was happening, and ruefully took notice that their hindsight was better than their foresight. The War suddenly stopped. The nominal victors clapped a thundering indemnity on Germany, and from that moment to this, they have made the effort of their lives to maneuver the United States Government into the position of being the only Power interested in collecting it. They all owed the United States a slather of money, and their great aim has been to secure their own economic position in such a way as to make it safe to tell their creditor to dig his pay out of Germany or whistle for it. This was to be expected, and is nothing for one to complain of or get excited about, since all politics are *Realpolitik*, and there is no place in them for any but realist conduct of a strictly hard-baked type.

Probably not two hundred persons in the United States, outside the banking business, are aware how near to success in this amicable enterprise the Allied Powers now are. The League of Nations minnow was no lure for Uncle Sam; he noticed that it had a hook in it, attached to a long line which reached somewhere, and he promptly sheered off. The World Court was a painted decoy and quite lively, but the quarry swam around it and over it, observed its landward connections, and passed it by, merely nibbling its tail for fun, to make the patient anglers think they had something. Now, however, they have him in a sluiceway and are after him with spears.

France is to-day the only country that would feel any awkwardness about more or less politely snubbing a demand for payment, and Uncle Sam got himself in the sluiceway by imagining, apparently, that France cannot get loans anywhere but in the United States. So the whole question of the collectibility of the debts now hangs on the one point of the French Government's ability to get money enough from non-American sources to go on with. I should say, from nominally non-American sources, for the money might be American money which English or Dutch, yea, even German bankers (alas for Allied solidarity!) are ready to turn an honest franc or two by lending out again at second or third hand. Can the French Government raise the wind? I think so, and with no great difficulty. The Belgian Government has just raised it without trouble, I notice, from Swiss and Dutch sources. It would not surprise me if by the time

these words are in print M. Poincaré would have worked his little miracle, and done it on the strength of an understanding with friend and erstwhile foe alike. This is only my opinion, based on some knowledge of M. Poincaré's standing and connections in the realm of finance. He seems to me to be the acceptable and appointed miracle-worker; but the miracle will be worked by some hand, if not by his, and very soon.

Immediately that is done, the French contention for conditional payment—conditional upon Germany's continuing to pay the indemnity—becomes impregnable, does it not? What can touch it? Protest against consideration of debts and indemnity together (which the United States Government has always declined to countenance) can then be met with a pensive smile and a look of pain. If our Government's assumption, or apparent assumption, about France's ability to get loans turns out to be illusory, our Government no longer has any grip, not only on France, but on Europe. I believe that this assumption is devoid of foundation. We may have most of the world's money in the United States, but we haven't it all; and furthermore, there are indirect ways, such as I have pointed out, of arriving at American money without going to America for it. Germany and Russia have found those ways, and so may the brisk and thrifty Marianne. If France does not, I shall lose a good ninety-nine per cent of my present large respect for M. Poincaré's ability.

III

Now we are brought to the second important thing said by Mr. Baker, which was the notice he gave of an economic get-together movement in Europe against the United States. He spoke of this with great force and feeling, as I should think he would, for it is the most serious contingency imaginable—and what else can possibly happen? In the face of a common economic peril, the enemies of yesterday become friends overnight—a fact worth special notice by those who doubt, or pretend to doubt, that all politics rest on a foundation of economics. The War is over. Germany has a whaling indemnity to pay. The Allied Powers have a staggering debt to pay. Both are confronted by an economic competitor that is something of a tidy match for all of industrial Europe put together. Behind them, too, is the rapidly growing influence in the East of Russia's entirely different and inimical economic system. The effect of this last must not be lost sight of. No one in the United States regards it seriously or pays any attention to it, but, believe me, it is regarded with devout seriousness in this hemisphere, and with reason. The East is a large district with great numbers of people in it; experienced people, too, who up to the present have seen the West exclusively at its worst side; and great numbers of people, with their needs and their greeds, their fancies and their follies, are what make large markets.

Germany might have thrown over its economic system after the revolution, and taken on Russia's. Probably no one can say now whether or not that would have been the best thing all round. For some time I thought it would, but I am no longer so sure. However, the question is academic, for she did not. She stuck to the essential thing that, much more clearly than her geographical position, now marks her as a Western Power. That being so, what could be more strictly historical in the present circumstances than a little quiet understanding all round that Germany shall keep on paying punctually under the Dawes plan until France gets on her feet? Then the occupation-troops will be withdrawn, never to return, the indemnity forgotten, the Dawes plan let collapse, and the United States left holding the bag. Certainly no one in Europe has any interest in squeezing money out of Germany merely to pass it along to the United States. Would it not be much more sensible to let the United States go hang, and employ all the

money in sight to stouten and stiffen the economic solidarity of Western Europe? Can anyone imagine anything else being done? Apparently Mr. Baker cannot, and I certainly cannot.

IV

Very well, then, "if and when," what is the United States going to do about it? I wish I knew. I wish Mr. Baker had told us. I wish someone who can think of a good answer would tell us now. It might be thought that things being as they are, the statesmanlike course would be for the United States to make such concessions from the policy of lone-hand imperialism as would create an economic solidarity of the whole West against the East. My impression is that this is what it will come to in time, but such accommodations are never made but under great pressure, and certainly the pressure is not enough felt in the United States as yet to make the thing practicable. Perhaps Mr. Baker has some such thought in the back of his mind, and regards cancellation as the first step in a change of policy. Such concessions as are necessary, however, would be so enormously in excess of cancellation that one can hardly believe it would be in human nature to make them at this juncture or for a long time to come—probably not until it is too late.

One thing that we may be reasonably sure of is that when the time comes for the United States to take action in the premises, the popular misunderstanding, over which I waxed somewhat repetitious and windy in the first section of this article, will more than anything determine what it shall be. Here, I think, is an explanation of the fact which I have already remarked, that none of the Governments have turned a hand or uttered a syllable to allay or inform this misunderstanding—none of them could tell when it might come handy. Another thing to be taken account of is the progress made by the United States as a militarist Power, along with its imperialism, and the inflated notions of prestige that such progress invariably engenders. Both these psychological factors lie ready to the hand of the Government as potential assets. If this be held to imply an unworthy suspicion, I can surely without offence point out that they also lie ready as potential assets to the hand of demagoguery. Under their influence, if properly managed, our Government might be obliged, before the diplomatic conversations were over, to ask France for all her colonial possessions and Great Britain for the Maritime Provinces and British Columbia, or it might be obliged to make of the Chinese market (as seems anyway inevitable) a second Morocco.

V

But the economic get-together that Mr. Baker foresees and that anyone can observe in process of actual formation here, is not something extemporized merely for the repudiation of debt. By no means. It is proceeding into a regular year-in, year-out, offensive and defensive alliance against the United States in every available field of production and distribution on the face of the earth. One now sees the beginning of what Mr. Baker saw in prospect, the busy broaching of tariff-unions and other discriminatory trade-arrangements among the debtor countries to the prejudice of American commerce. The recent "bankers' manifesto" has just this significance. Would cancellation of the debt buy off this *rapprochement?* Why should it? This alliance is not a matter of pique. There is no sentiment in it. It is simply a protective accommodation of imperialist interests against a single imperialist Power felt to be strong enough to overmatch any combination of them, short of the whole. Probably there is no love lost among these interests, but as Franklin said, they must all hang together to avoid hanging separately. It would be the same if there were no debts.

What will the United States do about

this? I am aware that as long as we are prosperous, and the movie shows go on and the motor cars run without our having to pinch pennies to run them, no one is going to bother his head about anything that foreigners do—no one, for that matter, is going to bother his head about anything. But look at our figures of foreign trade as Mr. Baker quotes them and conceive them cut down in every market of the world as this combination will be able to cut them down! I do not say we should be brought to the starvation-point or anywhere near it; but would not the pinch be hard enough to start some grumbling, possibly some thinking, and certainly some kind of Governmental activity? What kind will it be? Under such conditions, what has it invariably been?

The prospect is not cheerful, however one may look at it. My questions sum up only to a restatement of the problem that humanity first tackled in the Garden of Eden, and has been hopefully fiddling with ever since, namely: how to sow the wind and get out of reaping the whirlwind. Perhaps this generation can solve it, but the history of previous attempts is so discouraging that all I feel able to contribute is my best wishes for success. I may as well end, however, by saying that in the matter of cancellation, I think I am on Mr. Baker's side, but rather unintelligently. I believe I am in favor of cancelling the debts, though for the life of me I cannot say why. I know that cancellation will do nothing that Mr. Baker thinks it will. It will not prepossess the peoples, for they will smell a rat in it. It will not prepossess the Governments, for they have not the remotest notion of ever paying the debts anyway. It will not put a quietus on the lively preparations for concerted economic action against the United States, for that is a sheer collision of imperialist interests, and the debts are not its cause, or more than most remotely its occasion. There seems no solid reason why one should be for cancellation or against it, when one looks the situation over and sees how little the thing would count for, either way.

Perhaps I am for it as a pious gesture. Man never knows how superstitious he is, and one often sees pretty tough characters cross themselves when they go into danger. The international situation looks a little dark to me at the moment, I confess, and my hopes of the human race are uncommonly low. Doesn't it sometimes seem just a burning shame that the Ark did not founder on its first day out of port? This mood will not last, of course, but while it is on, I feel the rather futile wish that somebody would institute some pious gestures, since apparently that is about all anyone can do. Probably the one Mr. Baker recommends is as good as any—at least, I cannot think of a better one.

SILVER CIRCUS

A STORY

BY A. E. COPPARD

HANS SIEBENHAAR, a street porter, is basking on his stool in a fine street of Vienna, for anybody to hire for any sort of job. He is a huge man with a bulbous hairless face that somehow recalls a sponge, and this sponge is surmounted by a flat-brimmed peaked hat encircled by a white band bearing these words in red: *Wiener Dienstmann*. His voice, which we shall hear later on, is a vast terrifying voice, that seems to tear a rent in Space itself. At fifty years of age Hans is a conspicuous man. But a street porter! Not a profitable way of life, yet it must serve, and must continue to serve. It is a hot July morn, tropical; there are many noises, but no one speaks. The fruit-stall women are silent and hidden, they have pinned newspapers around the edges of their big red umbrellas. It is stifling, languorous; one thinks of lilac, of cool sea, of white balloons; the populace tears off its hat, fans itself desperately, sips ice in the cafés, and still perspires. The very street sounds are injurious to the mind. The drivers of carts wear only their breeches; their bodies are brown as a Polynesian's and lovely to behold.

Just such a day it was as the day twelve months gone when Mitzi Siebenhaar, his second wife, had run away with that Julius Damjancsics. Yes, please very much, she had left him. Hans took off his hat. After contemplating its interior as if it were a coffer of extraordinary mystery, he sighed huskily into it. How was it possible to understand such an accident! Smoothing his brown bald skull with the other hand, he collected so much sweat upon his hairy freckled fingers that as he shook them the drops simply splashed upon the pavement. Young Mitzi! It was her youth, ah, God bless, she had the pull of him there, a whole fifteen years, fifteen years younger, youth as well as beauty, beauty as well as youth. At thirty-five she was as lovely as a girl, fitful and furious just like a girl, so he was only able to keep her for one little year; that is to say, keep her faithful to himself. One little year! That is not long, but for a man of fifty it is so difficult, yes; but then Julius Damjancsics was just as old. And she had gone off with him! What could she see in Julius Damjancsics! How was it possible to understand such an accident! They had all been friends together, and Julius could play the mandolin, but Hans could pound him into dust. What could she see in Julius Damjancsics? He could crush him in one fist, like a gherkin. If he had caught them—but that was difficult, too. Belgrade he had gone to, for Julius Damjancsics was a Serbian, and Buda-Pesth he had gone to, for Mitzi was Hungarian; but this Julius was a wandering fellow and very deceitful. So. Well, it was pitiful to think of in such hot weather, there was nothing to be done, he had come back to Vienna. And now here he was brooding, here he was groaning; pitiful to think of. At last he said to himself, "Let us wipe our tears and forget that Christ died. *Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto*," he murmured, for he was a good Catholic

man, as Father Adolf of Stefans Dom could testify.

"Porter!" cried a voice.

Hans looked up quickly and put on his hat.

"Sir," said he.

A big man, with a big important foreign face, and fat and flourishing appearance, and shiny black boots with gray-cloth tops stood as it were examining the porter. Although the boots were fastened with what appeared to be pearl buttons, they were rather uncared for, but to offset this, a large gold watch-chain was lavishly displayed, with jeweled tie pin and studs. The man's fists were in his trousers pockets; he twirled a long thin cigar between his rich red lips. Immense and significant, he might have been a Turk or a Tartar, but he was neither; he was the boss of a Roumanian circus.

"Come with me, I want you," and the huge Hans followed the circus man to a *Biergarten* where another man was waiting who might have been a Tartar or a Turk. He called him Peter—he was certainly his brother—and Peter called him Franz. All three sat down and drank together.

"Tell me, Hans Siebenhaar," said Franz, "you are a strong man?"

"Yes, I am a strong man, that is so."

"You have a good voice?"

"Please . . ." Hans paused. "I am no singer, not much."

"Ah! No, no, no. You have a strong voice to speak, to shout, you can make great sounds with your voice?"

"O ay," Hans agreed, "I have a strong voice, that is so, very strong, I can make a noise." And there and then he accorded them a succession of hearty bellows in testimony. There was only one other occupant of the *Biergarten*, a man with an Emperor Franz-Josef sort of face and white whiskers like the wings of an easy chair, who sat smoking a china pipe under an acacia tree. And he seemed to be deaf, for he did not take the slightest notice of the appalling outcry. Two waiters rushed with alarm into the garden, but Franz waved them away.

"Good," said Franz reflectively. "Listen now." And, sitting there between the brothers, Hans heard them propound to him a scheme that smote him with amazement and bereft him of sympathy; it filled him indeed with any and every emotion but that of satisfaction. They wanted him, in brief, to become a tiger.

"No." Hans was indignant, and he was contemptuous. "I do not understand, but I do not do this."

Not at once—they cried—not to-day. No, no. Plenty of time, a week's time in fact. And they would instruct him in the art of impersonating a tiger; they would rehearse him, and for a single performance, one night only, they would give him two hundred Austrian shillings. Peter the Turk declared it was far too much money. Franz the Tartar invoked his God.

There is more in this—thought Hans—than meets my ear; I have to beware of something. Aloud he inquired, "Two hundred shillings?"

"Two hundred," said Peter.

"Shillings," echoed Franz, scratching the table with a wooden toothpick.

"And, please very much, what I am to do?"

They told him what he was to do. He was to be sewn up in the skin of a tiger; he was to enact the part of a tiger in their menagerie; he was to receive two hundred shillings. Very, very simple for a strong man. Hans Siebenhaar was to be sewn up in the tiger's hide for two hundred shillings; he was to prance and fight and hideously roar in the best way he knew so that the hearts of the audience should be rocked within them and fly into their throats—and the two hundred shillings was his. It was his voice; it was because of his great bellowing tigerish voice that they had come to him. Such a voice was worth some riches to them, and so they were going to pay two hundred shillings for his services.

"Two hundred shillings?" murmured Hans.

"Two hundred," said Peter, and Franz said, "Two hundred."

It is not—thought Hans—to be sneezed at, but there is more in this than strikes my hearing; I must be wary.

"Why do you not have," he asked them, "a real tiger?"

"But we had!" they both cried.

"And now he is dead," said Peter.

"A real proper tiger," Franz declared.

"But now he is dead," repeated his brother. "Ah, he had paws like a hassock."

"And the ferocity!"

"Beautiful," said Peter. "He died of grief."

"No, no, no," objected Franz. "I would not say that of this tiger."

"But, yes," affirmed Peter. "Of grief. He loved me, and lately I married again."

"The heart was broken, yes, perhaps," Franz admitted.

"His voice died away like a little whistle"—there was sorrow in Peter's eyes. "No fury."

"Two hundred shillings," said Franz.

"Brrr-o-o-o-owh!" Hans suddenly roared and, skipping up, he began capering and pawing madly about the garden. "Ookah, pookah, boddle, oddle, moddle, miowh!" he roared.

The deaf old gentleman with the Franz-Josef whiskers gently laid his china pipe on the table before him; he neither observed nor heeded Hans, he only put his fingers into his mouth and extracted his false teeth. These he calmly examined, as if they were a foreign substance he had never noticed before and was wondering how it came to be there. Hans began crashing over the tables and chairs; waiters rushed into the garden and, flinging themselves upon the perspiring maniac, rolled him over into a corner.

"That is good," cried Franz, "very good!"

"Absolutely," Peter said, "absolutely!"

Three waiters clung to Hans Siebenhaar with the clear intention of throttling him.

"Enough!" shouted Franz. "Let him go," and with his powerful hands he dragged two of the waiters from the prostrate body of Hans as you would draw two pins from a pincushion, and likewise did Peter do with the other waiter.

"It is all right," said Franz, and Peter said it was quite all right. They gave the waiters a few coins and soothed them. In the meantime Hans had resumed his seat, and the deaf old gentleman was replacing his teeth.

To Hans the brothers said, "Listen," and Hans listened. Their circus-menagerie was now on view in The Prater, and at the festival next week they had contemplated staging a novel performance, nothing less than a combat between a lion and a tiger—ah, good business!—but just at this critical moment what does their tiger do?

"It dies," suggested Hans.

"Dies," agreed Franz. "It dies. So now!"

"Yes, now?" Hans said, and nodded.

"You must be our tiger, that is the simple fact of the business. You have the voice of a tiger, and the character. You will get the two hundred shillings. Hooray! It is like lapping honey, yes."

"But what is this?" cried Hans. "To fight a lion!"

"Pooh," Peter said. "It is more friendly and harmless than any kitten."

"No," said Hans. "No."

"Yes," said Franz. "Yes. It is, it is a caterpillar, I tell you."

"No!" shouted Hans.

"It has no teeth."

"Not I," cried the intended victim.

"It has been in our family for a hundred years."

"Never," declared Hans with absolute finality, and he got up as if to go. But the brothers seized each an arm and held him down in his chair.

"Have no fear, Mr. Siebenhaar; it will love you. Two hundred and fifty shillings!"

"No, I will not; ha!"

"Mr. Siebenhaar, we can guarantee you. Three hundred shillings," said Peter.

"And fifty," added Franz.

"Three hundred and fifty!" repeated Hans. "So? But what? I cannot fight a lion. No, no. I am not a woman, I have my courage; but what is three hundred and fifty shillings for my life's blood and bones?" In short, a lion was not the kind of thing Mr. Siebenhaar was in the habit of fighting.

"Ach! Your blood and bones will be as safe as they are in your trousers. You have not to fight this lion . . ."

"No, I will not; ha!"

"You have only to play with it. This lion does not fight, Mr. Siebenhaar, it will not, it cannot."

"Why so?"

"It is too meek, it is like a lamb in a meadow that cries Baa. You have only to prance about before it and roar and roar, to make a noise and a fuss. It will cringe before you. Have no fear of him. A show, you understand, make a show."

"I understand a show," said Hans, "but, please very much, permit me, I will not make a spectacle of my blood and bones."

"So help me heaven!" shouted Franz, exasperated, "do you think we want your bones!"

"Not a knuckle!" cried Hans.

Peter intervened. "You misunderstand us, Mr. Siebenhaar; we desire only entertainment, we do not want a massacre."

"You do not want a massacre!"

"A massacre is very well in its way, perhaps, in its time and place," Peter continued, "but a massacre is one thing, and this is another."

"Thank you," said Hans, "it is very clear, that is very good."

And Franz and Peter intimated that they were simple men of business whose only care it was to bring joy and jollity into the life of the Viennese populace; that the fury of the lion was a figment, its courage a mockery, its power a profanation of all men's cherished fears. If there was one animal in the world more deserving the kindness and pity of mankind, more subservient, more mercifully disposed than any other—Franz assured him—it was a lion. And if there was one lion among all lions more responsive to the symptoms of affection—added Peter—it was this identical lion. Was three hundred and fifty shillings nothing to him?

"No," Hans conceded.

"Is it a bunch of beans?"

"No, no."

"Three hundred and fifty shillings is three hundred and fifty shillings, is it not?" Peter questioned him; and Hans replied, "For what is past, yes; but for what is yet to come, no. The future—pardon, gentlemen—does not lie in our behinds."

"Three hundred and fifty shillings is three hundred and fifty shillings, it is not a bunch of beans," said Franz severely. They had men in their employ who implored him on their knees to be honorably permitted to enact the part of this tiger, but they had not the physique, they had not the voice, and, if Mr. Siebenhaar would pardon him, they had not the artist's delicate touch. One thing he, Franz, was certain of: he knew an artist when he saw one, hence this three hundred and fifty shillings.

At the end of it all Hans once more determined to wipe his tears and forget that Christ died. In effect, he agreed to be sewn up on such and such a date in the tiger's hide and to make a manifestation with Messrs. Franz and Peter's ingenuous lion, on the solemnest possible undertaking that no harm should befall his own blood and bones.

"Thunder and lightning! What could harm you?"

"Good."

And after parting from Hans, and when they were well out of hearing, Mr. Franz said, "Ha ha!" and Mr. Peter said, "Ho ho!"

Hans Siebenhaar had several rehears-

als before the eventful day. Submitting himself to be sewn up in the tiger's skin, he dashed his paws upon the floor, pranced, gnashed, snarled, whirled his mechanical tail, and delivered himself of a gamut of howls eminently tigerish. Perfectly satisfactory.

"Where," Hans would ask, "do you keep this old lion?"

"Yes," the brothers always replied, "he is not well, he is sleeping; you see him next time."

And thus it happened that Hans did not see his adversary until they met in the cage of battle. The morning of that day was dull and Hans, too, was dull, for on awaking he felt so strange, so very unwell, that he greatly feared he would have to send Franz word that he could not come to perform his tiger; but as the day wore on and brightened, Hans, sitting on his stool in the sunny street, brightened with it, and while thinking of the three hundred and fifty shillings his sickness left him. A nice sum of money that! And what would he do with it? Ah, please very much, what would he not have done if Mitzi, the shameless one, had not forsaken him! They might have gone again, as they had gone of old, on one of those excursions to the Wiener Wald. He liked excursions, they were beautiful. With their happy companions they could climb the mountains, prowl in the forest for raspberries and mushrooms, and at noon they would sit under the chestnuts in the *Biergarten* at The Hunter's Meadow and lap the rich soup and gulp lager and talk of love and wealth and food and childhood. That was life, that was wonderful! Then they would all go and loaf in the grass, and Mitzi would throw off her frock and lie half naked, browning her sleek shining body, while Julius Damjancsics thrummed his mandolin, and they all murmured songs. Ah, such music! She loved it. She had a dimple behind each shoulder, a rare thing, very beautiful. In the cool of the evening there would be dancing, and they would be at Dreimarkstein in time to see the fireworks go up from The Prater—he liked fireworks, lovely. Or to the trotting races they might go, and win some more money, for when luck was on you the fancy could never deceive; beautiful horses, he loved horses. Or to the baths at Ganse-haufel—the things one could do with a little money! But there was no longer any Mitzi, she had gone with Julius Damjancsics. Gone wife, gone friend; there were no more journeys now. But a man with three hundred and fifty shillings need never lack companions, there was a lot of friendship in three hundred and fifty shillings. But that Mitzi—she was very beautiful, that little Mitzi.

So the day wore on and the evening came and The Prater began to sparkle with the lights of its many booths and cafés, to throb with its much music, for youth was gallant and gay and there was love and money in the world. It was the hour at last. Hans had been sewn up in the tiger's skin. Now he crouched in a corner of a shuttered cage, alone, trembling in darkness, seeing no one and seen of none. There was a door in the side of his cage that led into a larger empty lighted cage, and beyond that was another like his own in which walked a lion. At a certain moment the doors of the end cages would be opened and he would have to go into that central cage and face that other beast. But no, he could not, he was limp with fear. To the stricken man came the excited voices of the people coming in to witness his calamity, and the harsh tones of the trumpeting band playing in pandemonium outside on the platform, where there was a large poster of a combat between a tiger and a lion. Hans recalled that the lion's teeth were buried in the tiger's belly amid the gushing blood, and it seemed that his very heart violently cried, "No! No! Let me out!"

Beating upon the walls of his cage he gasped, "In Christ's name, let me out!" but nobody heeded, no one replied, and although he tore at his tiger skin his

paws were too cumbersome for him to free himself. He was in a trap, he knew now he had been trapped. For an eternal anguishing time the clamor went on, then that dreadful side door which led into the central cage slid quietly open. Hans saw that this cage was yet empty, the lion's door was still closed, he was to be the first to enter. But he averted his eyes, he lay in the corner of his trap and would not budge from it. Almighty heaven! was he going to sacrifice himself for a few pitiful pieces of silver that he had never seen and never would see! He was not fit to do it, he was an old man, even his wife Mitzi had left him for another man—did they not know that? And all day long he had been unwell, sick as a dog. As he lay in his corner, refusing to budge and sweating most intensely, a sharp iron spear came through the bars and pricked him savagely in the behind. With a yell he leaped up, trying to snatch the spear. He would use it, it would save him—but he could not grasp it with his giant paws. Then came bars of red hot iron searing him, and more spears; he was driven screaming into the central cage. The door closed behind him and he was left alone behind those terrible bars with a vast audience gazing at him. Then, ah then, in a frenzy, an epilepsy of fear, he dashed himself so violently against the bars that the crowd was spellbound. The band played riotously on, drowning his human cries. The other side door slid open, there was silence in that other cage, but he dared not turn to meet whatever was there; he crouched half swooning, until he caught sight of a face in the audience that he knew. Wonder of God! It was Mitzi, she herself! Oh, but there was something to fight for now, and he turned resolutely. As he did so there was a titter in the audience that surged into general laughter—the lion had come into the cage. Truly, it was a cadaverous lion. Without the least display of ferocity or fear it stepped quietly into that cage and fixed its strong eyes upon the eyes of its enemy. Not a leap did it make, not a roar did it give; it padded forwards quietly, and the tiger retreated before it. Thus they circled and circled round the cage. Would that mocking laughter never stop?

God! Hans could bear it no longer, he turned and faced the lion, in appearance bold though trembling in his soul. The lion paused too.

"*Pater noster qui es in coelis,*" Hans gasped involuntarily.

To his unspeakable astonishment he heard the lion answer:

"*Et ne nos inducas in tentationem. Sed libera nos a malo.*"

In an incredible flash Hans realized that the lion also was a spurious creature like himself; his fears vanished, he knew now the part he had to play, and he hurled himself upon the lion, howling:

"Brrr-o-o-owh! Ookah, pookah, boddle, oddle, moddle, miowh!"

Over they rolled, lion and tiger, together, and the onlookers shook with mirth.

"Not so rough, brother!" cried a voice from inside the lion, and the tones struck a strange echo in the mind of Hans Siebenhaar. They disengaged and stood up on all fours facing each other. From the moment's silence that ensued there issued a piercing cry of fear from a woman in the audience. Hans turned, the lion turned. It was Mitzi, shrieking, "Julius! Beware of him!" Hans's throbbing mind caught at that fatal name, Julius. By all the gods, was it possible! Heaven and hell, he would tear the heart out of *that* lion! *Not so rough, brother!* Ha, ha, he knew it now, that voice! Ho, ho! and with a cruel leap he jumped with his heels savagely in the middle of the lion's back, the back of Julius Damjancsics, thief of Mitzi the beloved of Hans, and down sank the lion with the tiger tearing at its throat as fearfully as any beast of the jungle. Ah, but how the people applauded; this was good in spite of the deception! They had paid to see a real lion and a real tiger contending, and they felt defrauded, insulted, but this was good, yes, it was

very comical, good, good. When they noticed a man's hand appear outside the flapping paw of the tiger their joy was unbounded.

"Tear him!" they cried, as one cries to a hound with a fox. "Ha, ha, tear him!" And Hans's loosened hand ripped up the seam in the lion's neck, and his hand went searching within the rent for a throat to tear. At once the teeth of Julius ground themselves upon it; in a trice Hans's smallest finger was gone, severed. But Hans never uttered a cry; he gripped the throat with his wounded hand and crushed everlastingly upon it, moment after moment, until he knew that Julius Damjancsics was gone, and forever, to hell or glory, whatever destiny had devised for him. The lion moved no more, it lay on its back with its hind legs crooked preposterously, its fore-legs outspread like one crucified. The people hushed their laughter as Hans slunk trembling and sweating from that droll oaf wrapped in a lion's skin. He was afraid of it now and he crawled on all fours to the bars of the cage. The thing behind him was awfully still. The onlookers were still. They were strange, as strange as death. Mitzi was rushing out of the audience, her face as pale as snow. Hans caught hold of the cage bars and lifted himself to his feet. The onlookers could hear wild tormenting sobs bursting from the throat of the tiger as it hung ridiculously there. The door of Hans's first cage now slid open again, it was finished, he could go. But Hans did not go.

And the people were tensely silent, so breathless, so fearful; an interminable throbbing time dripped upon him, he did not know what to do. There was nothing now that he could dare to do, all was done as it had to be done, there was death behind him, death and dust before him. Suddenly he heard a scuffle in his cage and a lovely voice whispering, "Get up!" He turned like a maniac.

It was Mitzi there, Mitzi there in the cage with him, kicking the prostrate lion.

"Get up, stupid, get up," she said angrily.

And then the lion got up, and shouting the words, "It's Hans, it's Hans," rushed into its own cage, the door sliding safely behind him.

But now the uproarious laughter of the people burst very strangely upon the ears of Mitzi as she stood facing the absurd tiger. And it sounded stranger still to Hans, who could see that she was speaking to him, although at first he could not hear her words. At last he heard:

"Is that you, Hans?"

The tiger nodded its head.

"Well, what are you waiting for? It's all over now, Hans, all over; come on."

And Hans, with a final flirt of his tail and roaring, "Ookah, pookah, boddle, oddle, woof!" pranced joyfully after her from the terrible cage.

LAWYERS AND MORALS

BY NEWMAN LEVY

THE practice of law has for generations had the curious, paradoxical reputation of being the most learned, the most dignified, and the most distrusted of professions. In every age the bar has enjoyed the cynically contemptuous admiration of its contemporaries and has been the faithful recipient of the secrets and confidences of a people that did not trust it.

This popular lack of faith in the honesty and the integrity of the legal profession exists to-day. There has never been a time when the lawyer has been so active a participant in the business affairs of his community; there has, perhaps, never been a time when his advice, his trained judgment, and his technical knowledge have been so essential an element in every business enterprise. The lawyer is an indispensable adjunct to almost every branch of human activity. Yet the very individuals who employ him and rely so heavily upon him form that large collective body called The Public, and it is this Public that holds the legal profession in such low esteem.

The reason for this is fairly obvious. In most other fields of endeavor the prevailing standards of conduct are conditioned by a frank and cheerfully cynical utilitarianism. The merchant does not assume a moral superiority that he does not possess, nor does he wear his virtue on his sleeve. The popular aphorism "business is business" indicates the current commercial attitude toward ethics. But the bar imposes upon itself a higher standard of behavior. The practice of law, it has repeatedly been said, is not a trade or business but a profession of great antiquity and dignity. It involves social obligations and duties that are of vital importance to the preservation of our institutions. At the same time there are the specific obligations of loyalty and service which the lawyer owes to his client.

The ambition of every lawyer is to be a successful lawyer. There are, however, varying definitions of success; there is the definition contained in the lofty idealistic utterances found in the year-book obituaries of bar associations and in the philosophic literature of the profession; there is also the more widely accepted definition exemplified by the careers of the outstanding figures of the profession, the so-called leaders of the bar, the models according to which the young practitioner seeks to shape his career. Stripped of all euphemistic verbiage, the successful lawyer, according to the popular conception, is one who has the most respectable and most remunerative clients, and who best serves the interest of those clients.

We have, therefore, a large, intelligent, and influential body devoting its energies and its genius almost exclusively to the selfish interests of individuals. If these interests conflict with the welfare of society, so much the worse for society.

We hear much talk, for instance, about justice. Lawyers frequently describe themselves as ministers of justice. In the abstract it is a beautiful and desirable concept. But justice *per se* plays a small part in the daily activities of the busy practitioner. A few illustrations

will suffice: A client brings a contract to his attorney and asks to have it broken. Will the lawyer consider the possible unfairness to the other contracting party who entered into the agreement in good faith, or will he examine the document for flaws and technical defects and endeavor to find some legal means to invalidate it? A lawyer in the trial of a case realizes that, although the law is on his side, his client is in the wrong, and that if he wins a grave injustice will be done. What does he do about it?

There is no doubt as to the answers to these questions, nor is there any question as to the clear, unmistakable professional duty of the lawyer. These cases are not cited in a spirit of criticism. They are mentioned to illustrate the fundamental fact that a difference exists between the profession of law and the practice. The evil, if there be an evil, lies in the refusal of the bar to face the fact squarely. The faculty of rationalization and self-deception, which is an almost universal trait of mankind, is found conspicuously in members of the legal profession. Until the bar is prepared to assume a more realistic attitude toward its functions and its activities, this clash between professional aspirations and professional conduct will continue to exist. And so long as it exists, the popular distrust of anything that savors of sham and hypocrisy will exist with it. The practice of the law needs to be debunked.

II

This debunking process will not be easy. The bar, apart from its function as the coadjutor of private interests, is the inheritor of an ancient tradition of gentility. For centuries the practice of law was one of the few professions open to a gentleman. A ceremonial dignity, a medieval ritualism invested it and marked it as something apart from the baser pursuits of trade and labor. It thus acquired certain aristocratic attributes that survive in a vestigial form to-day. Among these survivals is the tradition of a higher standard of conduct than that which is customarily expected from those who engage in less exalted pursuits.

This tradition is embodied in what are called codes of ethics adopted by various bar associations, but what, actually, are refined codes of professional etiquette. The Canons of Professional Ethics Adopted by the American Bar Association, for instance, are largely a manual of polite behavior for lawyers. They deal with such matters as the respectful attitude a lawyer should adopt toward the judge, the duty of a lawyer not to overcharge a client, not to browbeat a witness, and not to insult his adversary.

It is not claimed that these canons embody the whole duty of a lawyer; there are others which are less ritualistic in their purpose. Nevertheless, the emphasis is on manners rather than morals. The questions and answers of the Committee on Professional Ethics of the New York County Lawyers Association illustrate the same tendency. For fourteen years this committee, composed of eminent members of the New York bar, has answered questions on professional ethics propounded to it by practicing lawyers. More than half the questions deal with matters of professional good form and have nothing to do with ethics. Forty-three questions, for example, out of two hundred and twenty-nine deal with the propriety of advertising by lawyers. A great many others have to do with solicitation of business.

These matters are not unimportant. It is desirable, undoubtedly, that certain formalism and dignity surround the administration of law. A respect for institutions is gained by the preservation of ceremonial trappings and incidents, and a certain amount of stagecraft is useful even in a democracy. The ministers of justice should be trained in the ritual of their profession. It is equally desirable, however, that those trained in the ritual of their profession should be ministers of justice.

The important question which a lawyer

has to decide at the outset of every professional undertaking is how far he may properly go in representing his client. Canon 5 of the Canons of Ethics of the American Bar Association attempts to define his duty in criminal cases:

It is the right of the lawyer to undertake the defense of a person accused of crime, regardless of his personal opinion as to the guilt of the accused; otherwise innocent persons, victims only of suspicious circumstances, might be denied proper defense. Having undertaken such defense, the lawyer is bound by all fair and honorable means to present every defense that the law of the land permits, to the end that no person may be deprived of life or liberty, but by due process of law.

The primary duty of a lawyer engaged in public prosecution is not to convict, but to see that justice is done. The suppression of facts or the secreting of witnesses capable of establishing the innocence of the accused is highly reprehensible.

Canon 15 defines his duty generally:

Nothing operates more certainly to create or to foster popular prejudice against lawyers as a class, and to deprive the profession of that full measure of public esteem and confidence which belongs to the proper discharge of its duties, than does the false claim, often set up by the unscrupulous in defense of questionable transactions, that it is the duty of the lawyer to do whatever may enable him to succeed in winning his client's cause.

It is improper for a lawyer to assert in argument his personal belief in his client's innocence or in the justice of his cause.

The lawyer owes "entire devotion to the interest of the client, warm zeal in the maintenance and defense of his rights and the exertion of his utmost learning and ability," to the end that nothing be taken or be withheld from him, save by the rules of law, legally applied. No fear of judicial disfavor or public unpopularity should restrain him from the full discharge of his duty. In the judicial forum the client is entitled to the benefit of any and every remedy and defense that is authorized by the law of the land, and he may expect his lawyer to assert every such remedy or defense. But it is steadfastly to be borne in mind that the great trust of the lawyer is to be performed within and not without the bounds of the law. The office of attorney does not permit, much less does it demand of him for any client, violation of law or any manner of fraud or chicane. He must obey his own conscience and not that of his client.

It will be seen that while the prosecutor in a criminal case is charged with the duty of seeing that justice is done, no such obligation is placed upon the counsel for the defense. It is his duty to present "every defense that the law of the land permits," even at the sacrifice, inferentially, of justice and the public good. In civil, as well as criminal cases, he owes "entire devotion to the interests of his client." Short of "violation of the law or any manner of fraud or chicane," he may go the limit.

The subtle ingenuity of the legal mind is capable of finding justifications and excuses even for fraud and chicane. An interesting illustration of this is found in the matter of Palmieri (176 App. Div. 58, reversed in 221 N. Y. 611). This was a disbarment proceeding brought against an attorney on the ground of professional misconduct. This lawyer was defending a man charged with a rather serious crime. One of the state's principal witnesses, a young woman, had disappeared shortly before the trial, and it was believed that she had been induced by the defendant to leave the jurisdiction.

On the afternoon of the second day of the trial the young woman appeared in court, carrying a suit case. She was called to the stand by the defendant's lawyer. It was quite important for him to show that she had appeared in court voluntarily, and had not been in touch with the defendant. Otherwise her interest in the case would have been apparent, and her testimony would have been discredited.

"Where do you come from, Miss A——?" the lawyer asked.

"Why, I just came from Mayfield, New York."

"Where is Mayfield, New York?"

"It is up the state; just how far I couldn't tell you."

"How did you get from Mayfield to New York?"

"Why I came down on the train *last night;* I came down here because I read in the paper that Mr. D—— 's case — "

The witness produced a newspaper clipping from which, she said, she had learned that the case was about to be tried. The suit case she carried was offered in evidence to emphasize the fact that she had just come from the train.

The defendant's lawyer, summing up for the jury, referred to her testimony thus:

"We have got her here, and, thank God, gentlemen of the jury, that Divine Providence has brought that woman here. If it was the *Evening Journal,* I thank the *Evening Journal.* If it was anybody else — she said it was the *Evening Journal* that she read it in, and by the way she produced a clipping to the judge — thank God, I say to the press."

The disbarment proceedings against the lawyer disclosed these facts: that the woman came to New York from Mayfield because the defendant had called her up on the long-distance telephone and had asked her to come, not because she had read about the case in a newspaper; that the witness had gone to the lawyer's house on the day on which the trial was to commence, and had had an interview with him there; that she again visited the lawyer's house at seven-thirty o'clock in the morning on the second day of the trial; and, consequently, when she appeared in court that afternoon with her suit case in her hand the lawyer knew that she had been in New York nearly two days, and that her testimony was false. And, despite his eloquent remarks to the jury, he knew that neither Divine Providence nor the *Evening Journal* had anything to do with her arrival.

Nevertheless, the highest court in the State of New York, by a vote of five to two, found that the evidence did not "warrant the conclusion that there was intentional misconduct" on the part of the lawyer, and the disbarment proceedings were dismissed. This case is now a precedent—at least in the State of New York—and any young attorney who may have any doubts as to the proper course to pursue in a similar case need only read the record and govern his conduct accordingly.

Illustrations might be multiplied. There was the *cause célèbre* of a year or so ago, a sensational matrimonial action, in which the plaintiff's mother, an elderly lady, was called to the stand as a witness for her daughter. This woman, who had lived an irreproachable life for a generation or more, had been guilty in her youth of an unfortunate lapse from virtue.

The distinguished counsel for the defendant subjected her to what is called in contemporary journalism "a grilling cross-examination" in which he went into the details of her ancient departure from rectitude. The entire performance was cruel and unnecessary. The examination, which had nothing to do with the issues involved, was permitted presumably as tending to impeach her as a witness, on the theory that a witness who has once slipped is somewhat less credible than one who has lived a life of unmitigated impeccability. The actual purpose, of course, was to besmirch, indirectly, the plaintiff, and to create atmosphere.

The chief significance of this case lies in the fact that the attorney happened to be one of the most eminent members of the bar; a man whose professional career entitled him to the respect and emulation of his brother attorneys. The Committee on Professional Ethics of the New York County Lawyers Association, in reply to a question in a similar case, had this to say on the subject:

> The Committee considers that wanton, unnecessary or unreasonable inquiry or comment respecting the discreditable past history of a witness or party, is unethical and improper professional conduct; it cannot, how-

ever, assume to say that such inquiry or comment, whether admissible or not under the law of evidence, was, in the case suggested, wanton, unnecessary or unreasonable.

This practice is, nevertheless, a frequent occurrence in our country. Usually the lawyer is some obscure practitioner whose transgression is relatively unimportant. When, however, the offender is a man of prominence and conceded virtue and respectability his conduct assumes the importance of a precedent of professional behavior.

Another pillar of the bar recently, in the trial of an important case, denounced a witness as "a scoundrel and unfit to practice law" although according to the New York *World* "there was not one jot of evidence to support the attack." The lawyer subsequently, *after the trial*, wrote a letter of apology concerning which the *World* commented editorially as follows:

In his letter, Mr. —— begins by saying, "My attention has been called by Judge —— to the fact that comments concerning you which I made . . . were unwarranted by the record." This is a tacit admission that the apology did not come on his own motion but was crowbarred out of him by the court. He then goes on to explain that he had "never read a word of the testimony given at the trial and relied entirely on my recollection thereof" and that "I was led by my false impression of the testimony to make statements concerning you which, of course, I would not have made but for my false belief." This, if it were true, would be one of the most amazing confessions ever made by a lawyer; it would indicate a degree of irresponsibility incompatible with the trust he discharged; it would prove Mr. ——, if not exactly a "scoundrel," then at least a lawyer who will stoop to character assassination just in order to win his case.

Here again we have an example of professional impropriety in which the offending lawyer happens to be an outstanding embodiment of professional success. The belated apology and somewhat specious explanation cannot obscure the fact that litigation is a form of warfare in which loyalty to the client is the lawyer's primary duty, and that a successful result usually is a justification for lapses from strict ethical conduct.

The famous utterance of Lord Brougham in the defense of Queen Caroline has long been accepted in practice if not in theory by a large part of the profession as the classic statement of a lawyer's duty to his client:

I once before took leave to remind your Lordships—which was unnecessary, but there are many whom it may be needful to remind—that an advocate, by the sacred duty which he owes his client, knows, in the discharge of that office, but one person in the world, that client and none other. To save that client by all expedient means—to protect that client at all hazards and costs to others, and among others to himself—is the highest and most unquestioned of his duties; and he must not regard the alarm, the suffering, the torment, the destruction which he may bring upon any other. Nay, separating even the duties of a patriot from those of an advocate, and casting them, if need be, to the wind, he must go on reckless of the consequences, if his fate it should unhappily be, to involve his country in confusion for his client's protection.

This unswerving devotion to the client's interests is the rock upon which the practice of law is builded. It has resulted, by the operation of a sort of ethical Gresham's law, in the supplanting of the idealistic lawyer morality by the more utilitarian client morality. This might be quite all right were the legal profession to recognize it and admit it. But the bar continues to adhere to the tradition of an obsolescent gentility and an ethical fundamentalism in the face of the obvious fact of professional evolution.

III

The truth is that the old order has passed—if, indeed, it ever existed. The great democratic experiment with its unrestricted opportunities for education and the selection of a career has completely demolished the professional caste system. With it has gone, unfortunately, the accompanying aristo-

cratic concept of ethical obligation. To-day almost any one can become a lawyer; in fact, almost any one does.

The bar is making a praiseworthy effort to raise the tone of the profession by demanding higher educational qualifications from candidates for admission. This commendable attempt loses sight of the regrettable fact that morals and education do not necesarily go hand in hand. The most flagrantly anti-social practitioners are not exclusively among the semi-educated hangers-on of the police courts; they are quite as frequently found among those paragons of professional propriety who adorn the bar associations and who prepare codes of ethics for their less affluent brothers. There is little difference in the essential morality of the police-court lawyer who seeks to delay the machinery of law on behalf of his poor pickpocket client, and the eminent barrister who does precisely the same thing for his oil magnate or ex-cabinet official client. In the one instance the dilatory tactics may delay the case for six months or a year, and the fee is fifty dollars; in the other, the delay will be for years, if not forever, and the fee amounts to hundreds of thousands. In the one case the professions proceeds solemnly to view with alarm and passes virtuous and patronizing resolutions to purge the bar of shysters; in the other case it bestows its unqualified admiration upon the resourcefulness and skill of the lawyer who can succeed indefinitely in keeping a wealthy malefactor away from a jury.

The guardians of the aristocratic traditions of the profession are the teachers of law who are sheltered from the conflicts and temptations of active practice, the members of the judiciary who have emerged from them, and those distinguished, high-priced, successful practitioners generally referred to as the leaders of the bar. Ultimate responsibility for the standards of conduct of the legal profession rests upon this last group. By virtue of their pre-eminence, their professional behavior should afford criteria by which the young lawyer might properly gauge his professional conduct.

No lawyer ever finds difficulty in giving whole-hearted endorsement to those excellent platitudes and moral precepts that constitute the window-dressing of his profession. He believes courageously in Honesty, Purity, and the other collateral virtues and he is not afraid to say so. It is only when the fundamental moralities collide with some specific problem of his practice and threaten to hamper his activities that he brings into play all the ingenuity of the professional sophist, and attempts, according to the custom of the bar, to reconcile or distinguish. In such a case a large retainer is usually an excellent solvent for ethical embarrassments.

Thus we have the not infrequent spectacle of a distinguished attorney pleading for special tax legislation or special tariff legislation on behalf of some powerful corporation regardless of the economic consequences to society at large. Thus we see another eminent lawyer, who has been a strong conservationist all his life, arguing in Washington that there is no present need for certain governmental steps in connection with the conservation of oil. Thus, too, we see, occasionally, prominent ex-judges appearing before their former associates selling their prestige and their friendship and putting their names to briefs they have scarcely read.

IV

The bar has the popular esteem that it deserves. It cannot nourish its prestige upon an antiquated mysticism, it cannot achieve virtue by talking about it. With perhaps one exception, there is no other profession that is so loud in voicing its own respectability. There is no other profession quite so smug and self-satisfied, and at the same time quite so lacking in a sense of social obligation. An occasional rare soul, a Clarance Dar-

row, may dedicate his energies to the defense of unpopular causes and earn the supercilious disapproval of his more orthodox brethren. Here and there in the lower courts may be found some obscure lawyer battling for the poor, the needy, and the oppressed without regard for the pecuniary rewards that spell professional success. But these are the freaks of the profession; they are, to use that most devastating epithet, the radicals. Most lawyers prefer to seek the more comfortable and reputable rewards of pecuniary success.

One of the incidental consequences of this commercialization of the practice of law is the low repute in which the practice of criminal law is held. Compared with the emoluments of a high-class civil practice, as it is called, the practice of criminal law is notoriously unremunerative. There are certain breaches of the penal statutes which, because of the vast sums of money involved and the social eminence of the offenders, are surrounded by an aura of respectability. But on the whole the criminal lawyer is professionally *déclassé*. The average successful lawyer will say, "I never take criminal cases" in pretty much the same tone of voice as he would say, "I never pick pockets." The young lawyer, just admitted, is cautioned by his more experienced elders not to take criminal cases.

Professor Roscoe Pound once wrote:

> Three stages may be perceived in the development of the American bar. The first stage is marked by the leadership of the trial lawyer. The great achievements of the bar were in the forum, *and the most conspicuous success was success before juries in the trial of criminal cases*. . . . In the second stage leadership passed to the railroad lawyer. The proof of professional success was to represent a railroad company. . . . Criminal law became the almost exclusive field of the lower stratum of the bar. . . . Want of education, want of organization, want of discipline of those who are habitually most active in defending accused persons in our large cities, are conspicuous and significant facts.

Just at present the subject of crime and reform of criminal law is very much in the air. Learned discussions are being held, and ingenious suggestions are being made, principally by lawyers who have never seen the inside of a criminal court. Eminent barristers, skilled in the intricacies of corporation law, but who would not know an indictment from a blackjack, discuss with great solemnity whether or not there is justification for Mr. Justice Taft's much quoted dictum that "the administration of criminal law in the United States is a disgrace to civilization."

The criminal court is a laboratory in which problems of the most vital social significance are daily being solved. Eminent members of the medical profession habitually give their services in free clinics, and feel that they are adequately rewarded by the opportunities presented for service and experimentation. The standards of pecuniary success that prevail in the legal profession make similar clinical activities in the criminal courts impossible for the attorney who would retain the respect of his clients and his brother attorneys. The result is that a branch of professional activity of the utmost sociological importance is left in the hands of those who belong to what Professor Pound calls "the lower stratum of the bar."

It may be that the time has come for a revaluation of values, for a new statement of professional aims and purposes. It may be that the standards of contemporary materialism need to be accepted and recognized as existing and essential facts in the practice of law. But it is more hopeful to believe that the legal profession still contains within itself the essence of a higher morality and an enduring sense of public obligation. The abstract ethical beliefs of a community may approach the splendid ideals imposed by the churches and the schools; its ethical conduct can never rise above that of its lawyers.

SALT COMES TO TIMBUCTOO

BY LELAND HALL

FEW cities are more renowned than Timbuctoo. Everywhere in the Western World the name is known, is spoken as a symbol of remoteness beyond imagining. To be sure, not everyone knows that Timbuctoo is an ancient city. Many think it a terrestrial limbo, and many think it a myth. Still, it is famous. On the other hand, I am sure that no locality so famous is so featureless, so little striking in itself.

Five miles north of the Niger, sun-baked and shadeless, it lies sunk upon the sands of the Southern Sahara as upon the bottom of a sea of air and blinding light. Through the aimless, empty little streets sand drifts on currents of the wind. There are no motors, no wheeled vehicles of any kind. Hardly do you hear a footfall in the soft sand. Even the chattering of the marketplace floats up echoless into the oblivion of space. The low, angular houses, sometimes reminiscent of Egyptian structure, with only here and there a tiny Moorish grill in all their blankness, are of beaten earth. So are the low, unbroken walls between which the lanes find their hot way under the sky. And low houses and walls are so nearly the color of the sand that, if you go but a short distance into the surrounding desert and look back, Timbuctoo has vanished.

I hired a native house there, for there is no hotel, and a mere wanderer could hardly impose himself upon the French officials; and I lived comfortably in the house, with the few necessaries I had brought from Paris: a folding cot and bedding against the chill desert nights, dishes and cooking things; and as a servant I had a black boy who was clever and who prepared me three excellent meals a day out of native provender. For a while, even in the midst of such material comfort, I wondered if I were not in a dream. When I went up on my rooftop, which was higher than most of the rest, and looked over the low city, dissolved through the daily miracle of sunset into the pastel colors of air and limitless sand, I wondered if, indeed, Timbuctoo was substantial.

At night scarcely a soul was abroad. There was a native watchman on some sort of night duty in the deserted marketplace. He built himself a little fire and, sitting on the sand by it, played a flute till late into the night. The music had the liquid flow of some bird's song, even like the nightingale's; not gay, but impassioned, and as clear and isolate in the night as the stars themselves. A dog always came and lay by the fire, perhaps listening; and in the earlier hours a black man or two might sit down in silence and keep the musician company. After he had put aside his flute there would be no more sound over Timbuctoo, save now and then the sudden, sharp yelping of curs in response to the faint wail of a jackal off in the desert.

Yet Timbuctoo is real enough, though dwindled from its ancient size and importance. Here live some eight thousand people. Ninety per cent of these are of the Songhai race of blacks, who, centuries ago, before the Moroccans came down across the Sahara from the Atlas, maintained a splendid empire along the Niger. They are an elegant and charming people, tall and well

formed, beautifully dressed in flowing robes, proudly Mohammedan. Among them are artisans of one sort or another: cobblers, weavers, tailors, builders; some are shepherds, leading their flocks of goats or sheep to feed along the river or the ancient canal which makes up to the city from it in high-water time. And there are merchants and traders in wool and salt. They are a sedentary people, not nomad like the Berber Touaregs and the Arabs in the desert round about, who, before the French occupation, often fell upon the town and robbed and took off the natives into slavery.

There was a French book written some years ago, entitled, *Tombouctou la Mystérieuse*. The title went the name of the city one better in suggestion of remoteness and, indeed, of mystery. The mere sound of it is evocative, like an incantation. To-day it serves to point a joke. In that ancient city, hardly more solid than the sands drifting like snow about it, one does not feel even the beat of primitive passion. The native, son of an old and once highly civilized race, is not mysterious, but friendly and hospitable rather than secretive. It is we who must seem mysterious, and fearful, to him. Nevertheless, you have not been long in the city before you feel the influence of some spell. To the north lies the great desert; and that was mysterious, at least to me, both of itself—the incomprehensible and limitless waste, with its stunning miracles of light and color—and by reason of the people who lived in it and were wanderers and did not dwell in houses, especially the Arabs. I never went to my rooftop and looked off to the north but I asked myself might not some caravan of Arabs be bearing in across the Sahara toward Timbuctoo. For in coming to Timbuctoo I had hoped to see something of these men of the desert, who are not like the Arabs of the northern cities; and there were only elegant, gentle black people here.

And all the time, though the desert gave me no sign of it, such a caravan was coming. I heard that El Azalail, the great salt caravan, was on the way.

II

For untold centuries Timbuctoo has been a salt market, serving a vast area along the Niger and far to the south. The mines from which the salt is brought are about a three weeks' journey due north in the Sahara, in the region of Taoudeni. Legend has it that in times not so long past as many as ten thousand camels went in a single caravan from Timbuctoo to fetch salt from the mines. To-day, owing to the importation of salt from Europe and to the opening of communications in many other directions, the caravans are much smaller. But the departure of the fall caravan and its return in December are the two outstanding events of the year in Timbuctoo.

There is sometimes a spring caravan also, but less momentous. Smaller caravans with general merchandise, largely dates, arriving from Morocco or Algeria by way of Kidal to the east, make no stir. But in December, many days before the great caravan is expected, the wind of its coming is in the air; tales of it are on the tongues of men; and you ask your black visitor, not if with the new phase of the moon the nights will turn sharper still, not if the water is still rising in the Niger; but what is the news of the caravan: has it passed Arrouan, has it been attacked?

It is composed, this great caravan, almost entirely of Arab merchants or their representatives. There are merchants of the town who send many camels north. There are likewise Arabs of the desert, who dwell by the springs and oases days away from Timbuctoo, who come with their camels to town, set forth thence with the caravan, bring back their salt to sell in the markets, and then return into the desert. There are still others who hire themselves and their camels to traders. Now and again there

are a few travelers who take advantage of the caravan to follow the shorter but more dangerous route to Morocco with it as far as Taoudeni. All these set forth from the city. And a little way on, Arabs come in from Gundam to the west, from Bourem and even Gao to the east, and lengthen the line of camels moving on from day to day north across the sands.

They say it is wonderful to go with it. One is blistered by the sun and parched, and there is not water to spare for washing; but the nights are cold and mysterious and grand. When they come to a halt at the end of the day, all along the line a thousand tiny fires are lighted, each of only a few twigs, ripped from the thorn shrubs. Water must boil for the tea, for the sweetened tea on which almost solely the Arab may live and work for days among the vast sands. Swiftly night falls over the camp. For a little while the fires gleam, and there is the tinkle of discreet music. Then as by a wave of the wand, there are no more fires; and in the great starlit space around, the men, wrapped in their blankets against the cold, lie down and sleep, motionless on the sands. Only the grunt of the camels breaks the silence. But the guard is on watch. For ancient as the memories of the route itself are the stories of fierce pillagers who lie in wait along it.

In the hope of maintaining peace over the desert region they have come to rule, the French have required a surrender of arms from the restless tribes of Arabs and Berbers who live in it. Not even a European may carry arms in that land without a strictly limited permit, or buy ammunition without special authority. The Administration, on its side, furnishes military escort for caravans which must cross the desert through regions known to be dangerous, over which ride wild tribes of Arabs or Moors, seeking arms and ammunition, now, more than anything else.

These outlaw bands, enemy to the more peaceable tribes of Arabs and Berabish as well as to the blacks and Europeans, almost unconquerable in the wastes to which they are habituated, are known as *rezzous*, or *razzias*. Not only do they travel in extremely mobile groups, but the men have acquired an extraordinary resistance to thirst. They can go two, and sometimes three days without water. This gives them a great advantage over the troops the French Government is able to send in pursuit of them. Moreover, they are swift and fearless in their attacks.

At such posts as Timbuctoo the French maintain companies of *meharists*, that is, black troops mounted on swift camels. Several of these may be quartered in the garrisons of the town. Others are stationed in movable camps a day or so out in the desert, which are known as *carrés*, being no more than squares enclosed within hedges of thorn shrub, terrible to barefoot foes. Escorts for the caravans are usually drawn from these black regulars. For the pursuit of especially swift and daring *rezzous*, however, the Government sends out "partisans," a sort of voluntary militia of Arabs, who find it favorable to their own security and prosperity to stand with the French. They are not enlisted and they are not in uniform. They ride their own camels, but the Government supplies them for the occasion with arms and provisions, and pays them by the day. All are expert trackers and marksmen.

Thus the great caravan moves on across the desert with an armed squadron in the van and another in the rear, with outriders on watch against ambush in the dunes; and there may be two French officers, or only one, alone with the thousand and more men of the desert, responsible for their protection. Far to the east of it, and far to the west, the partisans are on the hunt.

You talk with French officials and learn something of the hard problem the Sahara is to this most fearless and most understanding of modern peoples. They are debonair, but they are thoughtful, too. Not even the loyalty of the partisans is beyond question. Many a one,

with a priceless rifle slung from his saddle and plenty of ammunition, with tea and rice and sugar to last him a fortnight, is tempted to cast off his alliance with the repugnant Christians, for all it promises him a certain security, and to recapture in the desert—his desert, after all—the ancient freedom of his race. And there may be the urge to carry his arms to the support of some tribal feud, the sting of some misunderstanding.

They know well, these gay and hardy Frenchmen, that no superiority of armament or resources can subdue the Sahara. It must be patience and tact, with the endless study of how to advance understanding. Intervention alone, for example, can check the disputes which may arise at any moment between two tribes of Arabs, or between factions of one tribe, threatening widespread unrest; yet how intervene? How decide between contenders in such a way that one shall not feel himself wronged, and with that feeling, which rankles long in an Arab's breast, depart to meditate vengeance? Force cannot do it. And granted a perfect understanding, European of Arab, and Arab of European, how many differences remain between them which are perhaps fundamentally irreconcilable?

III

In the days before the caravan was due, when rumors came in that it had been attacked, I heard many stories; and this one from an old black man, of whom I had asked what were the so much talked-of dangers of the desert. He had lived in Timbuctoo during all the events and had known all the parties concerned. Later a French official corroborated the main facts, and finally an Arab told me it again in full. The names I give are fictitious.

Before the French occupation, there were several powerful Arab families in Timbuctoo, and the head of one of these was, so to speak, chief of all the Arabs in the region. Among his privileges was that of exacting toll for each camel laden with merchandise coming in to the markets of the town. The ruling chief at the time of the occupation was a rich Arab named El Hassim. He had two sons, Omar and Ali. Though the new government was slow to interfere with customs so anciently established, certain Arab merchants were quick to see that this levy would one day go by the board; and one of these, Abdeslam, brought the matter to an issue by refusing to pay toll to El Hassim on a caravan of his camels.

El Hassim sent his son Omar to demand the toll. There was a bitter dispute, in which Abdeslam's son Hamed killed El Hassim's son Omar. The French intervened, brought Hamed to trial, and sentenced him to life-imprisonment. But El Hassim went before the commander.

"It is the law of my people," he said, "that he who murders shall be put to death. Do you, therefore, kill Hamed, that the death of my son shall be avenged."

The Government could not grant such a plea, and El Hassim said, "If you are unwilling to kill Hamed, do not shut him up within the protection of your prison. Turn him loose, and we will do justice according to our custom."

Here again the Government could obviously make no concession.

"So be it," El Hassim declared. "I am no longer young, but this day I go out into the desert; and henceforth, so long as I live and so long as my blood lives in my children, no Christian shall cross the desert from Timbuctoo in safety, or any who go on your business, or any who ally themselves with you."

Having already liquidated his fortune, he departed at once; but the French caught his son Ali before he could follow the father, and him they held as hostage.

In time news came that the old man had fallen ill not far from Arrouan. He wrote and urged his son to obtain permission from the Government to come and see his father before he died. In a few weeks came a more urgent message for money and food. This time the

Government sent special messengers to Arrouan, and they returned and reported that, indeed, El Hassim lay dying, deserted by his friends and his tribesmen. So the Government allowed Ali to depart on parole, and Ali did not return. For, it would seem, at the sight of his son, El Hassim rose up, in full possession of his strength and his cunning, and with nothing lost of his influence over his tribesmen. He began falling upon caravans and upon isolated posts. His raids grew more and more daring. And Ali his son was his right-hand man.

At last, awaiting their chance, they swept down upon the *carré*, only eight hours from Timbuctoo, and massacred all the troops stationed there. Most of the band vanished into the desert again, but the French heard that Ali, possibly slightly wounded, was lying *perdu* not a great way off. They called up their partisans and bade them capture Ali and bring him into the city alive.

This, the partisans said, they could not do. Ali was the deadliest shot in all the country. He went always with two rifles. They would undertake to kill Ali, but no one could bring him in alive. However, such a conclusion would not suit the Government's plans. They insisted that the partisans capture Ali alive. So the partisans were provisioned and armed, and they went forth, less mindful, it is said, of the danger than doubtful of the possibility of accomplishing what the Government required of them.

In due time they picked up Ali's tracks and followed them. It is marvelous what these men can read in the sands, which to our eyes are shifting and trackless as the sea. They came to the water hole where Ali got his supply, but did not wait for him there, knowing they could never thus take him alive. Leaving their camels, four of them went on cautiously till late in the afternoon they sighted Ali's camp. They could see him sitting on a mat by his blankets, his rifles at hand, his camel lying on the sands near by. So they returned to their own camels and, abandoning there their rifles and their ammunition belts, everything, in fact, but the garments they wore, empty-handed and defenseless they went out into Ali's sight and approached him with lifted hands.

"We are merchants," they said, "who have been robbed."

Ali gave them tea to drink.

Then came the sunset, with the western sky aflame over the sands and the eastern sky an unfathomable blue, and all the air like some crystal wine: the time of that flawless dissolving of light into color and color into the deep clarity of night, at which hour the Mohammedan turns toward Mecca to pray. The four partisans asked for water for their ablutions; and when they had washed, Ali looked at them searchingly and said, "It is indeed the hour of prayer." And he spread his turban on the sand. Two of the partisans faced the east beside him, one on either hand; and the other two stood a little behind, one to the right and the other to the left. And when he knelt to pray, Ali laid down his rifles, and the two partisans just behind quietly seized them while Ali prayed.

When the young man stood up and knew what had been done, he said, "It is the will of God. But that God had willed it, not you, or any men living, should have taken me." Without more ado, and even without their binding him, he went with them to French headquarters. And they say the partisans were proud of Ali's spirit. For their own duplicity they expressed no shame. Such is Fatalism: if it was written that Ali should be captured, then it was written that they should capture him.

So the French held Ali; and El Hassim sent a messenger to them. "Give me back my son," he said, "and I will make peace with you. Only give me back my son." For the Arab lives in his sons more than we can appreciate.

At the time of my stay in Timbuctoo Ali had just been set free, or was about to be. At any rate, the raids that year were the work of Moorish *rezzous* out

from the Spanish colony of Rio de Oro; and it was with these *rezzous*, I learned later, and not with the men of El Hassim's adherence, that the salt caravan had fought two rear guard skirmishes on the way in.

IV

During four or five weeks after my arrival I saw practically no Arabs at all in Timbuctoo. I looked forward to the coming of the caravan which would bring so many to town, with growing desire to lay eyes on them, on men truly of the Sahara, but with little hope of ever coming to know any of them. Then, quite unexpectedly and some time before the arrival of the caravan, overhearing two men talking Arabic behind me in the store, I turned and found myself before two real Arabs. Here were no Moors in dirty blue, scraping up pennies as they could, but two men, graceful and alert, with the dust of the desert on their brows and lashes, and on the hair that escaped from their turbans. Their white tunics were powdered with dust, and their yellow knee boots were all grayed over. They responded to my greeting with the flashing smile characteristic of their race and they spoke a few words to me which I understood.

One was tall and, if I may say so, electrifying. He had aquiline features and great dark eyes which flashed and darkened, a dare-devil if ever I saw one. The other was far more approachable, less fierce, probably, though also more clever. They were *goumiers*, Arab volunteers, like the partisans except that they are in regular employment. Their rifles stood against the wall, and their tunics bulged with the cartridge belt. They had, in fact, just arrived on their camels from the *carré*, whence they had set forth in the middle of the previous night, on no more Saracen errand than that of fetching the mail.

To my surprise, early the next morning they came to my house with a third Arab, and we had tea. We tried to talk, an effort foiled less by my ignorance than by the curiosity of him whom you could not but call the Sheik. His eyes spotted everything visible in the room, down to the details of my costume. His blazing smile was directed to burn out of me the concession of everything he saw. He was swift as lightning and quite as startling. I had not suspected that there was so much that was inconsumable in my property sense; but I felt it was a question of give all or nothing; and though my sense of hospitality, Arabicized already, prompted me to give all, a vision of myself not only homeless but naked in the streets fortified my stinginess. His so fiery "Give!" met a dull asbestos "No." We laughed heartily all the time; and so, though I cannot think him disinterested, I do believe he flashed and burned a great deal out of curiosity and the love of fun. They soon went, and the Sheik never returned; but Ibrahim, his comrade, paid me another visit that afternoon.

After the tea, which Ibrahim, free lance though he was, brewed as only the Arabs can do, as if it were at once a homely treat and a tiny solemn ritual, he asked for my wash basin, which he had seen hanging on the wall, for the soap, which he had taken up from the dish and smelled, and for more hot water; and then and there fell to washing himself, his face, his ears, his hair, his hands, scrubbing himself with a parental thoroughness, and groaning with pain and rapture at the same time. When he started to dry himself with the folds of his robe, especially to dig the soap out of his ears, I could not but fetch him a towel. He looked at me a moment with radiant wet face, thanked me truly from the heart, laid the towel carefully beside him on the mat, and went on drying himself with his robe.

That was a good towel gone. Ibrahim never suspected its use. He never doubted that it was some strange gift, ineptly presented, but with free heart. When he had dried his face and hands he folded the towel almost lovingly in his turban. Then he took the basin, the

kettle, and the soap and went off to some unused room in the house and doubtless had a good scrub all over, while the towel lay dry in his turban. It was a good big bath towel, and it seemed a pity, now that he owned it so indisputably, that he should not use it. He told me later he would take it to his wife, and I often wondered if she knew any more than he what the thing was intended for. I doubt it, since she must have had less to do with Europeans than he had had.

Early the next morning he came round with a young man, who was grave and unsmiling and who, when I spoke to him in Arabic, regarded me with somber reserve until I had finished, then quietly turned to Ibrahim to ask him what I had said. His short tunic was worn and soiled, his bare legs and his arms grimy with dirt, the curly masses of his dark hair full of sand. Apart from this, one noticed at first only that he was tall and slender, with a reserve of manner and voice which was both shy and deep. I had no doubt that this man had spoken seldom with a European before. It was Boya, Ibrahim's young brother.

Of course we had tea, but Ibrahim was impatient over it and hurried it and hardly waited for us to finish before he fetched, himself, the basin, filled it with warm water, and set it before his brother on the mats. Seeing what was on the way, I gave him soap, but no towel, and stood aside to watch them. Boya washed very cautiously, chiefly his hands, over and over again, till Ibrahim urged him to other areas and bolder movements, giving him vigorous example. The water was soon black as ink; and when they had both got soap in their eyes, I took advantage of their blindness to fetch a basin of clean water. This, in spite of their simple protests, I did several times. They were more careful of water than many are of wine, and splashed hardly a drop on the mats. You could not watch them sitting thus cross-legged with the basin between them, and not feel in a new and vivid way how scarce water is in the Sahara after all. And all the time, not only Ibrahim but his brother as well kept saying, "This is good; no water in the desert, no water in the desert." How incomparably strange, I thought to myself, to have come thousands of miles into a remote land and find, seated on the floor of my room, with a cheap enameled basin between them, two brothers of a race hostile to mine washing their hands and faces, and myself throwing out the swiftly blackened water and fetching clean!

It was during this proceeding, utterly unceremonious, that I noticed the beauty of Boya's head and face. It was in the line and expression of it rather than in the features. An artist might have found a stronger, rougher word for it than beauty. Even seated thus, he would have made a finer young David than any I have ever seen painted.

My black boy arrived in time to interpret for me Ibrahim's farewell speech, which was fiery and undoubtedly sincere for the moment. As my house had been his, so would his tent or his hut be mine; and as I had received him as a friend, so would he and his wife and his brother and all his family receive me, wherever we might meet. These, he said, were not vain words, for they were spoken in the hearing of Allah, and it was already written that he was my friend. So they went, and I scarcely expected to see them again. But later Ibrahim returned to Timbuctoo and came to see me. He was awaiting an official investigation over his killing two Daggars at some remote spot in the desert; and since he was not held in detention, the officials must have been inclined to believe his story of the affair. In all events, he took me out to his hut, presented me to his wife, gave me tea. The wife was most evidently going to have a baby before long. She pointed to herself and said, "That is Ibrahim's doing," with a fine implication of both blame and praise. She gave me a leather

cushion, and he gave me a basket covered with leather, both handsome; and I, being by then wise in the ways of the country, gave her a scarf and him ten francs. I did not see the towel.

V

Late in December the caravan arrived. We had word the night before that it would come in the morning, and the town was up early and most of us on our rooftops looking to the northern rim of the desert for the first sight of it. My servant insisted he could see a low, minute whirl of dust out in that immensity, but I saw nothing; and what brought me down from the roof was the sight of people streaming out from the city across the dunes. In the street I chanced to fall in with one of the missionaries, who had come down from his rooftop as I from mine, because the crowd was hurrying forth into the desert, not because he had seen any sign of the approach of the caravan.

There was a big dune perhaps half a mile from the town, and we started to scramble up this with the intention of commanding a view into the distance. Someone shouted, "They are coming," and we hastened the more, so as to see them come in from far off; and then there was a general shout, "Here they are!" And there they were, the vanguard on white camels coming round the edge of the dune, right beside us, not a stone's throw away.

It was an incredible materialization out of nothing; and when we had run to it, it still seemed to come out of nothing, endlessly, and out of nowhere. For the dunes are higher than you think, and the camels are smaller than you remembered them; and the line came winding in through the hollows, quite hidden from anyone standing even on a high dune, till it emerged into view almost before you. Besides this, the camels are of the same tawny color as the sands, and at any distance cease to be defined against them, even in movement. In the vastness of the scene we were all little; and if a string of camels went along the crest of a dune—and many did so, bearing off from the main caravan and going west towards Gundam—they were outlined against the sky much as aphides on the stalk of a plant.

Even more remarkable, one might well say even more astounding, than the absence of everything spectacular, was the silence. Following one another in a close double line, often attached to one another, the camels walked on steadily past us without any shouts from their drivers. The fall of their padded feet was muffled in the sand; not a thud, not a scuff. Save for the singularly unpleasant grunts, which are their own discourse—and they were too tired to do much grunting—the only sound was the tinkle of the slabs of salt slung in pairs over their humps. If a man turned his back on that caravan he lost it altogether, while it streamed on not twenty feet behind him. Thus, finding it so vague and so silent, I came to believe what I had often heard: that if you are journeying with a caravan across the desert and lie asleep through the departure from camp, small are the chances that you will ever overtake it.

The camels were very lean and their humps flabby, and many had the big infected sores to which the beast is liable and which no care can prevent. There was many a foal born on the way, scampering beside its mother.

Camels in this part of the world are not very strong, and four slabs of salt, say two or three hundred pounds, make a load beyond which you may begin to count in the proverbial and much dreaded straws. Therefore, the majority of the men were on foot and doubtless had come so for many days. The stride of these barefoot men through the sand appears tireless. Faces were shrunk with fatigue and parched, covered with dust as were arms and legs and tunics; but no shoulder stooped and no foot dragged. Their step was light and swift, and they were continually tossing

some fold of robe back over their shoulders, to swing on with yet freer grace. A few were mounted on riding camels, and they rode out to the side and from the top of some small dune, travelworn and picturesque beyond words, watched the caravan go by on its way into the city. And some met friends and embraced.

On the line moved, with no hastening but so steadily that one lost count altogether. There seemed no end to what trailed itself into sight from behind the dunes, passed us, went up the light rise between us and the city, and out of sight again, without ever a break in the so slender and so unimpressive double file. And the markers stood on the roof of the house with the tower which was by the edge of the city and kept tally; and we knew later that more than three thousand camels came in with salt that day to Timbuctoo.

In the narrow streets you were dodging camels the rest of the day; and there, between the walls, they seemed anything but little beasts. You could not wander far without having to squeeze yourself against some door to let camels with scornful heads, no matter how flabby the hump, go by.

There was nowhere a sign of haste, yet the camels were unloaded before the sun was low. Along the main track they followed into the heart of the town there might have been laid a number of invisible switches, whereby shorter or longer files of them were diverted into some side street, which they followed until the driver stopped them before some open door. Out of the door stepped the merchant and his friends. For a moment there were greetings; but almost without delay, the camels were brought one by one to their knees and the slabs of salt carefully detached from them; after which they rose to their feet and were led or driven off.

Here, there, and everywhere, in the streets, by the corners, you came across little piles of accouterments, camel cloths, leather sacks, kettles, little boxes; and, set carefully on edge against the pile, several slabs of salt, which resembled nothing so little as salt, and nothing so much as discarded mantel shelves of yellowed marble. Formerly, more than at present, the Arabs used to carve little caskets and curios out of broken slabs, which looked as if they were carved in alabaster.

In the course of the day, the slabs of salt were taken into houses, whence, presumably, they were later sold in wholesale lots. I remember seeing very little in the market at retail, though now and again you would come upon a black man sawing a slab with a coarse saw, his robe laid prudently underneath to catch the fragments and even the sawdust. Thus you could buy a slice of salt, so to speak, which is convenient to carry if you are traveling, and for a piece of which you may acquire almost anything you need from the natives farther down the river. In Timbuctoo the natives seemed to buy it most commonly broken up in pebbles, like what we call rock salt. The only powdered salt I ever saw for sale was imported.

All the afternoon the camels were taken down to drink at the pool, filled with water from the canal. How long it may have been since they had drunk before, I do not know, but their thirst, or their capacity for water, was prodigious. The camel goes right to the margin of the water, careful as a cat not to wet his feet; he calls into action some muscles of his neck which lower his head strangely till his lips touch the surface of the water. Contact between the water and his inner reservoir being established, he maintains it for at least five minutes. Nothing visible about him moves, not even his tail; and there is not the faintest ripple on the surface of the water. When, at the end of this first long draft, he raises his head, not a drop falls from his muzzle, twitch his lips though he will. He looks round in a detached sort of way, while doubtless closing one inner reservoir and opening another, and then begins as from the beginning.

Being full of water, he is taken off to pasture—to the extensive grove of thorn shrubs and low thorn trees between Timbuctoo and the river—where, during weeks afterward, you will catch a glimpse of him, his head lifted on the long neck to the tree tops, for all the world a dinosaur. How his mobile, velvety lips can strip leaves and tiny blossoms from twigs bristling with thorns as long and as hard as needles, is a secret between him and his maker. But feed he does, and on such forbidden food. His hump fattens and stands up like a regular hump; his sores heal; and he is ready to work again.

VI

So the great caravan came with salt to Timbuctoo; the Arabs for whom I had been waiting had come out of the desert into the town. During the day I had seen many glad meetings in the streets. I thought there might be bonfires and dancing that night. Imagine a thousand cowboys come to town after a round-up and all the racket, or a crew of sailors on shore leave. But there was not that night in Timbuctoo one sight or sound of merry-making, but only the same byways in which you met scarcely a soul afoot, and the same marketplace under the starlight, early vacant save for the lone watchman playing his flute by the fire.

So it was the next night, and the next; therefore, it could not be because of weariness that the thousand and more Arabs who had come in with the caravan were not carousing and making the welkin ring.

No; such is simply not their habit here on the edge of the Sahara. You could find them, if you wished to, seated in wide circles on the sand outside the city, rather vague for all the clarity of the stars, talking and laughing in low voices, and at peace. Now and again two or three would set off in the direction of the huts where, doubtless, women were; and now and then a group might come out across the sands from the town, laughing over an easy conquest—or bargain—in love. But it was all so softly done, and with an animation so fine; and you fell to wondering if this was merely after all because they do not drink or get drunk, of if there was something in their natures attuned to the silence of the spaces they inhabit, which was not given to noise.

THE ETHICS OF ALIMONY

BY DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

"DON'T call me Mrs.," she ordered her nurse. "I used to be that. But now I'm *Miss* Hart." Propped up in her hospital bed, she was busy lip-sticking a cupid's bow of a mouth, and I was busy watching her from my own bed. "Not over twenty," I told myself, "and yet divorced."

In the course of the long day we fell into conversation and I learned that she had been married at the mere age of sixteen, and had recently been divorced. Following the decree she had subsequently got a job as a chorus-girl and was about to start work when she fell and hurt herself one night—after a little too much champagne. Since then she had been going through a long series of operations.

When I hazarded that it was lucky she didn't have to worry about expenses she came out with, "Oh, yes, I get my alimony check every month"—and a shrewd look glinted in the wide-apart black eyes that had at first seemed so frank and fair.

"But," I demanded, "can you accept alimony and keep your self-respect?" And I added that I myself had faced the same question.

She stared at me with amazement. "Well, all I have to say is that you were an awful fool if you didn't go after alimony. Believe me, I'll get every cent I can out of the man I married. Why? Because he ruined my young life!" and she scowled like a vindictive little vixen.

"*Your* life ruined," I mocked, "why it's only beginning! You with the bloom of youth on your face."

At that moment a visitor was announced for Miss Hart; it proved to be a young man whom she received with many flutterings and ardent looks. Afterwards she glowingly confessed to me that he was her "sweetie." It was plain that she had forgotten all about her ruined life.

Unfortunately I left the hospital early the next morning, and never had a chance to resume the discussion. I should have liked to find out just how Miss Hart's husband had wronged her, so that I might have come to some conclusion in my own mind about the ethics of this particular alimony case.

My little friend of the hospital is only one of a constantly increasing number of childless women, some young, some not so young, who believe themselves entitled to a comfortable living the rest of their days simply because they once had a husband. Without stopping to consider the ethics of their position, they rest securely upon the centuries-old tradition that it is a man's bounden duty to support his wife under any and every circumstance.

But woman has been given a new place in the world. To-day she is accorded ample opportunity to make her own living; and even if she does not choose to become financially independent, her men-folk leave her free to live and move and have her being as women before her never have been free. In effect, she is no longer man's ward.

To what extent, then, should this changed status of woman affect a man's obligation to pay her alimony? Let us examine both sides of the question:

On the one hand, can it not be held that divorced women should be fully indemnified for the wasted years when they could have been fitting themselves for work outside the home—years when they may not have been given a penny which they could call their own? Can they not justly demand something in return for the great devotion which they gave their husbands? In brief, should they not be compensated for loss of happiness as well as for the precious years which they cannot recall?

On the other hand, can it not be claimed that they are lowering themselves by remaining dependent upon men who have ceased to love them or whom they have ceased to love? Is it not true that they are receiving money for which they are no longer rendering any return? Are not many of them "gouging" their former husbands, out of pure spite and resentment—instead of admitting like good sports that they too have been at fault?

Such questions as these can hardly be answered categorically for the reason that every case presents an ethical problem all its own. But some legitimate conclusions may perhaps be drawn from an analysis of a variety of cases, as well as from the opinions of certain judges and men and women lawyers. All agree that the problem of alimony is of increasing importance in this era of widespread divorce.

II

Most of our states follow the common law which says that it is a man's legal obligation to support his wife—unless she is able to support herself. *Voila le hic*, as the French say, for the question of the wife's ability to support herself lies entirely within the discretion of the judge.

Some few states have civil statutes on their books relating to alimony. These statutes as a rule follow the common law, although in some instances they tend to favor the woman to an even greater extent. Take, for example, the New York law which states that in cases of separation or divorce, where the husband is at fault, alimony shall be granted "within the discretion of the court." But the bar disagrees as to the intention of this last phrase: does it mean that the amount is discretionary with the judge, or does it mean that the latter is free to decide whether or not alimony shall be awarded? Judges in New York generally follow the first interpretation, although there are a few who have been bold enough to deny alimony in specific cases.

If a woman's motion for alimony is denied, or if she thinks she has not been given enough, she may appeal the decision to the Appellate Court. By taking such action in New York she is more likely to obtain a verdict in her favor, since the judges in that court are older men who are not prone to hold radical views. Not every dissatisfied wife appeals her case, however, on account of the expense involved.

Judges are very human creatures whether they are on the bench or off the bench. As I visited one after another, I discovered that they have their predispositions, their social theories, and their blindnesses, all of which undoubtedly influence their decisions. Each has a different opinion on the subject of alimony, but on the whole the members of our judiciary appear to fall into two distinct classes:

First, judges who look upon women primarily as wives and mothers, and who therefore believe that the mere fact of marriage entitles a woman to support for the rest of her life.

Second, judges who look upon women as individuals, and so hold that they must accept equal responsibilities along with equal rights.

Unmistakably representing the first group, Vice-Chancellor James F. Fielder of the New Jersey Court of Chancery, ex-governor of that state, expressed his views to me as follows:

"Even though the wife may have a

profession or good business of her own, the husband shouldn't necessarily be let off scot-free. He has made a contract and should be forced to live up to it. I would of course award less alimony to a woman with an income, but if her income is meager, as compared with her husband's, I would give her some, in a case where the fault for the marital separation is his."

Then suddenly he burst a bombshell: "Why," he said, "I can imagine a case when it would be right for a woman to collect alimony from her first husband even after she has remarried. If the second husband can't support her as comfortably as did the first, is that any reason why she should give up the material advantages of her former life?"

This statement coming from a judge seemed most amazing, and yet it was to be corroborated several weeks later by the pronouncement of another New Jersey judge who passed on just such a case—the details of which will be given later in the discussion.

Radically different from Vice-Chancellor Fielder's views, are those of a judicial officer who has handled five thousand cases in the last few years. He says:

"I am opposed to the principle of granting alimony to a childless woman under forty years of age, who is physically capable of earning her own living. . . . It must be remembered that in nearly every case of divorce there has been mutual fault. By fault I don't mean the technical cause for divorce, but rather the underlying causes. It is generally apparent that if the woman had been willing to make certain adjustments and sacrifices the couple would not be in the divorce courts."

Strangely enough, I found a judge noted as a feminist in the camp of those who believe that the childless woman is entitled to alimony. Justice Charles L. Guy, of the New York Supreme Court, did a great deal to help the cause of woman suffrage, but he does not believe that woman's married status has changed. He says:

"Marriage is a contract of partnership for life. If the marital bond is broken through the husband's fault it is monstrously unjust to say to the wife, 'Go out and earn your own living.' No matter if he *has* made a foolish contract he must stick to his obligation—for the home is the foundation of the state.

"In any contract of partnership each partner gets back what he has put in. The woman has put in something she can't get back: i.e., five, ten, twenty years of the vital period of her life when she could have been fitting herself for a money-earning profession. So she is fully justified in taking alimony as a fair return on her investment."

Diametrically opposed to Justice Guy's opinion is that of Justice Selah B. Strong, also of the New York Supreme Court. Not long ago he was quoted in the New York *Evening Telegram* as saying:

"It seems almost unbelievable that a right-minded woman without children will accept support from a man she has ceased to love and live with. . . . The trouble is that we are bound to-day by marriage laws and their offshoots that took root in days long past when the status and economic position of women were entirely different from what they are to-day. In the real analysis, the laws to protect the wife were not passed for the wife's sake, but for the public's sake."

Is it the truth, then, that many of our sex are taking advantage of laws which society has outgrown? Or is Justice Guy right in claiming that even in this day and age the wife is entitled to indemnity when the contract is broken through the husband's fault? Before answering either of these questions let us examine a number of individual cases. And let us assume—for purposes of the discussion—that childless women seeking divorce fall into three groups: the "old-fashioned" wife, the "gold-digger," and the business and profes-

sional woman. But before considering the claims of any of these, let us state the case for the woman with children.

III

Mothers who have devoted the best years of their lives to rearing children have an indisputable right to alimony for themselves and support money for their children—and yet they are often the ones who do not get a penny. With their health very likely impaired, their potential earning power cut down by years of immolation at home, and their children still needing them, they are rarely in a position to take part in the economic struggle. Many a one, however, will toil to the bone rather than give her husband any rights over the children. Driven by mother love and pride, these women struggle most valiantly and pathetically, and sometimes an exceptional one succeeds beyond all expectation.

Leila A. had married when she was twenty-five, giving up a position as saleswoman in a fur department. Her husband was a bookkeeper, studying public accountancy at night. She bore two children in a matter-of-fact way, took excellent care of them, and kept house economically. Her husband at forty was earning good money and wanted to enjoy the thrills of life before it was too late. Leila, at thirty-seven, was still good to look upon, but so "damned practical" that she wouldn't go on any "sprees" with him. You can guess what followed. He set up a mistress in town; and one day, when Leila questioned him about their savings account, he roared that he wouldn't be nagged at and that he was through! He left and did not come back.

In a week's time Leila was penniless, for he had drawn all the money out of their joint checking account. Too proud to appeal to his firm, she left her children with a friend during the day, and went back to her old job of selling furs. In the evening she cooked and sewed for the children. In due time her husband repented and asked to come back. But she would have none of him; neither would she give him his freedom by divorcing him. In five years she became a fur designer and is to-day making an excellent living. She has sent both of her children to college and, furthermore, owns so much real estate that her lawyer is now urging her to get a divorce as the most effective method of preventing her property from going to her husband when she dies.

We could only wish that every deserted woman who has children to support were blessed with Leila's ability, as well as with her former business experience. But it more generally happens that the mother of a family can hardly earn enough to keep the wolf from the door. Even if she asks for alimony, an erratic judge may give her much less than she needs for herself and children. The other day, for instance, a certain judge awarded forty-five dollars a week to a childless woman only twenty-seven years of age, while another judge in the same county awarded twenty-five dollars a week to a woman with two children whose husband was earning practically the same amount as that of the first woman.

In case an adequate amount is awarded, a woman may have a heart-breaking time trying to collect it. If, for instance, the husband makes off to another state she is quite helpless, since the expense of court action, in one state after another, is prohibitive. She may, it is true, throw herself upon the mercies of the Municipal Domestic Relations Court, and declare that she and her children will become public charges if not provided for—in which case the city might stand the expense of extradition. But the average woman in the middle classes is too proud to resort to this court. Her dilemma, therefore, is one legitimate argument for a national divorce law that would bring the criminally negligent husband under federal jurisdiction.

If it is so easy for a husband to get out of paying, why do we worry about the problem of alimony? Because a great many men cannot afford to be constantly fleeing the law: they are established in their businesses and professions and must, therefore, stay where they are and pay whatever alimony the judge orders. Furthermore, they may have property which could be attached. It is the irresponsible, the flotsam and jetsam of the business and industrial world, who are wont to desert their wives and numerous children and put themselves beyond the reach of the state law.

IV

Having stated the case for women with children—and thus cleared the decks for action—let us consider, one after the other, our three different groups of childless divorcées.

First there is the "old-fashioned" type of wife who has always looked upon marriage as an end-all and a be-all. She may have held a job in her early years—but only pending matrimony; in fact she has never dreamed of any career but that of marriage. Furthermore, she was brought up to believe in the double standard of morals, and so will forgive an occasional dereliction on the part of her husband. But when she discovers that he is running another establishment, her pride and sense of respectability are so wounded that she rushes into the divorce court. Or it may be that he has deserted her, or that he treats her with what she considers extreme cruelty. In any case she suddenly finds that she has lost her job as wife, and that she is up against the struggle for survival.

A woman lawyer who has probably handled more divorce cases than any other lawyer of her sex in New York City, tells me that she has known numbers of such helpless women—some of them middle-aged, some still in their thirties. She says that more than a few of them yearn to be independent of their recreant husbands, but that they are as a rule pitiably unable to fend for themselves—even though they have once held jobs. To illustrate her point, she told me the stories of several women.

Mrs. X, who had been a school teacher years ago, signed an agreement with her husband to accept, in lieu of alimony, a small sum of money that yielded only four dollars a week in interest. But when she looked for a position she found that there was no place in the schools for a teacher who had been on the shelf for twenty years. Nothing daunted, she turned to business and equipped herself with secretarial training. But again she found that a gray-haired woman was not wanted. Finally she had to lower the flag of her pride and allow her lawyer to carry the case to the Appellate Court. The judges in that court set aside the above-mentioned agreement as an illegal one, since it excused the husband from his obligation to support his wife. The man was then forced to pay twenty-five dollars a week alimony.

Indeed it is obvious that the average woman over forty years of age cannot make a place for herself in the business or professional world. But what of the woman in her thirties? Can *she* be expected to shift for herself, and is it perchance her own fault if she fails to make a living?

Mrs. A was thirty-five years old, and had been married for eight years. When her husband proved unfaithful she spiritedly waved aside all thought of alimony, and went back to her old trade of millinery. But she could not make a go of it and lost one job after another; next she tried social service—with the same disastrous results. For years she had a desperate time and had to appeal to her lawyer for small loans.

"But *why* couldn't she hold any of these jobs?" I asked. Finally the lawyer admitted that the woman had a most difficult temper—the very thing, no doubt, that had irritated her husband beyond endurance. In fact she eventu-

ally parted company on irate terms with her good friend the lawyer, and has never been heard from since.

Like Mrs. A, there are a good many women who have such bad dispositions that they inevitably alienate their husbands, and practically drive them to seek pleasure and love elsewhere. But unlike Mrs. A, these women usually demand alimony—and get it, because their husbands are guilty in the eyes of the law. Yet is it fair—under these circumstances—that a man should have to support a woman the rest of her life?

Sharply contrasted with the bad-tempered wife, is the type who has intelligently struggled to make a success of marriage and has had to fight against almost insuperable odds of selfishness or weakness in the husband.

My friend K is a delightfully cultured person of thirty-eight, with a fine sense of sportsmanship and as keen a mind as I have ever met. When quite young she married an army officer, and moved with him from post to post, as army wives do. He was a great strapping man, one of the ablest officers in the service; and he adored her, but in rather a Prussian way: *he* was master of the house, *he* would disburse the money. What was still worse, he was given to long fits of drunkenness, during one of which he left her stranded in a foreign country for six months. As the years progressed the drinking habit laid greater hold on him, and at the end of fifteen years she divorced him, much against his wishes.

K told me that she felt justified in taking a moderate amount of alimony because she had always shaped her life to her husband's, and yet had never been given a fair share of the family income. Furthermore—she said—she didn't mind taking alimony because her husband still cared for her in his blind way; if he had deserted her for another woman she could not have brought herself to touch his money.

K married again within six months. So I shall never know whether she would have continued to collect alimony year after year, or whether she would have used her remarkable abilities to make herself completely independent.

V

Next comes the legion of "gold-diggers." I refer not only to the professional ones who have a highly developed technic of marrying and divorcing; but also to the more respectable sisters who may not be so bold as are the women of the scandal sheets, but who have the same fundamentally materialistic attitude toward marriage.

When the professional gold-digger has once caught a man, she knows that she is nicely fixed for life—so long as she takes care to give him no evidence against herself. For if he precipitates a break, the odds are all in her favor.

A certain multimillionaire, for instance, when he had reached the lonely age of fifty, married with rash haste a rather beautiful young French woman. Having brought her back to America, he soon realized that he had a termagant on his hands, and in six months was so worn out by her campaign of scenes and tempers that he was ready to rid himself of her at any cost. But she was most indignant at the idea of a divorce, and turned a deaf ear to his offer of a settlement of $100,000, $500,000. . . . "*Mais non, quel ennui, un divorce!*" she pouted. Finally, however, she cocked an ear when he got up to two million, and for that sum consented to go back to Paris and obtain a divorce. She was a most astute business woman! . . .

Furthermore, the judicial practice of allowing temporary alimony is a great boon to the "gold-digger." The law says in effect that the husband must support his wife and pay her counsel fees pending trial of the case, no matter which one of the two is suing, or how strong the evidence appears to be. A certain beautiful

young woman who has since become a famous movie actress, was granted $18,000 a year temporary alimony, even though her husband had a mountain of evidence against her. When the case was decided in his favor she was awarded no permanent alimony, it is true; but she hardly needed any, since she still had in her possession over a million dollars' worth of jewels and property which he had given her during the six months of their married life.

A judge decides upon temporary alimony without seeing the litigants or hearing the evidence in detail. It often happens, therefore, that a woman is given a very comfortable temporary allowance, even though she has insufficient evidence to obtain a divorce. In that case she will attempt to drag out her suit for two or three years, while she lives in single luxury. I heard of a woman found guilty of adultery by the Court of Chancery in New Jersey who was nevertheless granted further temporary alimony by the Court of Errors and Appeals when she appealed the decision.

As in the case of the multimillionaire mentioned above, the largest settlements have been made out of court; but in a few instances women have fared exceedingly well in court. The most startling example of a judge's generosity —gallantry—call it what you will— was that of a famous New York society case which monopolized the front page of the newspapers several years ago. There was as much ugly evidence on one side as on the other, and in the end the judge denied a divorce to the husband and granted a separation to the wife, giving her the highest alimony ever awarded by any court,—$90,000 a year for herself and children. It was rumored that the husband's indifference to his wife's good name, as well as his own past conduct, had so disgusted the judge that the latter punished him by naming this huge alimony. An amusing commentary on the judge's righteous wrath is the fact that the couple have recently made up their differences and are again living together.

It would appear, then, that the amount of alimony a woman gets is merely a matter of chance, depending upon the judge's gallantry and his inbred convictions. But let me whisper to you that if a lawyer is clever enough and has sufficient prestige with the court authorities, he may succeed in manipulating the case on the calendar so as to pick the judge most favorably disposed to the woman's interests. He must be very clever, however, because the husband's lawyer will also be jockeying for a judge.

When Mrs. H of New York was suing for divorce in 1921 her lawyer must have felt very keenly that he had got her into the wrong pew: she had entered a claim for $78,000 a year, for herself and two children—asserting that she needed that amount "to maintain her station in life"—whereupon Justice Aspinwall spluttered:

"Her station in life! That sounds very well in novels, but many a woman has to marry a rich man before she has any station in life at all. Mrs. H had a soft thing and she lost him. She has been working this man like a gimlet and has succeeded in getting $166,000 a year for her private income. Half the society women in New York don't deserve what they've got."

He gave her only $15,000, and she declared in high dudgeon, "It is ridiculous to say that I can support myself and two children on that amount!"

In these days even a judge with old-fashioned ideas about women seldom awards the wife a third of the man's income—unless it is a modest one and there are children to be supported.

"Why give her a third," demands Justice Guy, "when she actually gets less than that while married to the man? We don't want to make divorce more attractive than marriage."

Justice Guy also avers that he is on the look-out for the "gold-digger"—the type "who never intended to give

anything in return." "I cut her down to the very minimum," he declares. (Yet he believes that the law allows even to her a certain amount of alimony.)

There is undoubtedly a trend toward more moderate alimony—so marked a trend that Mr. Samuel Untermyer, the famous New York trial lawyer, is moved to criticize roundly the present policy of the courts. He says:

"So far from being an advocate of the abolition of alimony, which has been mooted in some quarters, I would have the present laws greatly strengthened. At present the allowances made by the courts are grotesquely inadequate, for no matter how rich the man is, the woman is rarely given sufficient to permit her to live in the style in which she was supported by her husband.

"Courts should proceed on the theory that when the husband enters the marital relation he and his wife become partners in whatever property is acquired by the husband after marriage, and that he should not be permitted either in case of death or divorce to deprive her of her interest in the partnership. . . . My views do not, however, apply to a case where the divorce is because of the fault of the wife, but even there provision should be made for the wife."

Mr. Untermeyer's last sentence would imply that he still considers women helpless in an economic sense. Strange that he does not see that there are to-day various opportunities for a woman to support herself—even without losing her social prestige.

We agree with Mr. Untermeyer that the property should be divided—if the wife, by dint of faithful companionship and encouragement over a long period of years, has actually helped her husband accumulate it. But there are, it would appear, few women of this kind in the divorce courts as compared with those who have done nothing but enjoy their husbands' wealth. Why are *they* entitled to go on living "in the style in which they were supported by their husbands"? After all, they have played for high stakes and lost them—and so ought to be willing to abide by the fortunes of war.

VI

One finds "gold-diggers" in every walk of life, from the big cities to the Middle-Western small town.

Lucy L had never been a very attractive girl; and in the hope of marrying her off, her mother had moved to a college town. The girl became "a college widow," although not a dashing success. Finally a young engineer walked into the trap. He was a good catch, and Lucy married him for reasons other than love. It is not surprising, therefore, that he should have subsequently fallen out of love and should have left her, at the end of three years, for another woman. She sued for divorce on grounds of infidelity, and was awarded $150 a month alimony for a period of five years; she was also given the house, which was worth about $8000. Terribly indignant, she appealed the decision to the Appellate Court, but was again denied a larger alimony. As a result Lucy considers herself a frightfully wronged and aggrieved woman.

"Think of the insolence of those judges," exclaimed the older woman, a friend of my mother's, who was telling me the tale, "they as much as said they'd give her five years to catch another man. . . . Oh, yes, she's a clever girl, capable of supporting herself, but that's not the point." . . . My mother's friend could not see that Lucy had got far *more* than her just due.

It is interesting to note that this decision was handed down in one of the Middle-Western states. In fact, I understand from women lawyers with whom I have corresponded, that in the Middle-West and West one finds an increasing number of judges who assume that an able-bodied young woman can—and should—support herself. The pioneer spirit of the West has evidently

bred a more modern attitude toward women than one finds in the seats of the mighty in the East.

Take, for instance, the recent pronouncement of a New Jersey judge regarding the case of Dietrick vs. Dietrick, in which the wife claimed that she was entitled to alimony even though she had remarried. She argued that her present husband was not earning enough to maintain her in the style in which she would have continued to live, had she not been compelled to divorce her first husband. (Her present husband was earning $55 a week, and the two of them had no children to support, while her former husband had three children by a second marriage.)

Vice-Chancellor John T. Bentley, in reviewing the case—which, incidentally, was the first of its kind ever to be tried in New Jersey—*did* release the husband, but chiefly because the wife had not conclusively proved that she had lived in much better circumstances during her first marriage than during her present one. In short, he made the following statement when he handed down his decision:

"If a woman's heart should be won by a second spouse who is unable to support her in anything like the station of life of the man from whom she was divorced, it would appear to be the wise course to order the alimony continued without change, or modified according to the circumstances in the case. Any other policy might result in an obstruction to marriage—upon which the law has always looked with abhorrence. The woman having been given by law the right to remarry, should not be penalized when she does so—especially in view of the favorable attitude of society toward marriage."

Would it not logically follow, then, that a single woman who chooses to give up a paying position in order to marry and raise a family for a man of moderate income, should receive a pension from society at large? Otherwise it would seem that she was being penalized too heavily for performing this natural function upon which society looks with such favor.

Fortunately for the male species, there are few judges who agree with Vice-Chancellors Bentley and Fielder on the subject of alimony after remarriage. Justice Guy expresses the more general opinion when he emphatically declares that a woman who remarries forfeits forever all claims upon her first husband. Yet Vice-Chancellor Bentley's utterance will doubtless embolden a good many divorced women to demand alimony after remarriage.

Perhaps even more to be scorned than the type of woman who looks upon marriage as a meal-ticket is the one who pretends to be modern in her ideas of marriage, and later applies the screws of the law to her husband. I know of a young woman who married a man on a fifty-fifty basis, and who lived up to the agreement so long as they were together; but when they came to get a divorce she demanded $150 a month alimony. The young man's earnings fluctuate—for he is struggling to establish himself in the magazine world—and his health is poor; but he could not defend himself against her demands since their pre-marital agreement had not the seal of the law upon it; in fact, it violated the New York Domestic Relations Law, which forbids a couple to enter into any contract whereby the husband shall be excused from supporting his wife.

Another story of a self-supporting yet greedy woman came to me from Justice Humphries of the New York Supreme Court. It concerned a school teacher who sued for separation and asked for alimony even though she was earning $3200 a year, and her husband was earning only $2500. On his part the husband declared that she had not sacrificed anything to the marriage, for she had refused to have a child and had held her job continuously. The judge did not give her a penny.

It seems most unfair that a professional woman who has not let marriage

hinder her career should demand support from a man after the union is dissolved. And yet I found a woman lawyer, the most successful of her sex in a certain eastern city, who vigorously defended alimony for every type of wife.

A robust person of forty or so, Miss B leaned back in her swivel-chair and talked volubly on the subject. She has handled a great many divorce cases and makes it a business to fight for as much alimony as she can get for her clients. She admitted, however, that she had had a few women who preferred to support themselves.

"When I see a woman rob herself in that way," she exclaimed, "I think to myself, 'What a fool you are, and how sorry you'll be in years to come, after a hard life working in some store or office.' Why," she exploded, "I should think a woman would have enough spirit not to let her husband off scot-free—so that he can go and marry the other woman."

How many ideas of spirit there are in the world! It was inconceivable to her that in after years these women might be proud of their independence.

She insisted, furthermore, that the fear of alimony was the only thing which kept husbands faithful to their domestic obligations. "If alimony should be abolished, the homes of the country would go to pieces," she darkly prophesied.

But what kind of homes have we—if they must be held together by fear and nothing else?

"Now take myself," she went on expansively, "If I should be foolish enough to fall in love and marry, what should *I* do, in case of a divorce? Understand, of course, were I to marry I shouldn't think of giving up my lucrative practice," and she waved to her suite of offices. "But just the same—if we were to separate—I don't think I'd let him off for nothing." And as she said it, I caught a gleam in her eye which told me that she would take every pound of flesh that the law allows.

VII

Are there, then, no genuinely modern women who live up to the theory that marriage is a partnership in which the two contribute equal shares of love and work, and in which there is no obligation encumbent upon the man to support the woman unless she gives up her own work for the rearing of children?

Such women do exist. I heard of several who quietly obtained divorces, asked for no alimony, and paid their own counsel fee—even though their husbands had been very much at fault.

In fact, an occasional woman pays her own way—and a man's too. A well-established professional woman of my acquaintance is paying her husband's alimony to his former wife, in order that he may get a start in his profession. Evidently wife number one doesn't care who supplies the money so long as it flows into her pockets.

When it comes to the rich, can one find any women of independent spirit? In other words, do women who have become accustomed to a luxurious manner of life ever have the stamina to fend for themselves? I put this question to another well-known trial lawyer, Mr. Benjamin F. Spellman, and was assured that he has had a few such women as clients, although they are still the great exception. His story of one young woman in particular excited my interest.

"The daughter of a genteel New York family fell in love with and married the son of a very wealthy man. She was twenty-one, and he was ten years her senior. After a honeymoon in Europe they settled down to live on a lavish scale, for he had just inherited his father's business which yielded an income of $300,000 a year. But she was not happy, for she suspected infidelities, and at the end of three years she became so disgusted with his conduct that she left him, pawned her jewels and clothes, and proceeded to sue for a divorce, scorning all thought of alimony.

Her family, who had been most indignant at her action, later forgave her to the extent of loaning her $2000 to start a music studio, so that she might capitalize her early training in that field. To-day she has a good clientele of pupils and is well established in her business. Still under thirty years of age, lithe and attractive, she is living in a glow of independence and with a thrill of achievement quite unknown to her in the old days. And best of all, she has not had time to grow bitter, as one can see from her mouth which is happy and young."

Actresses, by the way, enjoy the same reputation for rapacity in the divorce courts as do society women. So when Miss Peggy Allenby got a divorce two years ago without asking for any alimony the newspapers ran headlines, "Actress refuses alimony," and there was a great hullabaloo in Broadway circles. Eager to hear Miss Allenby's own version of the case, I sought her out in her dressing-room after a matinée the other day, and found her to be a delightfully frank and captivating young person, altogether free from pose. No, of course she hadn't asked for alimony, because when they were married she and her husband had agreed that she was to go on with her career. Therefore, she could hardly claim that she had given up anything. It was true that she didn't have a job at the time of the divorce and that her husband had just become a star, but even so she saw no reason why she shouldn't look after herself—as her sturdy old grandfather, a Tammany politician of some note—had always taught her to do.

When I asked her why it is that so many actresses fight for alimony—why they are not as independent as some other professional women, she made a very telling observation:

"It's because real love so seldom enters into these hasty Broadway marriages. Whereas if you are deeply in love, and later see your illusion smashed, I don't see how you can stand to be dependent upon the man who has disappointed you. I acted as I did out of fairness to my husband, and also because I shouldn't have been happy taking alimony."

Miss Allenby sums up the case. The idealist who marries for love has a burning pride that forbids her being dependent upon a man after love ceases, whether or no she is trained to support herself. At the opposite pole is the materialist who marries for the luxury of being supported. She has an entirely different set of standards—those of gain for herself. It would be futile to talk to her of pride and self-respect, just as it would be futile to try to reform a man who makes his living by mulcting his business associates.

VIII

Of the three classes of childless women who come into the divorce courts, the "old-fashioned" wife, the "gold-digger," and the business and professional woman, those of the second class are by far the most numerous. In fact their number is increasing so rapidly—at least here in the East—as to be a disgrace to the courts that are supposed to mete out justice.

Judges—it would appear—frequently forget that the common law grew up to protect society, rather than to make life "soft" for the individual woman. Too frequently a judge ignores the clause "if she cannot support herself," and so makes no inquiry into a woman's potential earning power.

Judges, furthermore, go beyond their province when they seek to *punish* husbands. In a divorce case the court is by law concerned only with enforcing the marriage contract. Technically speaking, a judge has no right to punish a man for having wronged his wife, for there is another common law which says that a husband cannot commit a *tort* (a wrong) against his wife, since husband and wife are one.

Instead of allowing their personal

convictions to influence them, would it not be fairer for judges to proceed on the theory that alimony should only be given a childless woman after a thorough investigation has been made of the underlying causes for the divorce, as well as of the contribution which the wife has made to the marriage?

Granted, to begin with, that if the wife's health has been injured by the marriage, she should be indemnified to whatever extent money can right such a wrong; or that if her husband has defrauded her of any sums of money, she should be fully reimbursed. Granted, further, that if she has—through her faithful co-operation as wife—actually helped a man build up a fortune, she should be given her share of the property. Granted, that if she is over forty, with no business connections, she should have permanent alimony.

But take the childless woman who falls into none of these excepted classes. If she is an "old-fashioned" wife between thirty and forty the husband should perhaps pay her alimony for a given number of years, to reimburse her for "back wages" and to give her a chance to get on her feet financially. If she is still in her twenties she should be able to look out for herself. If she is patently a "gold-digger," she should be cut off without a cent. If she is a business or professional woman she should of course be denied alimony.

By acting on such principles, the courts might conceivably arrive at a fairer awarding of alimony. But a great deal would still depend upon the personal attitude of the judge. In fact —as one woman lawyer points out—the problem of alimony will never be solved until we have a more truly ethical marriage contract. At present a woman engages to give her services for no definite return other than her bed and board. To right this state of affairs the above-mentioned lawyer suggests that a contract be signed upon marriage which would set forth the responsibilities each partner was assuming, and also the share of the family income each was to receive. The wife would then have her own wages to dispose of and could either save the money or use it to train herself along some line, so that in a crisis she would not be helpless. The contract would have to be made flexible enough to allow for increase of income and children.

A contract of this kind would teach independence to the "old-fashioned" wife and would ensure her future; it would protect the husband from the parasite wife; and most important of all, it would encourage fair play between husband and wife. This plan might eventually form the basis for sounder marriage and divorce laws.

In the meantime the judges are slowly changing their attitude: many of them are awarding less alimony than was awarded in former days, and some few of them are denying it in specific cases. As this trend becomes more marked the number of helpless wives will doubtless decrease—for is it not true that a great many women consider themselves helpless simply because society considers them so?

In this connection a lawyer friend of mine tells me that she has in the past persuaded several women who were at first set on getting alimony, to make a stab at supporting themselves. Taking her advice sullenly at first, these women have gone out, and come back later to report triumphantly that they have got started in some line of work and are delighted to be totally emancipated from their former husbands. If they had secured alimony they would probably be sitting at home before their mirrors, watching themselves grow old, and scowling because "that wretch is behind with his checks."

Indeed, it would be interesting to take a nation-wide census of childless, divorced women who are collecting alimony, as compared with those who are supporting themselves. We venture to predict that the no-alimony crowd, although much the smaller one, would prove many times the happier.

NOSTALGIA

A STORY

BY ELLEN DU POIS TAYLOR

NOSTALGIA is a queer, paradoxical emotion. It makes otherwise sane and unimaginative people dream backward or forward to Arcadias where a reminiscent happiness awaits those who have been too faithful to an obsession. It veils the attainable away behind a fog of false poetry and stealthily turns the unattainable into a mirage which is almost as graspable as a materialization. But at no stage of the slippery game does it allow its victims to suspect that arriving at a glamorous goal and feeling at home in it can be the most painful business in the world. I found this out rather suddenly one afternoon five Mays ago in an Italian hill town where I had gone to quiet something that had been shimmering and aching about inside me for years. A too aggressive nostalgia got me into a mess, but just as it was threatening to become dramatic I avoided the consequences by a flight that was as ignominious as it was precipitate.

The fact that my Middle-Western cowardice was leavened by a dash or two of patrician resentment saved a fraction of that incredible day for me, but even so the experience left me feeling utterly unfit to face things as they are faced by heroines in the world's best literature. This was a blow, for I had fancied myself a heroine . . . ever since the day I realized that I liked thunder, could avoid a snake without screaming, and had imagination enough to alchemize the potato patch next door into a petal-dropping garden in Italy.

Yes, I fled from that *albergo* up in San Silvano that May afternoon with a feeling of guilty relief. I had always wanted adventure, but I found melodrama one uncomfortable thrill too much for me. And so it was that I scuttled back to my school-teaching, feeling as Corinne would have felt had Madame de Staël made her ditch her Roman destiny and be a grubby orphan somewhere in America.

It wasn't merely nostalgia, though, that had driven me from Crittenden, South Dakota, to San Silvano, Italy. It was a longing as basic as breath. I was twenty-six, and for twenty years every fiber of me had been coiling and tightening about a memory. At any time during those raucous, unlovely years, so permeated by the nasal belaborings of relatives and the bitter, unsympathetic weather of God, I could close my eyes and see the classic lankness of that figure—that dangerously sensitive figure under its Paderewski tent of hair, bent feverishly over a row of ivory keys and a look in the eyes which had never left Italy. I could muffle my ears and hear that melodious something or other which rippled interminably through our dingy house like a brook. Strange stuff it was that lilted out from under those long misshapen fingers, on one of which a sardonyx intaglio smiled its carved and cruel smile—stuff that I learned later must have been a great deal of Verdi and Puccini interlarded with Chopin. But most disastrous and beautiful of all were those

unnamable things he made up, romantic things that made me see towers bloom where there were but cottonwoods.

There was his voice too. It began on a softly drawled "*C'era una volta*" and went on and on until somebody died or became rich or lived happy ever after.

Boccaccio, expurgated as it undoubtedly was, was queer fodder to feed a child of six; but it delighted me. I delighted in the fair Isabella lamenting over a pot of basil in which nestled the head of her murdered lover. I delighted in wives pretending to throw themselves in wells because their husbands locked the door on them; beautiful ladies stolen by chivalrous pirates; sweethearts concealing each other in chests; necromancers making it possible for a certain lovesick Anseldo to present his inamorata with a May garden in January. I delighted in all this while out in the kitchen a woman in starched blue gingham banged kettles and swept dirt under the sink because she preferred polygons and ethics in Boston to the sloppy realities in Dakota.

I adored the little cadenced islands of Italian that peppered the flow of his faultless English. There was Carducci's "*O tra i placidi, tra i cedri e le palme sedente*," while frogs croaked up through the twilight from the shallow ponds in a treeless field.

But all this became a memory one sunny April morning when I was six. It was a musical morning with the larks melodiously fussing about the gables and a dozen hens being ecstatic over the warm gravel in the back yard. One lilac bush made a fragrant purple blot against the dusty panes of a window, and a sickly cottonwood feebly gave birth to a few pale leaves. I was tossing pebbles over into Italy—my magic synonym for the yard next door which was satisfactorily shut away by a high board fence over which a weedy vine tumbled. Anything might be going on behind that wooden barrier, anything from stolen kisses on balconies to murder in cold blood. And so I tossed pebbles over and sang a little under my breath. I was stopped by a dull thud and a smothered groan. I tiptoed up to the half-open door of the kitchen. I saw a blue huddle on the floor with a Florentine dagger beside it, and a pair of long familiar legs disappearing through the door.

There was no more Italy after that. No more music. No more tales. Life suddenly became a nasty confusion followed by a shameful kind of peace. I became quiescent under the hushing fingers and strident volubility of a grandmother hastily summoned from Vermont.

I said there was no more Italy, but that wasn't true. It simmered under my Dakota freckles in fantastic bubbles and, being so dramatically bereft of it, the thought of it lighted up my consciousness with vivid points of sophisticated flame. I liked to dream about myself in terms of Boccaccio's Isabella, for didn't I, too, hoard something slain in a pot of basil in my room? I used to walk up and down the barren bank of the river near town and hate the bluffs because they were towerless. I should have liked to withdraw to some walled place behind high dark trees and waste away in grand style.

I found a picture under a pile of tattered music in the attic. It was a cheap copy of Benozzo Gozzoli's fresco "*Il Paradiso*," the original of which is in the Riccardi Palace in Florence. I folded it up and took it to school with me. I would draw it out between parsings and fractions and gloat over it, for it intensified my high and mighty conception of what Italy must be like. There it was—a marble village among the clouds, its foundations barely escaping the pointed tops of cypresses, and all the townsfolk wandering up and down taking the celestial air with haloes on their heads. Evidently one died and went to Italy, but I didn't want to wait.

I came across an old Italian grammar one day, too, and I learned to spell my

way through Manzoni's "*I Promessi Sposi*" and Grossi's "*Marco Visconti.*"

And then I found myself grown up, and my noisy grandmother was under a satisfactory mound in Riverside Cemetery. I was filled with an unproductive restlessness. I could not settle down to the estimable business of attracting a young man muscular enough to be the father of my children. I had taken a degree from the little sectarian college which was housed in three red-brick buildings on the edge of town. I learned a great deal but refused to allow anything but Latin to sink in. This enabled me to pound the wars of Cæsar and the wanderings of Æneas into the heads of the youngsters who attended the high school in Crittenden. I did this when I longed to take the path that Cicero took when he strolled over to Cæsar's villa on the Tiber and talked philosophy with Cleopatra. I wanted a bit of foreign moonlight in my life. I wanted to reincarnate myself along the lines I felt I was born to. In short, I wanted to be saturated with something that wasn't windy or moral or brand new, and I wanted to choose the form of my saturation.

And so one April morning, twenty years after that other April morning, I pretended a mortal illness, turned my Latin classes over to a substitute, and boarded a train for New York.

Fifth Avenue frightened but didn't thrill me. I bought some clothes . . . wine-colored velvet collared in gray fur, a string of imitation pearls, chiffon hose, and a hat—a marvelous hat which was nothing more or less than a feather jutting at an expensive angle from a fold of brocade. When I had finished I could have confidently sauntered in and out of the Plaza had I cared to. But I didn't care to. I gazed at the tops of the all but topless buildings and knew that they were not what I had come for. Nor had I any desire to be caught in the elaborate mesh of city life, and the idea of pottering pennilessly about after Art in Greenwich Village did not appeal to me either. I took a boat for Italy.

Well, I followed Messalina and Beatrice Cenci to Rome, but Rome was as dead as their victims. It was stiff with very old art and very new gilding. What I wanted from Italy was not walls plastered with Raphael or hillsides bristling with olive trees.

I wound up at Florence, but my nostalgia wasn't quieted there either, although I did enjoy the leisurely, colorful flow up and down the crooked, crumbling streets, the carts laden with flowers, and the tragic quietness of such places as the Bargello and the convent of San Marco. I liked the Ponte Vecchio and the shops crammed with gold and coral hanging over the silver Arno. I gloated a little over the picturesque steepness of Fiesole. But it wasn't home.

I was sitting in front of Gilli's one May afternoon eating *cassata* and wondering what was the matter. Was it because I didn't know how to speak the language? All about me were scarlet lips curved to release lilting foreign words, those fine words that had looked so easy in a book but which now sounded to me as formidable as Greek. I glanced down at my expensive clothes. Didn't they make me look like an American heiress whose father had just made a fortune in oil? I fingered the filigree hoops in my ears. They felt strange. Did the Vermont in me prevent my wearing them with the proper degree of abandon? Why didn't those ageless gray towers piercing the blue air make me feel conscious of ancestors? Why did those spires under which so many noble dames had prayed themselves clear of their warm adulteries leave me cold? Was it the Yankee in me that withdrew and condemned folks like Benvenuto Cellini even though his Perseus was making him immortal just around the corner? Why did something inside me prefer the Italy I had dreamed about in Dakota? Where was the magic? Was it too thickly overlaid with historic dust? I sat there in the soft yellow sunlight while my *cassata* melted under my arrested spoon and wondered.

And, unaccountably enough, I began blaming Christopher Columbus for it. If he hadn't discovered America I should have been sitting here perfectly at home dreaming a little, perhaps, of an undiscovered country across some forbidden sea or other—a tangled land filled with fantastically colored parrots, bizarre-faced monkeys, and trees with unbelievably long leaves. But that sort of mooning hurts no one, while this tormenting nostalgia . . . Ah, yes, discoverers were a shabby lot. They had their own romance at our expense. Romance . . . I turned and for the first time in my adult life became conscious of the possibility of it.

Sitting at the table next me with a glass of untouched vermouth before him, was a man, a tall swarthy creature in the right clothes. He wore a black monocle which made him look as if one eye had gone into mourning. He was leaning back in his chair, and one hand rested with aristocratic carelessness on the carved head of a cane. The eye which was visible had the potency of two. It was a warm hazel and it took me in rather boldly under long thick lashes. It was undoubtedly prudence which made him conceal the other behind that dark disk. Something stirred in me—something which had not stirred during the historic lifelessness of the past fortnight. Quite suddenly I felt a kinship with those dead dames who had sinned that their hearts might be enriched at the expense of their souls. I understood why some women must be violently loved or not at all, and why they seasoned their possets with more than a dash of crime. I understood why certain ghosts in Renaissance regalia were loth to leave certain balconies, especially when the moon shone. I understood all this in a flash as I caught the eloquent eye of the stranger taking in the Fifth Avenue elegance of my clothes. He looked as if he hoped my pearls were genuine. I wanted him to look *into* me, not *at* me, so I lowered my eyes in order to have an excuse to raise them to meet his. I delayed too long, for when I finally did raise them he was no longer there.

He was no longer there but he wasn't far off. He was standing on the edge of the terrace. A long low gray car came to a sliding stop in front of him.

"San Silvano," he said very clearly, and this time he looked through to me. I trembled. Was it an order to the chauffeur or an invitation to me? It was part of his fascination that he did not give me time to act even if there were a question of the latter possibility. He was gone, leaving a scarcely tasted glass of vermouth, a beating heart, and four syllables behind him. And those four syllables gave me a silvery sense of something remembered. Ah, I had it! It was that other voice, twenty years ago, with its "*C'era una volta*," and there had followed something that wasn't Boccaccio . . . something about a *piccolo villaggio* which was called San Silvano . . . something nice and normal about a boy who had dreamed out from a little town up in the Italian hills, a musical lad who sulked under the arching roses because his mother wouldn't let him take a train for America, that mecca where ambitious boys could sing at the tops of their happy lungs from skyscrapers and then it would be the "*Celeste Aïda*" in the Metropolitan forever after to the tune of plaudits and flung gold. No particular plot to this story, but it had its poignant points, and all the while there had been that woman banging pans resentfully in the kitchen simply because Crittenden, South Dakota, wasn't Boston, Massachusetts. And the tale had ended as all tales ended, in a mad orgy of sound.

San Silvano. *That*, then, was the pivot around which my nostalgia had been gyrating so fruitlessly! Already I felt my longing expand into a kind of blossoming appeasement. I ignored the *cassata* and hurried back to my hotel. I feverishly consulted a dingy map hanging in the lobby. There it was, a tiny black dot in the mountains near Arezzo. Wasn't it marvelous? Here was the

goal of my nostalgia and a setting for romantic adventure all glittering together in one small spot. For the destination of that noble-looking stranger who had so thrilled me with his approving glance was San Silvano. There was no doubt about it. I was twenty-six but I knew nothing of love outside of books. Up there in that village among the hills I should brush against that fugitive, intoxicating thing that more than one heroine, even outside books, had died for. I went over to the mirror and looked at myself. I was a brown creature from a Dakota back yard, but Fifth Avenue peacock feathers might give me a chance at parading a terrace. For his glance had liked my clothes even to the point of piquing me. It would be for me to prove that there was something desirable inside them.

I threw myself down into a chair. I was too excited to climb the stairs just then. A great jar of lilies stood up in the sunny air of a window like a cluster of promises which God would keep. A studious-looking young American behind horn-rimmed glasses lounged up and dumped an armful of books down on the table between us. He lounged away again, leaving a thin volume behind him. I picked it up. It was a volume of poems. I opened it at random and this caught my eye:

> Burbank with a Baedeker
> Burbank crossed a little bridge
> Descending at a small hotel;
> Princess Volupine arrived,
> They were together, and he fell.

I was anything but a princess, but still propinquity is propinquity as any novelist can tell you. These deliciously absurd lines filled me with a grotesque kind of bravery. Ah, wouldn't it be intoxicating to be within kissing distance of something that wasn't a relative from Vermont! I would follow this monocled man to San Silvano and there . . .

The next morning I took the train for Arezzo. I had no eyes to waste on this town which reminded me of nothing but the history of other people, so I paced up and down the station platform waiting for the train that was to take me up into the hills to San Silvano.

Up and up the tiny train alternately jerked and crawled, up through the high leafiness stippled with morning gold. Every mountain top was crested with towers, and every crevice was musical with tumbling water. The Tiber made a tarnished, slow-moving blur in a green valley. We were at San Silvano. There wasn't even a *vettura* at the station. Just one decrepit old man in a faded blue uniform with *Albergo Fiorentino* in dim gold across the red band of his cap. I shuddered a little. He was so disconcertingly ancient. He looked as if he had carried bags for several generations of boys going off to conquer the world. And just yesterday, perhaps, he had seen a long gray car drive up. . . .

San Silvano was tiny and crooked and webbed with fragrant color. Flowers bloomed giddily in the very stone which formed the sheer walls of the churches. Vines healed the scarred houses, houses that had once been pink and young but were now old and the color of rust. They leaned wearily toward one another like old people reminiscing about gaudy pasts. But it wasn't dead, this brave little town. Men and women bargained agilely over barrows of strange vegetables, and fat old ladies in bright shawls gloated over the plump brown legs of their grandchildren. I stepped along behind the bent man who trundled my bags ahead of me in a cart and felt at one with all this melodious vitality. So this unprogressive village perched up here in the remote hills was why I had never been able to adjust myself to the blossomless hills and barren dales of my native Dakota! Two lines from Carducci's "*Canto di Primavera*" began to keep step with me:

> Nel sangue nostro i nostri
> Campi ringiovaniscono.

And yet in spite of the fact that I was seeing the setting of one of my childhood

tales come true, I was conscious of a curious emptiness. Just being at home here was not enough—not by a long shimmering shot. I wanted this medieval town to become modern to the tune of a long gray motor cutting purringly through the narrow toppling streets. I didn't just want to get rid of my nostalgia. I wanted a gallantly made happiness.

I was greeted at the stony entrance of the *Albergo Fiorentino* by the tubby proprietor himself. The first thing he did was to hand me a book no larger than a pocket checkbook from the National Bank at home. It turned out to be the hotel register, for he requested me to sign my name in it. I hesitated, and it wasn't just because I had grown accustomed to the clean white-paper blanks which the hotel keepers in Rome and Florence had tendered me, either. There was something almost fatalistically archival about this thumbed, soiled little book. My signature there would become as inerasable and public as it would if it were appended to some historic document on exhibition in a museum. I shook myself out of this unreasonable hesitancy and, when I finally scrawled my name, I did it boldly and thoroughly, with a daring flourish or two added for good measure.

Then several Italians in snug black clothes and gay neckties lolled up and read my name quite brazenly over my shoulder. Evidently a young American woman traveling alone was a novelty of no meager proportions. They scrutinized me softly and boldly from hat brim to shoe buckle and shrugged their shoulders with delight. I felt my neglected ego expand under all this. The absence of my monocled hero began to worry me less. There were as good Romeos lurking under my balcony as would ever motor toward it.

I followed the proprietor up the dark castlelike stairs. My room was vast and filled with furniture with entangling legs. The air seemed red and heavy, due no doubt to the fact that the room was papered with moldy crimson paper and floored with cold brickish tiles. There were great ugly vases filled with muslin roses. Muslin roses, and the air outside pink with real ones! I swung the windows out over the brown roofs and went down to luncheon.

The dining room was long and low and flooded with a dusty kind of sunlight. I chose a little table near the window. I ate *minestra*, eggs floating on a bed of asparagus tips, cheese which crumbled under my knife like powdered cream, *frutta candita*. I felt I was nourishing something that had hung about inside me for years, big-eyed and starved.

It was over a small white cup of thick black coffee that I finally began taking in the other occupants of the room. They were men, plump, dark, oily men with moist eyes and liquid tongues. They stared at me, and as they stared I caught myself liking to be the only woman present. There was something positively cozy about the realization that they were pressing me so closely about by their curiosity . . . that they were finding me interesting enough to pay me the tribute of their undivided attention. There was another angle to my complacency too. Being an unique object in this tenebrous room would facilitate things should that *other* man chance to enter to keep his unspoken rendezvous with me. I fidgeted on my hard little chair. How my thin Dakota blood would thicken to meet the warmth of his!

Just then the proprietor entered, carrying a small tray on which reposed a tall black bottle and one wine glass. He placed this ceremoniously on top of a piano in one of the dim corners. This had the effect of a signal, for every man turned in his place and expectantly faced the low ebony instrument. Then from the dimmest corner of all rose a tall, white-haired man. He walked past me, and as he walked his worn coat brushed the back of my hand. There was something vaguely and yet startlingly familiar in the smell of it; but then everything in this foreign town was startlingly

familiar by this time. I looked at him as he tossed the toppling hair out of his eyes. He was the kind of person who is mature at eight and achieves a silver-haired boyishness at forty. But he wasn't forty. He was sixty if he was a day. As he lifted a long colorless hand to pour out a glass of wine, I caught the glow of a dull red stone on one of his fingers. This oval bit of evidence made my knees tremble under the white shadow of the tablecloth. My fingers shook as they tightened about the stem of my glass. He did not look at me. He merely sat down in front of the grinning piano and laid ten misshapen fingers along the yellow keys.

He played and his playing closed my eyes.

In spite of myself I was a child again. I was lying straight and still in a cheap muslin nightie in a little iron bed in Crittenden, South Dakota. The moonlight lay along the coarse blankets like raveled lace. I stole out and walked along the bare sparkling bluffs beside a familiar river. A cowboy in golden chaps rode up on a black-velvet horse and threw a shining lariat over my head. Then there came an intricate dawn filled with wayward color and meadow larks that would not stop singing. The sun was blown in four directions by a wind that flowed across the illuminated grass like smoke. I ran through and away from a town of brown, unawakened houses to where pallid leaves dropped from harried willows into scummed water. Then God grew weary of the long yellow afternoon. He dipped it in crimson dye and blotted it back into twilight. I slept once more, and this time it was by the crystal side of a crystal stone. My cheeks bruised a clump of prairie violets, and tall weeds hung their jeweled heads as if to apologize for their pride in their vulgarity. I awoke to the hasty wooing of tardy stars as they flashed back before the flushed haste of dawn. The fields were flat under dew that had raged softly all night like a storm. Rainbows latticed the sky, and the grass made a sound under the stunted cottonwoods which was like wild water cascading under old bridges. . . .

The silence that followed was like an accolade.

The man lifted his hands from the keyboard and looked at me. He looked at me sitting so prim and Middle-Western and decent over the exotic remains of an Italian luncheon. Did he suspect me, or was the demonstration just an involuntary outpouring of *his* nostalgia? I didn't know, and it would make my head ache trying to find out, so I just sat there and endeavored to conceal my nerves under a layer of cowardly savoir faire. His filling that long low room with melodious wind blown across a poetic prairie made *my* nostalgia feel puny and ungrateful. I fingered the Italian hoops in my ears guiltily and I was ashamed of my New York hat. I wasn't anything sitting there trying to deny my proper place with a few yards of chic velvet and a handful of gew-gaws. I was just a sorry piece of *pasticcio*. His music accused me of it and his look was in some occult way following it up.

Someone else was following up something too . . . someone leaning nonchalantly against the door with a monocle in one eye and a faintly surprised look in the other. It was patent that he was re-appraising me in the light of some disillusionment or other and trying to be cynically amused by it. It might have been that all-too-revealing music which had blown between us like a barrier of wind, lifting my skirts unmentionably and reddening my wrists and twisting my priceless hat awry, but I didn't think so. It was undoubtedly that he sensed the fact that I was in some inexplainable, indissoluble way fettered to the player. Yesterday in front of Gilli's he had invited me up here by his whole attitude and the caressing way he had pronounced the name of this town, and now . . . I felt myself engulfed with bitter embarrassment.

Once more I cast down my eyes and once more I raised them to find that he

was no longer there. I turned them rather resentfully on the musician, who was still sitting there with a half-smile curling at his thin lips, those thin lips that revealed his aggressive morbidity and his almost cruel delicacy. And for no reason at all I arose and walked toward him as if he had imperiously beckoned. He put up his hand to ward me off, and I caught the curve of a profile cut deep in sardonyx. It was a little thing but it seemed to be a flashing proof of my suspicion, if I had needed any after that music. There was no sound, but I swear the words "*C'era una volta*" became in some way audible between us.

"*La mu-si-ca,*" I stuttered nervously, "is . . . *trop-po . . . trop-po . . .* "

There was a silence. It was his. I let him break it.

"Y-e-s?" He asked haltingly, and I knew by the way he drawled this simple word that his English was not halting because it was imperfect.

"I love music," I asseverated, "especially when it's . . . it's . . ."

"Improvised?" And he started thrumming a lullaby with one hand.

It was my turn to lift my hands to keep a memory at bay.

"Very well," he said resignedly, "I will not."

Those other men in the room grew silent before drama which was now being played in a tongue they did not understand.

"There is a garden back there," he murmured, and pointed to a door.

We found ourselves on the other side of it.

"I always play for them after luncheon," he apologized.

"Who are they?" I asked, thankful for anything that resembled a respite. I was afraid my heart would pound its way out between my ribs, and my voice was choking in my throat.

"The *avvocato, il signor dottore,* the Count . . . various *signori.* They lunch here so that I can play for them."

"The Count?" I asked breathlessly. I had divined something with a vengeance.

"Yes. He lives near here in a—a—villa. He is very poor and very noble."

"Was he the one with the . . . the monocle?" I hazarded.

If he had been capable of a swift look he would have given it to me.

"Yes. He speaks English too," he added.

"Why?"

"Because his brother married a rich American girl. I think he would do likewise." And he took me in from the standpoint of my clothes, which were rich enough in all conscience.

I felt my cheeks flame and then whiten. So that was it. Yesterday at Gilli's the Count thought I was a rich unattached American girl who would be only too glad to have a matrimonial adventure with a title. But why had he faded from that doorway, especially as he must have suspected that I had followed him up here? Just my being a bit too interested in an old man who played the piano wouldn't be basis enough to make him slip away.

"Americans never come here, that is almost never," said my companion sadly, looking at me with tragic approval.

"I'm an American," I admitted desperately. As if he didn't know!

He shrugged his emaciated shoulders. I glanced at them pityingly. How did he have the strength to be nostalgic about such a thing as the bitter lawlessness of a Dakota wind?

"I think I was waiting for an American," he elucidated softly, "and you came."

A soothing kind of sentimentality tempted me to drown myself in it. I drew back. I became the school teacher without ceremony.

"You are suffering from nostalgia," I accused, with the air of reprimanding a small boy for playing hooky.

"Yes," he admitted, "I think that is it . . . nostalgia. Nostalgia for a far place where I was not at all happy but where Italy was more real than it is

here." He stopped, brought up short by the paradoxical nature of his dilemma.

We both sat down on a backless bench of mildewed marble. There was a fountain in the garden lazily courting silver from the lambent air. Butterflies loitered about under the long cool leaves, and wistaria behaved like clouds against a moldering wall. I eyed my companion without approval. He looked atrabilious and unhappy. But his sadness did not draw us together. Why had he slipped a memory between us? Why didn't he hum out his nostalgia to himself, instead of spattering it in crystal showers all over the place?

"I was born," he murmured, "just over there," and he pointed to a tall house of stained white plaster which looked as if it were making an effort not to drop its upper storey over our wall.

"I left that house," he went on in that careful, maddening English of his, "but first I learned to play the piano up there behind that window—the one with the broken shutter. I went to Milan. They discovered I had a voice, and then I went to America. I lost my voice there."

"America is hard on voices," I observed.

"Yes, my dear signorina," he agreed patiently, "that is true."

Things were becoming unbearable by this time. I didn't want one word more of his confidences. I had had enough. That was the penalty one paid for feeling at home in a place. I had come up here to quiet my nostalgia and incidentally to come romantically into my own, and here I was reduced to listening to the acrid regrets of a frustrated Italian who had once fancied he was Caruso. I couldn't forgive him either for taking out his nostalgia on me by pouring all those Italian tales into my ears when I was a child. I half rose. I didn't belong here any more. I belonged back in Crittenden, South Dakota. I belonged in a school, teaching a roomful of children that all Gaul was divided in three parts.

"Finally, my dear signorina," he drawled, "I came to an end in a place in Western America. I think they called it a college. I taught scales to the ugly daughters of farmers. I became so desperate that I . . . "

"Got married," I finished bitterly.

"Yes, that was it. I married a woman older than I was. She taught geometry in the college. She loved geometry and would not name our child Giovanna," he wound up plaintively.

"Named her Jane, I suppose," I translated matter-of-factly.

"Of course. You see, the signora was so . . . so . . ."

"Yankee."

"And so starched and shrill. No wonder, my dear signorina, that I . . ."

"Yes," I sighed in reply, "no wonder."

"No wonder I played the piano all the time. I played so that I should not hear her wanting to go back to her geometry and her Boston."

"She had her nostalgia too," I diagnosed with the professional air of an expert in emotions.

"She could have returned to it all if it had not been for me and . . ."

"Jane," I finished acidly.

"*La povera piccina*," he sighed; "but I think she liked the music that went out of my heart through my fingers."

"Music about Italy, I suppose?"

"San Silvano. All my music at that time wanted this place," and he gazed about the perfect garden gloomily.

"One morning," he continued desperately, "a terrible thing happened to us. A terrible thing. The signora had a disease of the heart. She should never allow herself to become excited, the doctor said. But this terrible morning she became excited over everything . . . over the *piccina* who refused to eat her porridge; over the April which reminded her of the green elms of Boston; over me who would play the piano about Italy instead of inducing more daughters to take scales of me. She became so excited that she dropped on the floor. I stood there and looked down upon her. She did not look quiet enough so I took an old dagger I had . . ."

He mopped his brow where the silver hair was now lying flat and white and lusterless. I felt pale and nettled. I wished I dared stop him but I couldn't. It wouldn't have been kind, and I was going to be so cruel in a little while that I must be kind while I could.

"Well, signorina," he droned on mechanically, "I did not do anything with the . . . the dagger after all." (*That was why it had gleamed so bloodless in the April sunlight on the floor beside her blue body!*)

"I threw it down and stole away and I never saw the signora or the *piccina* again."

"Why?" I choked.

"Because I felt that I *had* stabbed her. I had wanted to so many times during those six years. I wanted to come back here to San Silvano. I wanted those people in that town to think I had been responsible in some way for her . . . her dying like that. Their thinking so would give me an excuse to flee and to stay away. So I fled."

Our mutual pallor spread between us like fog.

"I suppose those people thought that I . . . that I did . . ." He choked.

"Oh, those Crittenden people!" I exclaimed irritably. "They adore thinking the worst. It's all they have to do."

He relaxed a little.

"Ah signorina, that is *why* I played to you. It is because you too know Crittenden."

"I suppose so," I answered sullenly, tossing gravel from the toe of my gray-suede slipper.

"What did they say about me . . . there in Crittenden after I fled?" he hazarded, giving his eyes to an oleander at his right.

"I was too young at the time to remember about it. But I do know that after awhile you got to be a kind of legend."

"And the *piccina* . . ." he asked in a low voice. He crumpled under his own conscience-stricken melancholy, dragging the poor oleander and me down with him.

"The *piccina?*" I asked blankly. I had thought that we had mutually decided not to talk about *her*.

"Yes," he continued stubbornly, "the *piccina*. Jane . . . Jane Baldassare."

"I went to school with her," I brightly informed him. During the process of humoring him I might find a loophole through which to escape.

"She loved music too," he went on, dropping his voice reverently as if he were in a church.

I hated myself. I wished it were possible to humor a person without despising him.

"She gives lessons," I said glibly, "sings in the church choir. Lots of opera singers start that way in America. She'll wind up in Milan next . . . to . . . to study," I added lamely.

"I suppose," he said, "that those people in Crittenden made her suffer for what they thought I did to the signora?"

"Not at all," I answered lightly. "She was quite sought after because of it. She sang in the Glee Club. Your going away like that made us all envy her . . . all of us who were romantic, that is."

"*Grazie* . . . Miss . . . Miss . . ."

"Smith," I supplied hastily, "Miss *Giovanna* Smith."

This sent his eyes back to the oleander and his shoulders became sharper and thinner than ever.

"You see, signore," I explained mercilessly, "my mother had Italian blood. She sang a little once, I believe. But I took after my . . . my father who taught school."

"You, signorina, you teach school?"

"Yes."

"Geometry?"

"No," I snapped, "Latin."

"Oh," he said, "that is why you came to Italy!"

"No . . . Latin had nothing to do with it. I just got to wondering what it was like."

"Do you think, signorina—Miss

Smith, that the *piccina* has forgotten that everybody thought I wanted to stab her mother?"

"Of course," I murmured impatiently.

"Do you think," he persisted, "that something some day will make her want to come here too?"

"Perhaps," I said dryly, "you see there is her voice and Milan."

Why did he persist in making me play the internuncio between him and this awful *piccina* whose destiny was so obviously located in Crittenden?

It was painful. Painful for us both. In the meantime I sat there and resolved not to think. I should have plenty of time for that diversion later. I shook myself and half turned away from my companion and concentrated on the afternoon which was making the charming Old World garden more charming still. The sunlight was thickening into amber. It crept slowly along the grass, leaving shadows in its wake . . . thin shadows flecked with gold.

"If she did come here," he went on, "I should want to return with her to Crittenden. And perhaps that would not do?" His voice rose as if he were praying that something which wasn't an oleander would contradict him.

"No," I said firmly, "I don't think it would do." I cast a sidelong glance at him. He looked hopelessly devoid of everything. It was almost brazen, his emptiness.

"Sometimes I wonder," he muttered, "if the cottonwood trees still make that white litter on the lawns in Crittenden and if the larks still sit on the window sills and sing while all the little farm girls are trying to be sopranos."

"Of course."

"There was something about the wind blowing that long yellow grass . . . "

"Please remember," I interrupted, "that there were a lot of us out there in that long yellow grass who wanted to feel wistaria against our cheeks and hear '*O Sole Mio' au naturel.*"

He twinged. "Forgive me, Signorina Smith, forgive me. But tell me why do I long for that Crittenden." And he gestured toward the sun which was sliding down behind the red roof under which he had learned to play the piano as a boy.

"Because you left your voice there," I said flippantly. I couldn't bear any more of his glamour about Dakota, and as for the *piccina*, I was sick to death of that young person.

I arose and held out my hand. I was relieved that he was still a stranger to me although it was a sin against one of the Ten Commandments to keep him so. I had pulled the wool over his tragic eyes and I had buried his *piccina* under the debris of his own dreams.

"Good-by," I said formally, "it has been a great pleasure . . ."

"*A rivederci*, Signorina Giovanna," he corrected, barely touching my fingers with his thin cool lips.

"Why?" I countered, and for an instant I felt something sinister and internecine flow back and forth between us like poison.

"I meant that we shall meet at dinner, Miss Smith," he said.

"Oh, to be sure," I assured him hastily. I had forgotten that this was the only *albergo* in town. "Of course I'll see you at dinner." And I smiled friendly right into his eyes. I was grateful to him for inadvertently making our parting so without pain. For there was nothing for it now but to rush upstairs, pack my things, and catch the evening train back to Arezzo. In fourteen days I should be in Crittenden minding my own unexciting business. I had had enough of a romance that would never materialize and a melodrama that very nearly did.

And so I left him, miserable and static and hopeful on a bench, staring at an oleander.

On my way out of the *albergo* fifteen minutes later, I collided with a tall man coming in. He adjusted a monocle which I had dislodged in my hysterical haste to be out of the hotel before that white-haired musician found things too cool for him in the garden.

"You are leaving us?" he asked, and he almost laid the tips of his fingers on my arm.

"Yes," I answered, "I am."

"*A rivederci*, Signorina Baldassare," he said and smiled.

I stumbled on down the street behind the old porter who was trundling my bags ahead in a cart. So that was it. The Count had seen my name in that accursed register. He knew who I was. He knew who the old musician was. He knew everything. No wonder he suddenly gave up thinking of me in terms of an heiress.

And then another possibility leaped out and smote me. My name was still scrawled in that tiny red book no bigger than my checkbook from the National Bank in Crittenden.

Would my father back there in that sweet, cooling garden see it too?

TO LOVERS OF EARTH: FAIR WARNING

BY COUNTÉE CULLEN

GIVE over to high things the fervent thought
You waste on Earth; let down the bar
Against a wayward peace too dearly bought
Upon this pale and passion-frozen star.
Sweethearts and friends, are they not loyal? Far
More fickle, false, perverse, far more unkind
Is Earth to those who give her heart and mind.

And you whose lusty youth her snares intrigue,
Who glory in her seas, swear by her clouds,
With Age, man's foe, Earth is ever in league;
Time resurrects her even while he crowds
Your bloom to dust, and lengthens out your shrouds
A day's length or a year's. She will be young
When your last cracked and quivering note is sung.

Her beauty will remain, sufficient still
Though you are gone, and with you that rare loss
That vanishes with your bewildered will.
And there shall flame no red, indignant cross
For you, no sharp white scar of wrath emboss
The sky, no blood drip from a wounded moon,
And not a single star chime out of tune.

SWEET LAND OF SECRECY

THE STRANGE SPECTACLE OF AMERICAN FRATERNALISM

BY CHARLES MERZ

CENTER HALL is a blaze of lights. The curb is parked with motors. Any American in search of something really characteristic of his fatherland, weighing the merits of the Woolworth Building and the county fair, the roller-coaster and the nineteenth hole, the non-stop elevator and the family Ford, must reckon with the claims of lodge night. The growth of lodges in this country is stupendous. There were, at the last census, some sixty million adult people in the United States. There are, on the basis of trustworthy figures, some eight hundred different secret orders with some thirty million members. In 1926 half of us have a watch-charm and a countersign. We are the world's great joiners.

We join everything. We join the Gideons and the Rotarians and the Kiwanians and the Democrats and the Republicans and the Single Taxers and the Epworth Leaguers and the Friends of Self-Determination for Rhodesia, to say nothing of almost innumerable country clubs and luncheon clubs and motor clubs and discussion clubs and societies for the prevention of this and the prevention of that and the achievement of the other. All this is above and beyond the thirty million. The thirty million includes only members of those bona fide secret orders with a ritual which are real luxuries in life and real playgrounds for a national ego. It includes members of vast organizations like the Woodmen and the Knights of Pythias and the Odd Fellows and the Daughters of Rebekah, each of which carries on its own roster more than half a million members. It includes the Maccabees who meet in "Hives," the Red Men who meet in "Tribes," the Prophets who meet in "Grottos," the Watchmen who meet in "Forts," the Stags who meet in "Droves," the Owls who meet in "Nests," and the Eagles who meet in "Aeries." It includes these new and rapidly growing secret orders, the Beavers, Lions, Serpents, Roosters, Orioles, Deer, Geese, Goats, and Bears. It includes organizations like the Elks and the Foresters and the Modern Order of White Mahatmas and the Concatenated Order of the Hoo-Hoo, the Christian Knights and Heroines of Ethiopia of the Eastern and Western Hemispheres, the Sheiks of the Mosque and the Iridescent Order of Iris and the Benevolent Order of Monkeys and the Hooded Ladies of the Mystic Den.

Who really knows his country without at least one password?

II

A few of the many brightly named and highly varied orders which thrive in these modern times are venerable and of long standing. Freemasonry on this side of the Atlantic dates back to Colonial times; it was brought into New Jersey as early as 1729, and had established itself in all of the original Colonies before the Revolution. In its first patchwork form Odd-Fellowship came from England early in the 1800's. There are other cases of this

sort, but not many. The great bulk of the eight hundred or so secret orders which now function on the American scene are neither foreign in origin nor venerable in age; they are one hundred per cent native and distinctly modern. Few of them go back to the days of the Civil War, or even to the days of the Spanish War; some of the most successful have been thought up and created entirely within the last two decades. Of the big ten, the Owls, the Eagles, and the Deer, each with more than half a million members, date entirely within the 1900's. The Moose, organized in 1888, were practically non-existent till the magic hand of James J. Davis took hold of them and made a stodgy organization something imposing enough to put James J. Davis in the Cabinet.

The life-curve of these more numerous societies of native origin follows a more or less consistent line.

They begin either as the nationally planned projects of experienced organizers who believe that the national market is not surfeited, or as local societies organized for a local purpose but capable of swift expansion. Under the former head might be cited a great variety of orders including most of those which borrow their titles from four-footed friends. Of the latter a good example is the Elks. "Elkology" has been defined in these more recent years as "by far more comprehensive than theology, since it not only contains the theory of a God but the new application of his existence"; but in humbler days "Elkology" was only the good-fellowship of a somewhat jolly benevolent society founded in New York in 1866 as a protest against the excise laws, and deriving its name from a moose head in Barnum's old museum, mistaken by the founders for an elk.

Necessarily, the start is modest. Sometimes it is haphazard, sometimes elaborately planned. In either case there follows for each new order a period of intensive competition. This is the second stage of the life-curve and it brings elimination. Some societies catch on, and so survive. Some go under. The history of fraternalism has its casualties: the Knights of the Golden Circle and the Knights of Agar and the Chevaliers of Pythias and a good many hundred others. Some die because they hit upon hard times. Some die because the insurance projects upon which they were built turn out to have been miscalculated. This fate overtook the Order of Solon, the Order of Vesta, the Order of the Royal Ark, and others. Still others die because they have been hitched unhappily to a political situation and the political situation sinks beneath them. Thus the Patriots of America went under with free silver in the campaign of '96.

The failures lie in unhallowed ground, but at least lie at rest. For the survivors, competition never ends. Sometimes it is quiet competition, with no public boosting. Sometimes the publicity expert is called in, given a drum, and told to beat it. "Drive" follows "drive." The Ladies of the Mystic Circle challenge the Knights of the Mystic Circle to a contest for new members. Rival organizations push their claims in the advertising pages of a country-wide fraternal press. "Our ritual," says the Fraternal Order of Beavers, "stacks up with any order in existence—brief snappy opening ceremony, including beautiful patriotic flag exercises. . . . Special dramatic degree exemplifying the Beavers in the Valley of the Turquemenau and their conflict with the Iroquois." Perhaps your fancy turns to other lines. "Our ritual," asserts the Ancient and Illustrious Order of the Knights of Malta, "is the sole repository of the rites and ceremonies practiced during the Middle Ages, preserved in their entirety but presented in more exquisite style by the aid of modern invention." To the Holy Land with Burton Holmes. The choice is varied. It is the boast of Melter, one of the orders of the Supreme Tribe of Ben Hur, that "here is the funniest side degree known to fraternal-

ism." It is the pledge of the Loyal Sons of America that "our goal is five million." It is the claim of the Eastern Order of Magian Masters that its charter comes from "chosen messengers of the Holy Ghost."

And does the drive go over? Sometimes not. There are scores of orders which have flared toward greatness, then died back. There are scores of others whose memberships have never gone above ten thousand but whose constitutions are still hearty. There are others which have begun booming suddenly and never stopped. Why? Simply because of well-planned plugging? Possibly. More likely because of something inherently attractive in the set-up of the new order which actually catches on. Who really knows what goes into the making of a best seller?

Once this latter stage is reached—the stage of real eminence in numbers—there remain two hazards. The first is imitation: an immediate stampede into the field of a host of new societies all patterned on the model of the latest winner. The second is the familiar hazard which has beset every successful institution in the history of human effort, whether the institution was a secret order, a church, a political party, or a school of poets: namely, schism. Jealousies arise, factions appear, it is alleged that the majority is not abiding by tradition, that the clique in control of the Woodmen or the Orioles is not interpreting Woodmanism or Oriolology in the spirit of its founders. Friction grows. A quarrel follows. One wing of the Ancient Order of Foresters breaks away (1874) and forms the Independent Order of Foresters. Another wing of the Ancient Order of Foresters breaks away (1889) and forms the Foresters of America. One wing of the Order of Owls quarrels with the other (1912), and from the controversy springs full-fledged the Order of Ancient Oaks. This is secession. In the case of the Owls it has happened twenty times since 1906. It is happening constantly in one organization or another. Sometimes it results in the destruction of the parent order. Sometimes the parent order snuffs life from its upstart rival. But note this:

Never has the net effect been to destroy fraternalism itself, or to check its growth, or to reduce its numbers. Schisms may come and schisms may go, but the gate still swings to the double knock and the whispered password. Into a nation overrun with secret fraternal orders come each year new secret fraternal orders which somehow live and prosper. Mere fear of crowding does not faze them. The Elks are followed by the Moose, the Moose are followed by the Stags, the Stags are followed by the Buffaloes, the Buffaloes are followed by the Deer, the Deer are followed by the Reindeer; it is almost demonstrably true, and not a mere conceit of the imagination, that within a decade we shall have the Caribou and then the Musk-Ox. Each year the procession lengthens. The apparent fact that this America of ours is already super-organized with bucks and birds and knights and seers is only an incentive. Super-organized? Come, brothers, super-organize some more. On they come: new orders stumbling over themselves into a world in which there is ostensibly not the slightest room for them, yet finding room and settling down and waxing great and adding millions to their rosters. We have reached a stage, in point of numbers, when half the adult population of America now owns a fez, a scimitar, a secret code, two feet of plume, a cutlass, or a pair of Anatolian breeches.

There is nothing like it elsewhere in all Christendom.

What explains it?

III

A modern economist might have a ready explanation.

All of this, he might say, is simply a somewhat colorful demonstration of the fact that men organize willingly for economic motives. In this case, what-

ever they may think of the swords they swing and the plumes they wear and the horns they blow, they are really organizing chiefly for two purposes: (a) to participate in the advantages of the group-insurance plans which are characteristic of most lodges, and (b) to make friends and bring in business.

No doubt there is truth in this. Insurance benefits are an integral part of most secret orders, and not infrequently the point they chiefly stress. Especially is this true in the case of new orders which have still to make a name. Thus the Loyal Order of Buffaloes, "a great big, broad-minded, non-sectarian, fraternal, sociable, and charitable secret society," points out that it provides death benefits, accident benefits, sickness benefits, disability benefits, insurance bureaus, and the free services of a family physician—"all for $6 charter fee and 75 cents a month."

Nor is there any doubt, so far as the other major economic factor is concerned, that a large part of the joining done in this country is done for the purpose of acquiring brothers who will not only take the everlasting oath but also open cash accounts. In one of the last public addresses of President Harding—himself an Elk, a Moose, a Mason, a Shriner, and a Tall Cedar of Lebanon—there occurs a story of two gentlemen who came to Marion, Ohio, and joined the two fraternities "with the largest memberships" solely for purposes of commerce. Probably there are few localities which lack instances of this careful choosing.

But when this much is said, and when it is admitted that fraternal orders have their business side, it is apparent that there is still a good deal of ground which this explanation of their popularity does not cover. For it does not explain why men who wish to enjoy insurance benefits do not organize economically for that purpose without going to the bother and expense of dressing themselves as Algerian zouaves each time they meet. It does not explain why men who wish to attract customers to the stores they run should find pleasure in memorizing long passages of archaic ritual and challenging their neighbors with a halberd. After all, there are almost countless social clubs and insurance societies where men and women can make business contacts and protect themselves against the losses of ill health. American fraternalism is something more than this. The economic interpretation is all right so far as it goes, but it leaves unsaid what is most important:

That if something like half the adult population of America now belongs to secret orders it is because American fraternalism is something more than a chance to make money or to save it, and the real gateway to a never-never land.

Here is John Jones, a plain bank teller of 211 E. Fourth Street, almost anywhere. But here also is John Jones, on Tuesday evenings from seven-thirty to eleven, a Sir Knight Errant of the Mystic Order of Granada. It is characteristic of secret orders that the names they bear are high-spirited and resounding, on a plane above the routine affairs of daily living. The Shriners are not simply Shriners; they are members of the Ancient Arabic Order of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine. The Grottos are not simply Grottos; they are members of the Mystic Order of Veiled Prophets of the Enchanted Realm. There are many other "Mystic" orders. There are many "Illustrious" orders, many "Imperial" orders, many "Exalted" orders. Frequently there are orders which are several of these at once. On the heels of the Illustrious and Exalted Order of Crusaders may come the Imperial and Illustrious Order of the Mystic and Exalted Cross. These are good adjectives, and possibly by this time some five million Americans have identified themselves with at least one of them. Possibly five million more Americans have identified themselves with two other adjectives which prefix the names of at least fifty thriving orders. These two are "Royal" and "Ancient";

and the popularity of each is understandable in a nation which has neither royalty nor antiquity, but a vicarious enthusiasm for them both.

To live in a modern world and be an ancient; to live in a humdrum world and be a knight; to live in a gabby world and have a secret—all this is possible. It is the essence of fraternalism that it does its best to make it possible. An illustrious name is only a beginning. When the password is given and the inner door swings back, it is upon a world as different from the world outside as ingenuity can make it. No mere Presiding Officer sits on the dais; we live in a democracy, but if there is one secret order which has chosen to pattern itself on the Republic, and call its presiding officer a President, the name of that society is not on record. On the dais sits a Monarch or a Master, a Supreme Seignior, an Illustrious Potentate, a Grand Illuminator, or a Maharajah. No secretary is a secretary in this world of dreams come true; he is a Thrice Illustrious Scribe. No treasurer is a treasurer; he is an August Keeper of the Strong-Box. No citizen is a citizen; he is a knight, a monk, a priest, a dervish, or an ogre. Never mind if the light is bad and the toga needs a safety-pin. . . . Whose hands have never trembled as he tied a mask behind his ears or combed the fine gold fringe of a glossy pair of epaulettes or stuck in his hat the splendid plume that made of him a Don Quixote? Lodge night for the Red Men brings out the tomahawks. Lodge night for the Shriners brings out the fezes. Lodge night for the Odd Fellows, when the Third Encampment meets, brings out the purple gowns, the yellow belts, the miters, and the breastplates. All over America six nights a week, from one to five million men and women are dressing themselves as brahmins, Pharaohs, cannibals, vikings, princes, furies, hermits, druids, Galahads, sorcerers, Maltese, and Tibetans.

For what purpose?

If I tell, swears the Woodman, "may I be dashed to pieces as I now dash this fragile vessel into fragments!"

If I tell, swears the Maccabee, "may my left arm be cut off above the elbow!"

If I tell, swears the Shriner, "may my eyeballs be pierced to the center with a three-edged blade, my feet be flayed, and I be forced to walk the hot sands upon the sterile shores of the Red Sea until the flaming sun shall strike me with living plague, and may Allah, the god of Arab, Moslem, and Mohammedan, the god of my fathers, support me to the entire fulfillment of the same, Amen, Amen, Amen."

What secrets possibly demand protection with these mighty oaths? Never mind the secrets. When the enthusiastic nephew of the neighbor across the street has been digging with two comrades in the lot behind the Baptist Church and comes home hungry, with something in a basket, do not ask what he has found. It is the key to the seventh treasure chest of Captain Kidd.

IV

"Raise the right hand on a level with the face, the last two fingers closed, the two forefingers extended, slightly apart, the thumb resting on the third finger, back of the hand to the front, signifying 'Who are you?'—Answer: The same sign with the left hand, meaning 'A friend.'"

Thus do the good ladies of the Degree of Pocahontas greet one another "in distress." And no one contemplating the thought of a lodgeful of ladies raising right and left hands alternately to signal "Who are you?" and receive the answer "Friend" can doubt that into the routine business of grocery errands, carpet-sweepers, pillow-slips, literary clubs, and laundry lists American fraternalism has brought something agreeably and generically different.

This is notoriously a new world, and in it many things are done prosaically, and not a great deal is done glamorously. Possibly there never was a time when many things really were done glam-

orously. But at least we picture such a time, and embellish it with open roads and heroes who were pioneers and knights of the green forest making merry in a world that had no time-clocks. In some such world is cast much of our folklore and most of our early fiction. We may be forgiven if we look back to it occasionally from this other world in which we live: a very modern American world of mass production, uptown locals, carbon copies, 5:16's, yours received and contents noted, references, cross-references, and headlines.

Do not smile if the Foresters of America, a quarter of a million strong, meet once a week to reaffirm their faith, and in the secrecy of an oath-bound lodge enact a ritual "which touches upon the adventures of Robin Hood and brings in Biblical events relative to the Garden of Eden." A wind whistles through Sherwood Forest which has been baked dry in steam-heated offices with dictaphones and rustless fly-screens.

Do not smile if once a month the Red Men gather at the stake and (Ritual, p. 30) the Junior Sagamore cries, "Warriors, prepare for the execution! Braves, make ready and pile high the fagots!" Man does not live by bread alone, nor by oil-burning furnaces, superheterodynes, and electrical pianos.

Regularly once a week, from one end of a broad country to the other, the Knights of Pythias meet to re-enact the fable of Damon and his faithful friend, the Yeomen to play Ivanhoe, the Odd Fellows to offer some new Isaac in expiation for his brothers' sins. Tell draws his bow once more; Cæsar spurns his crown; in a new world Lancelot and Miles Standish, Charlemagne and Barbara Frietchie, Hector and Pocahontas live again.

Lodge night in a thousand towns and cities: Center Hall a blaze of lights, its chandeliers festooned with paper bunting. Guards at the gates—a blowsy veil at the mystic shrine—crossed flags above the booming organ—row on row of folding-chairs, wax-yellow, cushionless, but upholstered with rich memories.

From the street outside you climb a flight of well-worn stairs to the second landing. There is a door of varnished oak, behind which stands the Lord High Seneschal. It is just an average door; but beyond lies mystery, drama, opportunity to share great names and take a hand in deeds well done, the satisfaction of "belonging."

You knock three times, pause for a heart beat, knock three times again. . . . Panel slides back enough to disclose a lawn tie and two waistcoat buttons. . . . "Advance, stranger, and give the countersign!"

A whispered word. . . . The door swings slowly on its hinges.

It will continue to swing as long as life is drab enough for grown men to play Indian.

THE BOWERY UNDER PROHIBITION

BY STEPHEN GRAHAM

THE Bowery is one of the most remarkable streets in the world, combining features of the Cowgate in Edinburgh, of Limehouse Causeway in London, and the Khitrof Reenok in Moscow. In America it is unique. Other cities have their petty Broadways and ambitious Avenues but none has a Bowery. The denizens of other cities will say that the Bowery is not worth repeating, but it would be truer to say that it cannot be repeated. The Bowery has not been made; it grew, and even if it be a fungoid, it is natural.

Here is the street which *par excellence* stands outside the law, the great city's street of adventure, its Alsatia. Apparently, it has always been a dark mysterious place. Where now is the shadow of the black Elevated Railway was once the gloom of a dense forest into which the first Dutch settlers let loose their superannuated negro slaves, and savages met savages there—as they do to-day. The Bouwerie became Bowery Lane and then plainly "The Bowery." In a volume dated 1868 and entitled *Secrets of the Great City* I read:

> The Sunday law which seems to be so rigidly enforced in other parts of the city is a dead letter in the Bowery. Here on Sunday one may see shops of all kinds—the vilest especially—open for trade. Cheap clothing stores, concert saloons, and the most infamous dens of vice are in full blast. The street, and the cars traversing it, are thronged with the lower classes in search of what they call enjoyment. [Always that horrible habit of the lower classes.] At night all places of amusement are open and are crowded to excess. Roughs, thieves, fallen women, and even little children throng them. Indeed, it is sad to see how many children are to be found in these vile places. The price of admission is low and, strange as it may sound, almost any beggar can raise it.

A remarkable feature of the Bowery, this power of the penniless. Even to-day the beggars of the Bowery all seem to be able to get enough drink to be dead drunk by midnight.

The writer of 1868 goes on to tell of the immense German beer-gardens "handsomely frescoed and otherwise adorned," no doubt in the neighborhood of that massive, decaying, never repaired German Opera House which now serves the Chinese as their most substantial theater, where every night occult Chinese drama is spoken across the stage to a thousand Bowery Confucians and to the pallid faces of Beethoven, Liszt, Mozart, upon the walls. But where are the five thousand Germans who used to sit in the Atlantic Garden and swill beer on the Sabbath in defiance of the law!

> Respectable people avoid the Bowery, as far as possible, at night; but on Sunday night few but those absolutely compelled to visit it, are to be seen within its limits. Every species of vice and crime is abroad at this time, watching for its victims. Those who do not wish to fall into trouble should keep out of the way.

Thus, 1868.

In 1927 it is still the most curious and most adventurous street in town and it is the place in New York where the Prohibition Law and other laws are most openly set at nought. The condition of its inhabitants between midnight and dawn is a dreadful commentary upon bootlegging. It is commonly said that

Prohibition lets the rich man have all he wants but denies alcohol to the poor. But this is an illusion; the poor are more drunk than the rich, and for truth of comparison one should not in future say, "drunk as a lord," but "drunk as a beggar on the Bowery." In the Bowery the liquor is cheaper and stronger than in London, cheaper and stronger than it was in the Bowery before Prohibition.

II

There is something curious about the free surge of alcohol on the East Side. I go into a saloon there and I ask for a drink and I get it. How is it that in other parts of New York I have to take such precautions and go through a sort of ritual? I go to places where the doors and walls are perforated, and uneasy eyeballs flicker through the wood, peering at my face and form. I go to places with interlocking doors, to places where I have to place an extended palm on a glass door or give a certain sort of tattoo with my knuckles. At one fashionable uptown speakeasy when asked who I am I must answer that I am Mrs. Wyman, whoever she may be. I say I am Mrs. Wyman and straightway I am admitted. I cannot get in as Stephen Graham. At some places I present a mysteriously scrawled card. At others I have to be known by my face. But in the Bowery at any of a score of saloons I just go in and get served.

Reeling helpless drunks come out at the little swinging doors and collide with indifferent policemen and fall helpless on the pavement, as if they were articles of human garbage discharged from some window by an East Side family. One night I saw four staggering drunkards holding on to one another while they sang and tried to play "Ring-a-Roses" round an indulgent cop, who handled his night-stick knowingly and yet refrained from cracking any skulls. Drunkenness seemed to be not even a social offense.

Sometimes I wonder if the pass-word and peep-hole business is not merely part of the glamour of the speakeasy, possessing considerable commercial value. The sophisticated like the thrill of imagining they are entering a smuggler's cave —an extra kick is imparted to the bootleg Scotch. Perhaps after Prohibition is withdrawn the romantic customs of this time will be retained, and you will still have to give a secret sign before entering a respectable bar. But is it not true that all the secret drinking places in New York might to-morrow begin to do open business without more interference on the part of the law than they suffer to-day?

"I don't think it makes much difference," said one saloon-keeper to me. "If it has been decided to raid the place the place will be raided. The police and the revenue officers have every bar in New York listed. The business we do is known. If you want to find a place to get a drink, ask a cop. We often have detectives engaged on cases come in to have a drink and finish their notes."

Another said to me, "The first day we opened up the police came right in, four of them, to be stood drinks, and I've had these four cops on my side in this business from that day on."

Not far along a side street was another saloon, gloomy, dusty, and padlocked, with a printed notice, "Closed for the infringement of the Volstead Act." The saloon-keeper there had got on the wrong side of the authorities, I suppose, and his establishment was closed and placarded as an advertisement of Enforcement.

When I was last in New York, three or four years ago, there was very much less open drinking. The old barroom was still under a cloud. Many were being converted into pool parlors, soda fountains, lunch counters, and cigar stores. A drunken man on the street gave one pause. Drink was more precious, drinking more sacramental. It seemed to me that the non-observance of the law was too trifling to be a serious reflection on the serviceableness and validity of Prohibition, and I said so. Although I have

real pleasure in wine with my meals and think a good dinner without some Burgundy or champagne a crippled feast, I have never denied the advantages of enforced sobriety. I hate the cheap saloon here as elsewhere and would gladly close or civilize a hundred of the worst public houses in London. The alliance of bestial drunkenness and prostitution is appalling. But there is some latitude between plaster-saint and drunkard—some space for civilization. There is a great deal in the Bowery which may justifiably enrage the convinced "dry," and there are some things to enrage the convinced "wet," and there is the extenuating circumstance on which both "wet" and "dry" might be pleasantly at one.

When I first visited the city fourteen years ago I walked the streets of the East Side very much as I am doing now. There were many fewer drunken men about then. But there was an evil prevalent which seems to have disappeared. At that time certain saloons swarmed with unfortunate girls. The neat-waisted hackneys of the Bowery went in and out of the saloons like wasps. It was a distinctive sight of New York. The plain-clothes men who grafted on them brought a few of them to the Night Court just to keep up appearance, but they swarmed beyond the limits of courts and ordinances.

It is a remarkable fact that the saloons operating to-day do so without women. It is an unusual thing to see a woman of any age, young or old, in a Bowery saloon, and the number that lie huddled in corners at night is in the ratio of one to fifty, I should think. Prohibition may not have prohibited drink, but it has to a great extent prohibited public immorality. I believe also it has very greatly reduced drinking by poor women. A woman waving her arms and screaming, a street-corner fight between inebriated women, a staggering drunken girl being pushed into a taxicab—common sights in White Chapel—are rarities in the Bowery.

Studying New York at night, I have spent many more hours on the Bowery than on Broadway. I have felt there was a good deal more going on there than met the eye at first glance. A stone's throw away from the center of it is Police Headquarters, where I have spent a good deal of time. Mulberry is one of the intervening streets, nicknamed "Bootlegger's Row," operated and protected by stalwart Italians. The west side of the Bowery is comparatively free from liquor, but the east side of the street is dotted with saloons and possesses sometimes two to a block. They sell what is locally called "Block-fall"—you take a drink of it and are guaranteed to fall on the sidewalk before you walk a block.

Until the theaters discharge their audiences the roadway is considerably cluttered up with cheap cars. Dancers and diners in Chinatown, or at the alleyway resorts, leave their cars in the Bowery. It is not a place of motor thieves. Roofed by the ironwork of the elevated railway, it is always eerie, and those who walk along the pavement awaken the curiosity. About midnight the Yiddish theater empties, and somewhat after one in the morning the two Chinese theaters. I am most familiar with it at two in the morning. It is a strange restless street even then. Tramps lurch through it, unshaven, tatterdemalion, vociferous, predatory. For some reason they are often called "longshoremen," but it is a misnomer. They are plain ordinary hoboes. They bum food from restaurant to restaurant; they surround any isolated respectable traveler and beg smokes and the price of a meal in such a menacing way that it almost amounts to a hold-up, and he is glad to hand out dimes and offer the cigarettes just to get away unscathed.

The doors of a score of little hotels stand open with little lighted mouths which make them look like mousetraps set in a basement kitchen, waiting for mice when the world is asleep. For thirty-five or forty cents you may doss

for the night, get a "flop in the Bowery." What suggestive names they have: "Niagara," "Defender." To apply the phrases "cheap joint" or "fifth rate" to these is quite wrong. They are special unclassifiable places. If the Bowery is a sort of republic, they are its Carlton, its Ritz. I was much tickled to see one called "The Savoy." After staying at the Savoy in London one might come to New York and say with quite an air, "I am staying at the Savoy for a while." Yes, at the Savoy in the Bowery. Where the original Indians and their successors, the Dutch slaves, lay under the trees and listened to the tree-toads there are now strange caravanserais where strange men toss in old beds and hear the roar of elevated trains.

Yes, these places are first class. There is a ladder of night of which they are the top rungs. You must go down to Battery Park to see the bottom rungs, where, spread on dirty copies of the *World*, hopeless and helpless derelicts lie face-downward on the frosty grass. Those who sit the night through on the divided benches of the asphalt park at the exit of Delancey Street are a rung higher, higher by some tiny line of hope; huddled, they press their cold hands to their grimy, hairy chests, cower in their rags, and wait for morning.

Oh, they are aristocrats who dwell in the Salvation Army rooming house. In London to sleep at a Salvation Army doss house means to be very low down. It is rougher faring than at a municipal lodging house or Rowton House. And poor as London is, we have nothing quite so grim as a real East Side "flop-house." I imagine it is called a "flop" because you just go in and flop down anywhere. But to "doss" does imply lying down and, most probably, implies taking off one's clothes. Derelicts in London are seldom so helplessly drunk as those in the Bowery of New York. They may take on more liquor, but they carry it better, or rather it carries them better—it is not so poisonous, not so dazing. Under the appalling influence of "moonshine" the East Side hobo merely wants a quiet place where he can fall down and remain undisturbed.

There used to be a place at Walworth in south-east London where parallel bars were provided, and the homeless, with their arms over these, hung like old clothes on scarecrows in a field. A dark room full of these hanging men was an appalling sight, but it is a thing of the past. The scene approaching it most nearly is that of the Bowery Mission Room at two in the morning.

There is a gloomy wire-protected window with an electric cross for a shop sign. A wooden door opens into a long room. It is one of the few places of such shape and appearance which prove not to be Bowery saloons. I have visited it at various hours of the night. But the first time it was considerably after midnight. I went in, went right through, visited the apartments at the back, and came out again without anyone addressing me a syllable. The sight was extraordinary—some two hundred or more ragged men sitting on chairs in the dark, sprawling forward over the backs of chairs, or resting their heads on their wrists as if in prayer. Ahead of them on the far wall was a black cross, somewhat blacker than the shadow in which they rested, and the men looked as if plunged in dreadful penitence and dejection, hideously unforgiven. There was some lettering beside the cross, visible, I suppose, by day. I examined the words and found they were *Jesus Sees*.

I then found the night orderly of the establishment. He was on the Bowery sidewalk, smoking a cigar and chatting with the tramps as they passed. The doorway at that hour proved to be the rendezvous of all the alcoholized derelicts of the Bowery. Some had been lying for hours on barroom floors and been kicked out, some had been lying in doorways and had sobered a little owing to the cold.

They walked uncertainly like somnambulists, their eyes not dilated by intoxication, but narrowed or filmed by narcotics. Their boots were burst and tied on by one or two holes with string; many were without shirts and had foul coats buttoned or safety-pinned or string-tied close to their Adam's apples. Their rags might easily have been bettered from what is thrown out of the windows of Mott Street or Mulberry. Apparently they were too "down and out" to seek that so easily obtained better clothing. It was as if the uncollected garbage of the streets had become animated and legged. Deucalion threw stones behind him and they became men, and civilization has thrown balls of filth in the Bowery and they have become human, though by their looks they would hardly be able to repopulate the earth.

A genuine drunk may be a funny person. One listens indulgently to a vociferous gesticulating Froggie who has lost his way and his balance in the back streets of Paris. And a Cockney boozer is such a comedy figure that his type has become a well-used property of London vaudeville. But these crazed, maddened, partially poisoned liquor-fiends are not funny at all. On the stage of the Houston Street Winter Garden or the Grand Street Burlesque you will commonly see representations of the Bowery hobo which are very funny. But it is rare to see them shown under the influence of liquor. They do not make you laugh—they make you turn pale, they sadden you, they afflict you. Maxim Gorky wrote of "Creatures that once were men" or, to translate his title literally, "Those who once were"; but in all the night-lying houses of Nizhni or Moscow he never saw any so abject, so far from their Creator and the Divine Workshop as these.

I go with one to a saloon, just an old-time saloon. There are a dozen or so of them together. The inside reminds me of the opium den of the melodramatic stage, where creatures beyond hope lie moaning in dreadful despair and human abasement. And I sample the drink. The colorless variety might well be gin by its appearance; the colored looks like recognizable whiskey. But what is this stuff? It is not like vodka. It is not clean and searching and vital. It is not fuming mountain liquor, which is often potent enough in all conscience, served in ram's horns, brown, aromatic, brain-suffusing. The first taste is not unpleasant. The first thought is that it is a real drink—the second thought, instinctive and coming up from the stomach and the vitals, is that it is poison. The body sends its alarm signal to the brain. After two glasses you feel poisoned for two days; the nerves of the nose still register from it. The effect is not loquacity, not sociability, but sheer blur. There is little interesting conversation in these places where this moonshine is sold. It kills and yet it creates a craving.

The liquor is cheap. In England, you get what we call "a double whiskey" for twenty cents. You can get the same quantity in the Bowery for fifteen. There are places where you can get a drink for a dime. This is cheaper than in most non-Prohibition countries, and I must surmise that the graft is less than the tax would be, so that the American bootlegger, despite the difficulties of his trade, can now undersell the European distiller.

The medicine bottles you see about testify to another source of liquor and that is the drug store. The derelicts do not carry hip-flasks, for they have only one pocket that will hold anything and that is reached through the mouth. But you see them occasionally with these bottles. If you have the sweet-stuff of Benedictine or the dissolved odor of cognac, certain druggists will supply re-distilled,

methylated or—well, they have their secrets. Who knows what they will supply! Among many things I admire in America is that ordinance whereby patent medicines are labeled explicitly. The Pure Drugs Act demands that the various panaceas for human ills shall have been analyzed and their constituent ingredients publicly declared in print upon the bottles. Now if this were applied to the alcoholic blendings they sell it might be of considerable public service.

However, I have heard that those who really survive some years of drinking the new stuff do not care for the old, the real and the pure. King Mithridates could not be poisoned because he had cultivated a habit of taking poisons in small doses for many years. Other people's poison was his food. But I imagine there are few Mithridateses on the Bowery—the intestinal ordeal is too great, too violent.

III

When I was first in New York in the spring of 1913 I was shown certain interesting types on the southern end of the Bowery, my first visual introduction to "dope fiends." One knew them by their glazed eyes, pallid faces, and shambling gait. To-day you do not distinguish these people because those under the influence of bad liquor look that way, too. Chinatown has been cleaned up. Hundreds of bad characters have been packed off to China. There is a tacit assumption that there is really no crime in New York's Chinatown. We laugh at those coaches waiting on the Great White Way to take provincials sightseeing down there. No New Yorker ever takes a seat. He knows that nothing interesting will be shown. In that he is right. It is the same in Paris and London. Those midnight parties of strangers in *chars-à-bancs* listening to a gabby youth with a loud-speaker, seldom have any fun. You cannot see the night-life of a city in that way, least of all the life of the Chinese, the most secretive people in the world. But that does not mean that there is not some strange night-life in the purlieus of the southern Bowery.

It has been said to me that Chatham Square is only the business capital of the American Chinese, the Wall Street, so to speak—that while swarms do business there, they go away at night and live uptown at Washington Heights or in the Bronx. But that is not the case; the vast majority of New York Chinese live where their work and professions are.

It is true you never see a drunken Chinaman. If one of the community gets inebriated some others will spirit him away and lay him out on the floor of some back room till he is sober. The Chinese present a very respectable appearance and are easily more discreet, more dignified, and decent than Jews, Irish, or Italians. You see them with their opium pipes, but they are smoking cigars in them—they seem to have turned their swords into pruning hooks. Go to their characteristic theaters or cinemas, and you see that their taste is refined and even intellectual. They are the highbrows of a burlesque-ridden neighborhood. And yet I feel that the characteristic Chinese vice does prevail down there and that the immunity of the bootlegger covers the doper as well. Under the bootlegger's umbrella there are some dope-traffickers.

The joy-riders go down for chow mein and visit the Chinese Delmonico with its elaborate inlaid tables and well served dishes. But the district abounds in queer little resorts where the foreigner, I mean the American, is by no means welcome. I followed one of the most sinister-looking figures on the Bowery one night, a repulsive bent-backed toad-like old man, and he went into a Chinese dive, but I dared not follow him. Early one Sunday morning, however, I went

into that place and was, I suspect, served with a drug in my tea. I got into a very exalted state and I realized the appalling danger. In a fit of dejection and melancholy one would naturally return to that dark corner of that cloudy Chinese den and repeat the experiment. It was a curious place. I nursed my head as if I were the worse for drink, but I watched the dreary-faced customers get happy, especially watched some who surrounded a beautiful young Chinese woman in a worshiping group. I missed the whole of my sleep after that and spent the rest of Sunday in a jaded apathetic frame of mind. But I did not return. After all, you never know whether you are potentially a dope fiend, but once you are it is impossible to get back to normal.

But under cover of the new drinking it should be borne in mind that there may be considerable drug taking. And the disrespect of the law obvious in the open saloons is likely to make everyone cynical about illegalities. Obedience to law is wrought in the mind; but if that mental discipline is lacking, who knows what may be conceived? The concomitants of the alcohol vice are other more secret vices. It is not easy for the casual visitor or outsider to find out what goes on behind closed doors—but without being of an unduly suspicious turn of mind, I feel that there is a good deal going on behind the Bowery—a good deal that is curious, to say the least.

But there is a pleasant feature of the new Bowery. There are few women drunkards. The women, like the Chinese, seem to be taken care of. I was walking with a young lady one night and we took a fancy to a respectable hobo and befriended him. He said he came from New Orleans, but he mistook the appearance of my friend, who was all that a charming lady should be.

"Ah, my dear," said he, "you have a bad time here with the cops, don't you? But in N'Orleans a girl can walk up and down and choose her partner and never be interfered with." Apparently he did not approve the sex calm of the Bowery.

I was often in those restaurants where you get a sort of supper for eight cents and there saw not a few derelict women. The proprietors are friendly, give them a cup of coffee and some scraps of food and let them bide. There at the tables they collapse and sleep till dawn. They always melt when a man treats them to a slice of apple pie, and begin to talk of what was once their homes, of lost husbands, lost children. They are the lost old women of New York, and very unlike the lost old women of London who are so beer-stricken.

Yes, the Bowery is a strange, haunting, haunted street. I walk all the way down and then all the way back. It holds me. I am in a subterranean passage, and the gay bright New York with its never-dying gaiety and movement is far above, in the night air, in the night sky, denting heaven with its towers. It is a serene spectacle to look out over New York from the top of the Woolworth Building at night; and you think you see the city. That is the zenith, up there where Orion is striding by. But the nadir is the Bowery. Down there you have also a true perspective of the city, and I think I know more of New York because of the many nights I have spent there.

ENGAGED

A STORY

BY LIBBIAN BENEDICT

IN the cafeteria where they had their lunch Ruth watched the ring sparkle its trail around the table. Whenever she lifted her fork it cut a white line in the air. She tried not to look so often but she could not control herself. She had to look. Bert had chosen such a high setting that the stone seemed to be trying to pull itself out of the platinum claws. And it was so hard and sharp; it would certainly tear her skin if she didn't take care that her other fingers should not catch on it. Then suddenly she did not feel the new weight for a moment, she was afraid that it had slipped off and left her finger empty, and she had to look again to make sure that it was still there, just as it had been the last time she looked at it. Once in a while she looked for no reason except that she wanted to see its white beauty.

Bert watched her and laughed. He saw every one of her repeated glances, and he had an interpretation for them: she was thrilled at the sight of the ring he had bought for her. If she told him she was afraid of its sharpness he would laugh out loud. He might even lean heavily across the table and kiss her for being so silly. And everybody in the cafeteria would smile at them. It was useless for her to tell him how she felt about the ring, just as it was useless for her to tell him anything. He was very sure that he had made her happy. The assurance settled in his stomach together with the food he was swallowing, and the combination created a satiety that nothing could disturb. Least of all could words disturb it. Words in general were very ineffective in attempts to communicate with Bert.

She might, of course, reproach him for having taken her into a cafeteria on this day of days. That he would understand. But then his eyes and his voice would begin to whine. He would tell her that, honest to God, he had taken her into a cafeteria only because he thought she was in a hurry to go back to the office, and he wasn't a cheap skate, now was he? She knew that, and he'd never forgive himself if she didn't tell him right here and now that it was all right, and he'd take her to the Waldorf to-morrow to make her forget what an idiot he had been to-day. And he was capable of doing a thing like that in spite of the price. Just as he had been capable of buying this big diamond. She looked at it again. It was beautiful.

This time her glance was so plainly admiring that Bert's courage rose to the point of effervescence, and he spoke up.

"I told you he wouldn't gyp me. I know an honest man when I see one."

"But it's so expensive."

"Forget it, Ruthie. It won't be so hard to pay for. The installments are easy enough. Before I know it I'll be through. And besides, I'd better get used to paying for things on the installment plan. . . . Smile like that again, Ruthie."

"All right. Only let go my hand. Somebody's looking."

"I should worry. You've got a ring on."

Yes, she had a ring on. And a few inches above the ring there was the diamond-set wrist watch he had given her for her birthday. She was getting all the trimmings that came with being engaged. The girls would rave when they saw the ring. And they'd be right, it was a beautiful ring. How hard she had made Bert work for the privilege of putting it on her finger! Her sister Milly had told her that she ought to write a book on how to keep a man on the string. But Milly had wanted her to hurry up and get engaged because she was next in line. And her mother had been afraid she would keep him there too long and the string would break. What hurt her was that they seemed to think she was doing it on purpose, playing with him. That wasn't true. It was much more true that she was playing with herself, playing tag with her own heart, or mind, or whatever it was that decided. Bert himself hadn't accused her of playing with him. He had seemed to feel that there was something deep behind her dallying, but the only explanation he could think of was that his being out of town three weeks every month didn't give her a fair chance to know him. Or perhaps he thought she was one of those girls who had an objection to marrying a traveling salesman. At any rate, he had hunted around until he found a job that kept him in the city all the time. And it almost seemed that his judgment was right. It had been easier for her to get used to the idea under their unbroken companionship. Not that she knew him better; it was only that his being near her did away with the chance of forgetting what he was like and with the necessity of getting used to him all over again every time he came back. That had really been the trouble. Even the letters and the souvenirs he was always sending her while he was on the road had not been enough to remind her just how bulky and round his body was, and how his voice sagged to a whine whenever she crossed him in anything. In the end she had recognized what qualities she endowed him with when he was away. She made him thinner. She made him more solid, physically and otherwise. When she imagined him talking she also imagined him saying something. Not just telling her slightly dirty stories he had picked up on the road or repeating what a peach she was. Something else.

The bus boy came by and stopped to wipe with a gray rag the accumulated pocks off their white-tiled table. Then he stood by and waited for them to get up so that he could finish the job. Bert looked up at him and grinned. Ruth knew he was going to start a smart-alecky conversation. He always did that. She rose.

"It's late."

Outside she said, "You'd better go right back to your place, too. We've both been out long enough." She didn't want him to walk her back to the office.

"Then half-past six to-night, Ruthie. Don't forget."

"I won't forget."

"And please don't be late. Please."

On her way to the office she didn't know what to do with her hand, how to carry it. For a block she walked gloveless, because it was spring and she didn't like gloves anyhow, but then she thought that people might think she was trying to show off, so she put on her gloves. She had always hated girls for showing off their engagement rings, and for looking so pityingly at other girls whose left hands were bare. But now she could understand the pity. She herself watched for the hands of the women who passed. Those who wore diamond rings aroused a sisterly feeling in her. She would have smiled at them. Even those who wore plain band-rings belonged to the clan, with reservations. When she got a close view of a gloved hand she tried to see whether the fourth finger showed the protrusion that an engagement ring would make. And when she saw women whose hands were open for inspection, but were unmistakably bare, devoid of either diamond or wedding

rings, she was very thankful for the heaviness on her own finger.

The office boy glowered at her when she entered and rushed out. She had half hoped he would notice and make one of his clever remarks. But now that he had not she was not greatly disturbed. He was probably hungry. And his going out had left her alone in the office. She liked that. The hominess of the place was never as richly hers as when she was alone. Everything — the uncarpeted floors, the scratched desks, the manuscripts and sheets of paper that always sprawled over Mr. Martin's desk—it was all homey and hers when no one else was there. Even the little switchboard with its lonesome two plugs. She had felt very snobby toward it during her first few days in the office. She had known real switchboards in her day—big, solid affairs, with rows of red and white lights that played endless glissandoes up and down. Funny how she remembered the word glissandoes. It was about all she did remember from her two years of piano lessons.

Everything was going very well to-day. The typewriter slid smoothly. She was glad she had cleaned the keys that morning; they gave an appearance of sharpness and perfection to the pages that went well with the coruscating shower which danced up from the diamond as she worked. Mr. Martin would be coming in pretty soon. What would he say? Perhaps he wouldn't even notice, he was that absent-minded sometimes. But no, that was impossible. He would have to notice. She would see to it that he did.

He found her humming her way back from the supply shelf to the desk. He stopped, his head cocked sidewise, his soft felt hat crumpled in his fist.

"Well, well, young woman. What worlds have you conquered to-day? You make me envious."

It was no more than two hours since she had gone out to lunch, but in that time she had forgotten how deep his voice was, and how each word that he spoke settled slowly into the air. Perhaps it wasn't that, perhaps it was only that her imagination was not great enough to reproduce the sound in all its fullness.

"What's the matter? Can't I be happy if I want to?"

"By all means. The important thing is to want to."

Now she would have to grin and go back to her work. It always came to this. He began a conversation as if he was ready to talk on for hours, to talk to her about everything. It was obvious that the burden of continuing depended on her. If she could only offer retorts, however short, at the proper time—just as she had heard his friends do. Sometimes she did manage to make one reply, as to-day, sometimes two. But in the end she had to smile and go back to her work. In their collision of minds hers was always the one that was stilled, and too soon.

But he was looking at her hand. She bent her head to see what he was looking at.

"So that's the reason, is it? An engagement ring, no? Well well, you are lucky. May I congratulate you?"

He put out his hand and she placed hers in it. Under the hard grasp her knuckles hurt. She had never shaken hands with him before. How strong he was! The pain flowed upward in her arm and pulled her down. Suddenly she felt that her hand was free and she heard his steps into the other room. The pressure of his hand clung to her fingers. She went back to her typewriter and began to peck slowly at the keys. The brittle sparkle of the ring danced before her eyes and blinded them. She wanted to take it off and fling it away. What was a common thing like an engagement ring doing in a place like this? How did she come to be wearing it? Who was the man that had bought it for her? A big, flabby person whose name was Bert. He had bought her a big diamond because he thought it was high class to wear large stones. And

then he had taken her to a cafeteria to eat lunch. He was at home there, it was in his part of town; dress manufacturers and salesmen filled the place. He hadn't even thought of asking her where she wanted to go. And even if he had, she couldn't have explained anything to him. He would have thought that she wanted a sweller place, where they provided linen napkins and finger bowls. If she had told him that it was not that she wanted, he would not have known what she was talking about. What did she want? A quiet place, with dull green tables and orange candlesticks. Like the place Mr. Martin had taken her to that once when they had lunched together. That was what she wanted, that and what it stood for. Not dress manufacturers and salesmen.

Mr. Martin was in his room reading proofs. It was likely that he would not need her for the rest of the afternoon. She could not think of an excuse for going into his room. And she wanted to. She wanted to get close to him again, to hear his voice, and to feel the warming flow of his words through her brain into the fingers that held her pencil. It wouldn't be long now until she would have to leave the office altogether. Bert wasn't going to let her work after they got married. Not his wife. No, sirree.

She was surprised when Mr. Martin called her in to take a few letters, and she walked in self-consciously to his desk. He did not look at her, and she felt a little frustrated, as she did those rare times when Bert failed to notice a new pair of shoes.

Between phrases Mr. Martin sucked at the unlighted pipe that was always between his teeth. Each time he realized that it had gone out he put a match to it, but when he was ready to inhale again the glow was dead. He was so helpless against the stubborn pipe. She wished he would let her light it for him at least once. But all that she could do was to control her breath so that her chest rose and fell with his.

Afterward he asked her whether she could stay a little later than usual that evening. He would appreciate it a great deal because he wanted to dictate the final draft of an article. She said of course she could stay, with pleasure. She had watched him writing the article at his own typewriter all morning, moving his arms slowly up and down like heavy pistons. He was as helpless before the typewriter as he was with his pipe. When he gave her a manuscript to retype she could have kissed it for its sloppiness. And when he dictated it was a sign that his work was so bad that he didn't even want to put her to the trouble of trying to decipher his scrawled corrections.

As soon as she could get out she went downstairs to the slot 'phone to call up Bert and tell him she couldn't make the appointment for half-past six. She didn't want to call from the office 'phone because Mr. Martin would hear her and insist on releasing her from her promise to stay. Then he would sit down at his own machine and try to bang out a respectable-looking copy of his article. It would take him until midnight.

Bert's voice sounded as if the backbone had been jerked out of his body.

"Aw, Ruthie, do you have to?"

"I have to."

"He's got his nerve."

"It's very important work."

"More important than me?"

"Don't be silly."

"I'll tell you what. I'll come up there about six o'clock and sit around. That'll give your boss a hint that you're in a hurry, see?"

"For God's sake, Bert, don't do that."

"What are you afraid of, Ruthie? In a few more months you'll be telling him to go where he belongs, anyhow."

"I haven't got any time to argue with you. Make it half-past seven."

"Aw gee. Awright."

She carried the memory of his whimpering voice with her. When she got upstairs she took off the ring and put it into her purse. "It interferes with my typing," she explained to herself.

It was late in the afternoon when Mr. Martin began his dictation. The other offices in the building were closing, the released laughter of girls drifted down the hall and was tombed behind elevator doors. In order to save time, Ruth took the work right on the machine. That meant that he would have to stay beside her until she had finished the last word. She was glad. He sat close to her as he read, close enough to see the words hurtling themselves onto the sheet, so that he would know when to go on with a new phrase. She thought his arm was around the back of her chair, but she preferred the doubt to the negative certainty. Besides, if it was really there, and she turned around, he might take it as a reproach and change his position.

Of what he was reading she had only a slight idea, as always. The single words had a meaning to her, but she could not grasp the continuity. Yet she knew the continuity was powerful. It was an important article of some sort; every article he wrote was important. His appearances outside the magazine he himself was editing were the things that won his fame for him, and, incidentally, earned his living. But his love was in the magazine. It had all seemed ridiculous to her at first, but now, after a year, she could understand it. Her own contribution was only secondary and automatic, yet she knew why he almost caressed the covers whenever a new number came from the printers. She did that herself when she was alone at home, and put off the reading of the content until to-morrow. When she held the magazine in her hand she loved it and it was hers. But when she tried to read it she could not understand; it was no longer hers, and loving it was somehow a sacrilege.

As the words fell she sensed the rhythm that belonged to everything he did. She was proud to be the channel for his thoughts, the passive intermediary for his words. And above all, there was his closeness to her. When she turned toward him she could see the buttons of his shirt underneath the tie that was raised in a triangle because he was bent forward.

The sound of mops and swishing water came from outside the door. It gave an overtone of solitude and intimacy to the room. This was after office hours. She was not just his secretary now; she was a friend of his helping him out of a predicament. When the scrubwoman poked her head in the doorway he motioned her away. He, too, wanted to be alone.

The pile of sheets in his hand was growing thinner. They were working with unbelievable rapidity, it almost seemed as if he was cutting the article as he read. She prayed for a snag. Perhaps he would get a new idea and add a few pages. Then, as that did not happen, she tried to decrease her speed, hitting the keys with staccato regularity.

"Are you tired?" he asked.

"Oh, no," she answered.

"You seemed to slow up a bit."

"Oh, no. I'm not tired. I just wanted to make sure that it would look all right."

"Don't worry about that. Whatever you do looks all right."

He resumed his dictation, and other words began to slip through their groove. Her fingers marshalled them into straight lines.

Toward the last page he became a little uncertain of the phrasing and his voice lagged. They sank into the end slowly, easily. He waited for her to put on her coat and hat. Then he held the door open for her. She heard him click the button and felt darkness pour into the room behind her.

"You don't know how much I appreciate your doing this," he said in the elevator.

They walked to the corner together in silence. Then he stopped and put out his hand.

"Good-night, Miss Green."

When he was gone she remembered her ring, took it out of her purse, and slipped

it on her finger again. Perhaps if it had not been so dark she would have seen the more than friendly look in his eyes. But no, she was just imagining things. She had been imagining things since her first week in the office. There was no use imagining things any more.

It was only a quarter after seven by her diamond wrist watch. If she walked to the place where she was to meet Bert she would be only ten minutes late. That wouldn't hurt him, and she felt like walking.

It must have been nice in the old days, she thought, when girls didn't have to work, when they couldn't meet the men they couldn't get, when they didn't have to sit in the same room with them, talk to them, laugh with them, eight hours a day. It was more fair then. This wasn't fair. This was teasing, pure teasing. So near and yet so far.

From a block away she saw Bert pacing up and down the corner and looking in all four directions. She slid coyly up to him.

"Ruthie! I was getting worried."

"I'm sorry, Bert. But I couldn't help it."

"I'll bet you're starved."

"Not very. But I suppose you are."

He grabbed her arm savagely and began to cross the street. He was always savage after she had kept him waiting. Savagery was his nearest approach to strength.

GRAY

BY MARY ELLIS OPDYCKE

SHE loved to walk on old stone walls with him,
And watch the curling filaments of moss
Pierce color through the crannies, find the gloss
Of mica, or the purple, jagged rim
Of slate. "Your eyes must surely be quite dim
To call them gray," she said, pointing across
The wall to spider webs, whose spangled floss
Flashed brighter than the swords of seraphim.

He took her to the city. "Here is color,"
He said, and pointed to the flaring lights
That magically turned the night to day.
But every street she found a little duller
Than every other. In a hundred sights
One color she could see, and that was gray.

A DOCTOR LOOKS AT DOCTORS

BY JOSEPH COLLINS, M.D.

MANY things may be said, and have been said, against doctors: that their conduct frequently testifies a proprietary interest in their patients; that they tacitly agree with those who accord them superhuman foresight and insight; that they understand constitutions and idiosyncrasies merely because they know the individual or his ancestry; that study and observation of disease give them some mysterious knowledge of man's motives and urges; that there is an arcanum of drugs beyond the layman's comprehension.

It is not the purpose of this article to deny or refute these assertions. The charge here made against doctors is that they cannot see the woods for the trees; that they do not see the individual because they are dazzled by the disease; that the treatment patients receive is too frequently based upon what they ought to have, in the light of certain scientific formulæ, rather than upon careful, sympathetic study of the peculiar experience, mode of life, and emotional equipment of the individual who is to be restored to health.

Plato said that medicine is an art which considers the constitution of the patient, and has principles of action and reasons in each case. It is strange, considering how long this has been known, that we should still be so insensitive to it.

To show that many of the guild, and the leaders at that, are insensitive, I propose to cite a case I know best: my own.

Doctors are always telling one another about "interesting" cases. An interesting case has much the same appeal to the doctor that the latest mode in clothes has to a woman. Neither can help talking about it. It is both instructive and diverting. I have been an interesting case so long that doctors have ceased to talk of me. Now that I am no longer interesting to them they begin to interest me.

When I was eighteen I gave as much thought to illness as an eagle does to ethics, and I knew nothing about disease. I was a freshman in a large Middle-Western University, endeavoring to live on fifteen dollars a month, eight of which went to an elderly, soft-voiced woman, full of repressions and radiant of religiosity, who let the rooms of her comfortable house for two dollars a week. She was a devout, self-sacrificing Christian; and not a little of the money which she earned so toilsomely went to the support of Baptist missions in the Orient. She was so engrossed with helping God in the Far East that she had little time and less inclination to concern herself with the bodily or spiritual needs of His images in the Near West, particularly her lodgers. So when, after six months in her house, I fell ill of what seemed to be pneumonia, she let me fend for myself. By the time a physician was summoned I was semi-delirious. When I regained consciousness I learned that I was an interesting case. I was too ill to care.

The professor of medicine in the university, an old man of much reputation, much of it undeserved, was summoned when I did not "resolve"—that is, when the right lung did not seem

to find air any longer acceptable. He suggested that my thorax be punctured with a hollow needle. He was sure it was fluid, the outpouring of an inflammation of the pleura which was compressing the lung. I do not recall my attending physician very distinctly, but I fancy he acted on the principle "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." He never succeeded, though he never seemed to tire of trying.

I have often heard patients, referring to a doctor in whose care they had been, say, "He did absolutely nothing for me." I cannot say that about my first physician. He did his best to make me buy all the medicines of a drug shop and he had a belief in the efficacy of iodide of potassium quite beyond any understanding that I have since acquired.

As his energy waxed my interest waned. Fever of septic origin has some compensations. It lulls the victim to a stuporous state in which he feels little interest or responsibility.

After several weeks I must have been somewhat better, for I was able to sit up part of the time, but I had not succeeded in losing either the cough or the fever, and I was deplorably weak. If the doctors knew the nature of my ailment they did not share their knowledge with me. All they told me was that they thought I was strong enough to make the journey to my home in western Connecticut, and that I must live in the open air. It was clear enough to me later that they believed they were dealing with tuberculosis. This was before the days of X-rays and other diagnostic means now in common use, but just about the time when it was beginning to be taught that all pleurisies not associated with pneumonia are tuberculous.

I recall very little of the journey home. I lay for many weeks spent and inert, but gradually my forces ceased to ebb, nature smiled upon me and brought me a restoring balm.

I do not know how "interesting" my case was to our family doctor, a kindly, gentle, wizened, laconic old man who treated disease symptomatically and did not bother much about diagnosis. If a patient had continuous fever it was a question of aconite or veratrum viride; if periodic, then quinine was the drug, as one was dealing with "a kind of malaria." In the same way, if the heart was feeble, or of irregular rhythm, the decision had to be made whether to give digitalis or strophantus. A small phial was sought in a big, black, worn medicine case which opened like a dictionary, the content was emptied into a glass of water, and the patient took a teaspoonful every few hours. If he got well the medicine got the credit; if he did not the doctor had not been sent for soon enough. These were the good old days which, thank God, we shall never see again!

My first good fortune was nature's caress; my second, an encounter with a real physician. His repute, both as physician and surgeon, extended throughout the state. He had been a surgeon in the Civil War, and on his return he soon dominated the practice of his adopted city. He was a big man with deep chest, soft voice, caressing eye, and gentle touch. His linen was immaculate, his clothing conformed to fashion and, though he was the busiest doctor in the county, he seemed never to be in a hurry. He concentrated his attention on a patient as a burning glass concentrates the sun's rays. It is more than forty years since I walked into his office, yet I recall every incident as if it were yesterday. He radiated kindliness and sympathy, he reflected interest and concern, and he made me feel that my recovery and my future were of vital importance to him. If he made a diagnosis of my disorder he did not tell me. He counselled me to live in the open, to try to regain the weight I had lost, and to coddle my energy, hoping thereby to store up more. I took to the woods with a dog and the immortal remains of Miguel Cervantes as sole companions, not too far from a cow, and

near enough to a village where cod-liver oil and whiskey were to be had. I devoted myself to reconstruction and contemplation. At the end of six months I had recovered sixty-eight pounds, had lost an incapacitating breathlessness and a side-splitting cough, and had acquired some knowledge of how nature cures disease.

Then I went back to my beloved doctor, who invited me to become his pupil, and for several months I basked in the shadow of a man who was a more consummate master of the art of medicine than anyone else I have ever met. I have envied the intellect and affects of many men, but those of Robert Hubbard most of all.

II

I spent two winters in New York studying medicine, if studying it can be called, for in reality it was memorizing lecture-notes, compends, and text-books, and retaining sufficient facts and fictions to pass an examination. Scientific medicine had been born and it was creeping at a snail's pace toward East 26th Street in New York. It had not arrived there, however, when I left. During the summers I shadowed my revered master, and if I have any knowledge of the physician's art I owe it to him.

When I graduated in medicine I was poor in purse and health, the deficiency in health being due in large part to inadequate and insufficient food. I had lost weight and was extremely susceptible to that strange malady of many origins called "a cold." I had been impressed with the penetrating clinical insight of one of my professors who had great repute as a specialist in diseases of the chest, and I determined to ask him to examine me and counsel me that I might grow strong and stay so.

He was a deep-chested man, too, with a strident voice and a keen eye. His *fortiter in re* was genuine; his *suaviter in modo* artificial. During the eight years I knew him, I heard many flattering things said of him, but I never heard anyone say he was kindly or compassionate. When he died an obituary notice in one of the medical journals said, "He was an admirable business man." When one went to consult him, with five dollars, one rang the stoop-door bell; but if one had only a dollar, the basement bell admitted. I went in with the goats.

He heard a brief account of my story, standing, and then proceeded to examine my chest. Despite breathing exercises assiduously practiced and carefully planned calisthenics, I had not been able to overcome the thoracic deformity or to get sufficient air into the lower portion of the right lung to make a resonant sound when the chest was percussed. The professor was visibly astonished and clearly interested.

Like the Ancient Mariner, only with drooping mustache instead of long gray beard, he held me with his glittering eye and said, "Young man, there is only one place where you can live: Arizona. You'd better get out there as quickly as you can. If you go now there's a good chance you'll recover. You see, that old affair in your lung has started up again."

There had been no inquiry of plans or prospects, no solicitude for ambitions or desires, no interest in the spirit of the man whose engine was signalling for gas and oil. That day I determined never to sentence a person on sight, for life or to death.

A dollar and eighty cents would take me home providing I traveled by boat a large part of the way. I would have five cents left toward paying my fare to Arizona, where I had not the smallest intention of going. Then, as I reached home, the great blizzard of 1888 occurred and my fortunes turned.

One of my neighbors, reputed to be rich, had been overtaken by the storm driving home from the station, and that evening, on retiring, he found that the automatism of an important function had forsaken him, and soon he was in

great pain. The nearest physician was distant four miles, and the night was perilous. "Perhaps the young doctor who has recently come home could do something."

He could, though he had learned nothing in the medical school, and was quite unprepared to practice medicine. His mentor had taught him many things, including how to pass a catheter.

After the snowdrifts had become pools and the crocuses had thrust out their heads I returned to New York with twenty dollars and a determination to stay.

There were few idle hours in the next ten years of learning and teaching, practicing and writing, dreaming and planning. Then the machinery began to creak again. Day after day I felt myself thrust between the hammer and the anvil. At each blow the pain in the right side of the abdomen became a little more constant, the apprehension a little keener, the despair a little more prostrating.

The first colleague I consulted was reputed to have a comprehensive grasp of human pathology. During my student days the opportunity had come to me to row the poppy-boat for a few nights in which one of his wealthy celibates, worn with age and excess, was making the crossing of the Styx, and I was impressed with the gentleness, solicitude, and attentiveness of his physician. On first contact one could scarcely help believing that his speech was not affected, his manner was not artificial, his gestures not studied, his airiness not assumed. But he was the most genuine of men, who had laboriously taught himself the science of diagnosis, and whose failure to acquire the art of it was in a measure compensated for by his honesty and optimism. Later, when confronted with puzzling problems, I rarely appealed to him in vain. He was generous of his time and talent, sympathetic, understanding, and kindly, and a most indefatigable worker.

He listened with interest to my story, from which, being a physician, I deleted the apprehension. He became deeply absorbed by the immobile side of my thorax and at first was inclined to attribute the symptoms to the "old lesion" in the chest, but finally decided that I had chronic appendicitis. It was not the fashion then to go, knife in hand, after that vestigial remnant when it began to be troublesome, as it is to-day. "An operation may be necessary, but the time is not yet."

As I was quite unfitted to go on with my work, I went to a seaside town and followed closely the movements of a surgeon who was summering there. I adhered strictly to the prescribed dietetic regime and its various annoying accompaniments, but all to no purpose. When I returned home at the end of the summer I was in worse health than when I left. It, therefore, seemed prudent to seek help elsewhere.

One of my first important patients had brought me into pleasant, and to me, flattering contact with a physician who had the reputation of having no peer in the field of diagnosis in New York or in the whole country. He had not only trained himself patiently and laboriously in the hospital ward and laboratory, but he was a "born" diagnostician and something of a wizard as well. He looked the part. But if he had any fellow-feeling for a sufferer he could conceal it better than anyone I have known.

After careful and repeated examination he confided to me that I had tuberculosis of the kidney: "In view of that pulmonary trouble that you had some years ago, etc." I think he enjoyed telling me that I was affected with an incurable disease. Fortunately I did not believe him and, more than that, both his reception of me and his interpretation of my disorder had angered me. I felt I had not been treated like a human being.

At that time I was by way of seeing frequently and intimately, as we were working in the same hospital, a young man whose clinical insight and judgment

I had grown to admire and respect. He had come to this country a few years before, penniless and nearly friendless. By virtue of a charming personality, innate kindliness, intellectual honesty, and colossal industry, he was forging rapidly to the front. I could do no better than forsake the counsel of the old men and consult the young.

"The thing for you to do," said the young doctor, "is to take an anæsthetic and be thoroughly and properly investigated. No one can be positive that it is tuberculosis of the kidney without such examination. And it is much more likely to be a growth than a lesion of the kidney."

This counsel carried me headlong to despair, and in that despair I turned to Baltimore. There I knew there was a wise man who united qualities of head and heart in godlike manner. He had made me feel, as he had probably made thousands of others feel, that he had a unique strain of friendship for me. I admired him, reverenced him, loved him. I sought him out. It was early evening when I arrived at his door. I told him my mission, but he would not listen to my story. He and his gracious wife were about to take a short drive and I must accompany them and return to dine with them. As we went through the door he inquired casually where I had put up. On our return I found the contents of my bag spread upon and in the bureau of their guest room. Soon after dinner he withdrew, saying some urgent matters demanded attention. When I went to my room I found a scrap of paper upon which was written, "Gone to Milwaukee. Stop here until I return."

When I spent an hour with him, three days later, one would never have suspected that he had anything in the world to do save to learn how I had worked and played, lived and loved.

The only reflection he made upon my impaired lung was, "Nature did one of her best repair jobs for you."

When he had completed his examination, and I awaited the verdict, he said, "What are you going to do, now?"

"Whatever you tell me," I replied.

"Very well, then. Stay on here a day or two longer; I want to think over your case."

The next day he asked me to his study and put an arm affectionately around my shoulders; his saturnine features lengthened, while his Celtic eyes took on an expression of greater gravity, and he said, "Dear old Alcibiades, it's just as serious as it can be. You've got a tumor of the brain."

The more reasons I gave him for the incorrectness of his diagnosis, the more obdurate he became. Finally he displayed not a little offense that I should pose my opinion against his and professed to be injured.

For a moment I forgot that joking was as essential to him as food, and indulged in with infinitely more relish. More than once in early life his propensity for perpetrating practical jokes had come near to thwarting his prospects, and in his maturity it often brought him to the brim of the cauldron. Then like a flash it came to me that it was the unruly half of himself that had the whip-hand this time, the half that made him go into the garden, after an attack of gravel, gather a handful of tiny pebbles, and put them in the excretion to dumbfound his physicians when they came to examine it.

My recovery had already set in. I was not an "interesting" case to him. I was an individual who had attempted to live beyond his means, to work beyond his strength. I was a boat with one of its propellers gone that had striven to keep abreast with fully equipped ocean liners and by so doing had strained another propeller. I was a victim of the disease of the ardents, and it required an ardent to detect it.

My recovery was neither rapid nor dramatic, but it was as complete as an ardent's can be, and before it was accomplished, I had redrawn my map of life on a somewhat smaller scale.

III

Soon a new interest, growing out of the branch of my work in which I was taking keen interest, began to absorb me: the founding of an institution in which nervous and mental disorders, especially those without recognizable or detectible organic change, could be adequately studied and properly treated.

After twenty years of enormous labor, the War broke out. My colleague in the Neurological Institute, Pearce Bailey, was at once assigned by the Surgeon General to most important duties in Washington. Though our infant enterprise in 67th Street had cast off its swaddling clothes and was prancing about dressed conspicuously and becomingly, it still needed discipline and direction. Nevertheless, Pearce Bailey had small difficulty in convincing me that I should take a commission and assist him to put in effect the elimination tests of Officers' Training Camps. I presented myself for examination and was accepted without the slightest hesitation. After several months of that work I was assigned to duty with the American Red Cross in Italy, and remained there until after hostilities ceased. I returned to Washington and presented myself for examination and discharge.

I had been one of eight thousand that the *Aquitania* deposited in Halifax, and *en route* to Montreal the train got snowbound. There was a difference of about a hundred degrees Fahrenheit between the temperature within and without the car in which I traveled. A mild bronchitis was one of the results. It had not fully passed when I confronted the Board of Examiners. The young man entrusted with the chest examination concentrated eagerly upon the thoracic deformity and the adventitious sounds to be heard in the chest on coughing and deep breathing. I sought to enlighten him by telling him it was something Nature had saved from a conflagration that had once nearly consumed me, but he looked at me at once so knowingly and so pityingly that I gave over the attempt and asked him instead where he lived and worked. He informed me that he was instructor of physical diagnosis in a well-known university. If automatons could have diseases, I should select him for their physician.

I tired of his attention when he suggested that I return the next day for an X-ray examination. He was determined to substantiate his findings with what he no doubt considered irrefutable proof. Fatigue lessening my inhibitions and his self-sufficiency exciting my anger, I told him that I had been away from my work eighteen months and I proposed to go to New York that evening.

I received my discharge: thirty per cent incapacitated, active tuberculosis right lung, inactive left!

His conduct, attitude, and conclusion did not depress me nearly as much as the conclusions of my medical advisers thirty, or twenty years before, but they still gave me sufficient concern to lead me to consult a friend who was then retiring from the practice of his profession after a brilliant career, a man of penetrating clinical insight, abundant horse-sense, and sound judgment.

I told him of my experience in Washington; he expressed great astonishment, and greater after he had examined me.

"No," said he, "you haven't tuberculosis; in my opinion you never have had, and at your age I feel reasonably sure that you never will have."

The only unpleasant thing about that conference was my friend's reference to my age.

IV

Forty years ago we did not know nearly so much about inflammation of the lungs and pleura as we do to-day. There is no doubt that I had had pneumonia and that it was accompanied, as it nearly always is, with pleurisy. In this instance the sheath-shaped membrane whose one surface covers the lung and whose other forms the lining of the chest

exuded pus, or a fluid that became purulent, thus constituting the disease empyema. With that condition I had struggled for a year, and its results had affected me for a lifetime. To-day the pus in the pleural sheath or cavity would have been discovered and a surgeon summoned. The battle between the pus cells and those white blood cells which have many-shaped nuclei would have been merely a skirmish and not the long drawn-out struggle it was, attended with devastation of the respiratory space beyond reconstruction but not beyond compensation. Forty years of hard and varied work testify that compensation occurred in my case.

Nature does not often overcome empyema without the surgeon's aid; but she did in this instance though none of the doctors save one seemed to realize it. To most of them I presented the pattern of tuberculosis, so they cut the cloth from that pattern.

It does not seriously reflect upon the skill of my first medical attendant and his consultant that they did not find the pus in the right pleural cavity. They suspected it was there, else they would not have repeatedly thrust a trocar into the thorax. But for the others to assume that I had tuberculosis because I had once for many months had fever of a certain type, cough, shortness of breath, emaciation, and loss of strength, and because the chest, when examined, revealed signs of "consolidation," is a fair example of the failure with which I charge physicians—that is, they are so prone to occupy themselves with the theoretical requirements of a case that they lose sight entirely of the human being and his life story.

They deny this charge, but individual experience supports the allegation, and the popularity and success of numerous therapeutic organizations and agencies outside the medical profession prove it. It is the patient who should be treated in most instances, not the disease.

Nature is able to cope with the majority of diseases that do not have their origin in the patient's ancestry. All that the physician can do is to help Nature, or at least not to handicap her, and to invoke the aid of a surgeon to remove a new growth or an organ which has already been destroyed by disease or accident.

That is all that he does when he gives antitoxin or salvarsan; that is what he does when he solicits his surgical colleague to remove an appendix which is threatening to burst, a spleen which has ruptured, or a swelling which is occluding a vital space or passage. That is what he does when he earns the reputation of saving life.

The conduct of physicians that I, as a patient, have encountered convinces me that either they do not appreciate that constituent of personality which psychologists call the affects, and which is usually called the emotions, and the importance of the role which these affects or emotions play in conditioning his destiny, well or ill, or they refuse to be taught by observation and experience. There is probably no physician who has not seen patients whose disorders have resisted his efforts restored to health by an appeal only to what is popularly called the "mind." If there is such a physician, he must have had small contact with temperamental people, and he must frequently have turned a deaf ear to dinner-table neighbors.

There is one medium in which Nature does her best work. It is fearlessness. Apprehension halts Nature, fear fetters her. We profess to believe it, but our conduct belies our profession.

I recall sending a vigorous, athletic man of fifty-six, the source of whose increasing sciatica I was endeavoring to fathom, to a well-known throat and nose specialist to get an opinion on the propriety of removing tonsils that looked fairly healthy. When the doctor got a report from the pathologist to whom the secretion pressed from the tonsils had been sent, he told the patient that his tonsils should be removed, and then added, "At your time of life, a tonsil

operation is a serious matter, just as serious as an operation for gall stones. I am going to have a vaccine made and I want you to be inoculated every five days for three weeks; then I shall operate." I was present and heard the conversation. On reaching the street, the patient said, "When I was young I was afraid to die. I don't think I am afraid now, at least not much afraid save of death from one cause. I don't want to be scared to death. If my tonsils must come out, you must find someone else to do the job."

The physician should not only thwart fear, he should engender courage. Frequently he does the reverse, not purposely, but because of obtuseness, lack of intuition, or of personal experience with disease. Intuitiveness is a very valuable asset in the practice of medicine, and personal experience with painful or protracted illness is another.

In what way could fear be more successfully engendered in an ambitious youth than to have it conveyed to him indirectly that he was the victim of tuberculosis, or in an impressionable young man than by telling him he had an uncommon display of that dread disease?

No one who inquired closely and understandingly into the life I led from the age of twenty-two to thirty-two could have failed to realize that my bodily mechanism, even though it were not handicapped, would be likely to creak and snap under the strain to which it was being subjected. Not one of the half-dozen famous men whom I consulted took into consideration the temperament of the individual, or the kind of life he was leading. None of them was interested to know that on arising at seven I would hurry to a "studio" and try valiantly for twenty minutes to get in a knock-out blow on the body of the extraordinary septuagenarian who presided there, and then submit to a rub down that would energize me for the day. Not one of them knew or cared to know that I was making every day from twenty to thirty calls, chiefly in the tenements; few, if any, of them were curious to learn that my evenings were spent writing editorials for medical journals, making extracts and summaries of foreign medical literature, getting ready the material for a book; and not one of them inquired how many dispensaries I was attending, or whether I still did obstetrical work at my soul's expense.

Had they expected me to tell them that it was my custom after a hard day's work to have my dinner on my desk, then dictate to a stenographer for two hours, follow that with an hour of correction and elaboration of the manuscript, then breathe a sigh of relief, saying, "Now for some genuine relaxation," and take the relaxation in the form of a rarebit and a draught of ale, then a long cigar and an hour with a poet or romancer, and so to bed, I should have thought it a pose and they an affectation. Their inquiry was limited to "What do you complain of?"

With two exceptions my doctors were not interested in *me*. They were interested in a morbid condition of my body which was enigmatic to them, and in a repair job of Nature the like of which they had not previously seen. They saw the pathological specimen which I presented, not the psychological problem. Because the symptoms and signs of disease did not conform to any definite type, they made an assumption prejudicial to my welfare, interruptive of my usefulness, and destructive of my happiness. Of course they may have thought that, being a physician, I knew the importance of living a hygienic life and how to do it; but my very presence should have informed them I was ignorant or culpable.

I find it easiest to forgive the young man who gave me such a distressing discharge from the Army. He was so sure of himself and he felt so sorry for me! The professor who was positive that only in Arizona could I hope to keep alive never betrayed the smallest

astonishment, when I met him now and then in later years, that I had been able to withstand New York; and so far as the diagnostic wizard was concerned, he was so absorbed with sentencing other unfortunates that he had neither time nor inclination to read about the reprieves that had been granted. They have both gone to their reward, but I forgave them long before they started.

V

Doctors are constantly trying to standardize disease. When they encounter a case that does not fit the specifications furnished by clinician or pathologist, they reject it. That is, they assume that it must belong in some other category. One of the reasons why training in psychiatry would be a valuable thing for every practitioner or specialist is that it would teach him that disease cannot be standardized, that the individual must be considered first, then the disease.

Standardization of treatment is not so bad as standardization of disease; still, it merits a vigorous protest.

Examination of patients, interpretation of symptoms, application of remedial measures are turned out like "parts" in an automobile factory. Any manufacturer or engineer who would claim that a set of automobile parts can be utilized for every make of car would be considered mad. Yet that is just what organized or department-store medicine does. Standardized treatment works a cruel hardship on the individual who happens to have a very common disease in his own very personal manner.

My observation and experience convince me that when physicians become engrossed with what is called scientific medicine they not only get divorced from the art of their profession, but they acquire a degree of contempt for it which in many instances amounts to scorn. When they do this they give a leg up to supernaturalists, they prepare a cropper for themselves, and they render the sick a profound disservice.

Our medical schools are not giving adequate consideration to the material that is being presented to them for shaping and developing: the mind of the prospective doctor. They concentrate exclusively on disease. They neglect the student who is to prevent, interpret, and combat it. It is only human nature for the man who deals daily with bodily deformities and mental shortcomings to grow superior to his world. If he happens to be a big and vigorous man himself, this sense of personal fitness in a universe of bodily failures easily breeds the arrogance, bored tolerance, facile condescension, and autocratic dogmatism with which physicians are often charged.

It would be a wise thing to devote a part of medical education to the mind of the physician himself, especially as it concerns his patients. For the glories of medical history are the humanized physicians. Science will always fall short; but compassion covereth all.

THE LAZY THIRTIES

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

GIVEN the temperament, of course, one can be a good, thoroughgoing sloven at any age, and the only excuse for singling out a special decade to decry as idle is that its laziness has become general and conspicuous enough to arouse irritation, sympathy, admiration, or a tangle of all three feelings. The women of the thirties have done just that; and, if I find temerity enough to generalize about them, it is not with any hope of pricking them out of their pleasant languor or crusading against their lack of full occupation, but rather to balance my own irritation against my admiration and see what comes of it. That they are annoying there can be no doubt, these women between thirty and forty and on the margins of the decade itself. They are younger than women of that age have ever been before, more confident of retaining their beauty, less burdened by housewifery, and better educated; and surely they are offered a more highly spiced and savory world than has heretofore been spread before their sex, at least. They live in what is called a speeding age and assert quite commonly that they are forced to speed with it, and yet never have there been young women who were more completely addicted to doing just what they please and in such quantity as pleases them.

They are not of the generation which founded and built up the federated clubs, but in the natural order of things they might have been expected to receive the mantle of that organization and to show a becoming gratitude for the hand-me-down garment. Instead, the mantle may flap emptily in the wind until it blows to rags before the women of the thirties will wrap it around them. They do not like its cut or fashion. They are for the most part not the women who sought or gained the vote, but they have it without effort, and before an election, state, national, or local, every possible means must be thought of to coax them to the polls that they may register their lackadaisical choice. In the generation before them women did a great deal of heavy housework or expert household organization, but they found time, with a determination which lent itself so instantly to caricature, to march gravely out of their front doors to seek lighter moments of culture. They loved their lectures and their study clubs. But this generation of lazy thirties, courted and sought by every lecture bureau and professional lecturer in existence, wants none of that kind of edification. Causes sweep by them unheeded.

I am not thinking of women of active talent, amateur or professional, nor of working women, nor of ill and invalid women, nor of those under the strain of poverty, nor even of those who make an arduous business out of social life. I am thinking of the rest. The really lazy ones are those of the middle class, under forty and yet definitely, if unwillingly, done with girlhood, whose babies have grown into school children, who are themselves good looking, healthy, and only normally harassed by financial problems. They are the young married women in the average city or large city suburb, hundreds of thousands of them, who are and will continue to be primarily

their husbands' wives. They are variously called domestic, not domestic, overdressed, dowdy, a smoking, drinking lot, and a reactionary group—which comparison means simply that they are a group made of smaller groups and that all these things are true of them. Their point in common is their inertia, their utter lack of response to the battle cries that used to get women into action. As a rule they are married, but if a stray virgin here and there finds that the cap fits her she may wear it.

It is not hard to find witnesses enough for a reasonably hot prosecution. Ask any politician about the women to whom he turns for help and support in a swift campaign. His list, depending on what caliber of politics he plays, will be made up of older women who were prominent in the suffrage fight, of well-known club women, a few society women, a "key" woman here and there who is supposed to have influence with a special group, religious or national, and for the rest, political adventuresses. There will not be on his list, in all probability, the name of a woman who has graduated from college in the last fifteen years. There will not be on it a young woman from the local social register. There will not be on it any of those domestic and suburban young women who know their suburbs and their neighbors well. Not that the politician would not like to be in touch with such women, for he knows that their groups are reservoirs of voting power which are only lightly tapped and he would be glad to know a few women who have no political axes to grind or causes up their sleeves or prejudices in their pockets. But he will tell you shortly that the young women can't be reached, that they never do any work, and he is somewhat dubious of the fact that they vote at all. Maybe you can find them in the League of Women Voters, he may add, with a faintly sardonic note. . . . Possibly.

But that is politics and there is always a good reason for keeping out of politics. A woman can still plead a fine fastidiousness which, like a Bible quotation, is hard to controvert. It is a queer throwback to the swooning, fan-waving woman who has disappeared physically altogether, this attitude of many women toward partisan politics as being too rough and ill-smelling for their tastes. An attitude only, of course, for they conceal behind it a reluctance which has nothing to do with fastidiousness and which they are unwilling or unable to define accurately. But, accepting the excuse of delicacy and turning to relief and rehabilitation work, to what is spoken of in garbled fashion as welfare work, it is interesting, because it is so futile, to search for the young women of the lazy thirties among the hundreds of agencies, hospitals, orphanages, committees for the poor and outcast, all institutions which women promoted ardently in their beginnings. The thirties are not there. All these agencies have campaigns for raising money, plans for development. They always need help and they nearly always need money. Is it young women who comb the city for funds, who act as administrators? In ninety out of a hundred cases, it is not. It is sometimes their mothers, that older generation which is still enforcedly on the job. Or else it is a heterogeneous group of not too efficient workers loosely banded together by various impulses, honest altruism, social loneliness or ostracism, boredom. But the college-bred matron, the young woman of established position, the married Junior Leaguer, the wife of the young business man, is not there. Oh, now and then, of course. But a condition cannot be refuted by an individual. When such a person is there she stands out because she is detached from her own group.

Sit in at any board of any woman's club and listen to the thirsty cry for new blood, for programs which will get the younger women interested. The clubs feel the presence of the younger women like a challenge. They feel their presence because of their marked absence. The members of these boards, many of

them pioneers in club work, are tired. So they look around them for their successors, for young women of normal blood pressure who can take up the work which has been so elaborately developed. Naturally, they instruct their nominating committees to get in new blood, and the committee searches patiently among the able young women of the town and is politely rebuffed; and offices, supposedly niches of distinction, go begging. The best of the younger women do not want the offices and will not have them. They will not take up club work, and there is a cold firmness in their refusal which is based on no shyness.

All sorts of rules and lures are tried, but when they say to me now in these directors' meetings, in political committees, in relief work organizations, as they inevitably do say, "We must get the younger women interested in this," I no longer enthusiastically agree and hope for a renaissance. I no longer even contradict the enthusiasm of others, having reached a degree of skepticism which gets no stimulation from debating the point. For I am sure that new boards of directors will be elected, new candidates run for office, new funds struggle for life, and the lazy thirties will remain quite undisturbed by efforts to get them into action.

It is even worse than that. For when they occasionally do try such activity, as of course they do individually once in a while, they tire of it quickly. Now and then one of them is snared. For the moment she wants to do something and she takes an office, manages a campaign, works hard and very intelligently for six months, a year, even two years. But then, instead of having served an apprenticeship and being willing to go on farther, instead of wanting to go up in a club hierarchy or extend her executive or benevolent powers, she is through. The novelty has worn off, the impulse has run down, and under the novelty is none of that conviction which kept the older generation at work through long years. To the young woman the responsibility is simply a deadly burden. And she shrugs it off and asks, "What's it all about anyway?"

When I am among the lazy thirties I fear that question more than any other. Coming out of an indolence which I should be able to condemn, I find that it always staggers me. Since I am a renegade or apostate lazy thirty myself, I see the others of my decade intimately. We play bridge, we talk about clothes or children or books or somebody's morals or a new shade of lupine or delphinium or a proposed dance club. Often the others profess to admire my own fervid activities. I know they lie. They would not be in my hustling boots at any price. But the lie is gracious and saves the faces of all of us. It is when they are frank and say, "What do you let yourself in for that sort of thing for?" or more frankly, "Do you honestly believe any of this political or civic or club stuff you do gets anywhere?" that I am afraid of controversy. I am not sure that I can hold up my end. For after a certain point, although they irritate me beyond measure, I have an irrepressible sympathy with their attitude.

II

Not with their pretensions. The thing that it is hardest to forgive the lazy thirties is that they never admit that they are lazy. They often admit that they are restless or bored, but their usual claim is that their days are full to the bursting point. They have husbands, children, friends, homes to look after, relatives who come to see them, vacations to go on and return from, clothes to buy, parties to give and attend. But what curious alchemy has affected woman's job that the more that is taken away from it the larger it seems to her?

The principal excuse given by the young woman is motherhood and child care. Bringing many children into the world is out of fashion, but bringing a few up very intensively is the vogue. The lazy thirties are crowded with

mothers, super-conscientious ones who read a great deal about child life, the development of the very young child, the progress of the not so young child, the proper school, the proper discipline, the intelligence quotient, the social balance and so on. These mothers are wise as to clothing and diet. To a very large extent they look after their children's welfare, and they have on the whole healthy and intelligent children who wear tasteful hygienic clothes. To be sure they have one, two or three children where their mothers multiplied such families by two and their grandmothers by four, but possibly they really have raised the intelligence quotient. It is too soon to be sure about that but we can give them the benefit of the doubt. The only point at issue is whether it needs quite so much time to pull it up, and so many classes and study groups to rear a normal child. For some of these women motherhood becomes a kind of sponge soaking up all other interests, all other abilities. They lose sight of everything but the Mother's Day carnation, and they often harass their children terribly by their anxieties, experiments, and solicitude.

The mothers must start the children right, of course; and if two or three children are born in quick succession it does mean possibly ten years of nursing and cream of wheat and carrots and caring for minor illnesses and reading aloud. Whether these things are personally done or merely supervised, they can become the most delightful and absorbing of tasks. A young woman told me recently that children really did take more time than they used to. "When you and I were children," she said, "we could play outside freely, slide down hill, catch on teams, roller skate. But our children have to be supervised every minute in out-of-door play because of the constant peril of the automobile. And another reason why children take so much more time is because of the cost of domestic service. My mother paid two maids what I pay an incompetent cook."

They have a case; no doubt of it. But even granting that the early years of motherhood are entirely absorbing, the ten years pass, the pressure of child care inevitably relaxes, and if a woman has married at the average age, her thirties are still only half gone. Child care is an excuse, which, again like the Bible quotation, is hard to refute, except with the simple fact that children do grow and school laws exist.

But the lady of the lazy thirties says that she not only has her children but her friends. Women have always had friends, to be sure, and formerly the friends were entertained much more lavishly than now, though possibly not so wisely. When guests came to stay in the last generation, they stayed for weeks instead of week-ends. The well-to-do woman now always has her club or her husband's club to take the more arduous dinners and luncheons off her hands entirely and make a kind of guest hostess out of her. If she is not so well to do, there are the French bakeries and the delicatessen shops which will co-operate with her purse and her languor. Entertaining has not only been simplified, but it has been made less personal. I have a small collection of menus of dinners, favorite menus used by the mothers of some of those in the lazy thirties to-day. The dinners were always given at home, they ran through six or eight courses, and they were beautifully individual. The recipes and even the suggestions for table decoration are attached to the menus as each hostess had worked them out herself. To-day the average plan for a home dinner for a few guests is cocktails till ready, a quick dash from soup through to a confectioner's sweet, and all the available liquor in sight. Nobody wants to eat very much nowadays, anyway.

The point is that the young married woman of to-day is bearing fewer children, carrying less household responsibility, certainly doing less physical work such as sewing and cooking, entertaining more scantily, and certainly not proving

that she is a better or more consistent wife, though she may be a more exciting one, than the women of the past generation. Yet she can find no time for the things that the older women did have time for, for responsibilities outside her home. Days have not changed in length. There must be a catch somewhere.

It is not time these women lack. That is simply the easy excuse for their inertia. They can clutter up their days with the machinery of their personal existence and the fuss of their small households and make a tremendous pother over some simple and natural psychological developments in their children and pretend they are over busy. But if the vast excitement and exhilaration and agony of wartime were to sweep over the country again, their excuses would quickly go glimmering. They would find time then for anything they wanted to do, and the more acute the need for their labor, the more time they would have. And the health and intelligence quotient of their children would not suffer. Or, if personally they should be caught in the economic wheels and have to earn their own livings, children and household notwithstanding, they would have time to do it. The proof of that is in common anecdote. Everyone knows a case of what a woman with a family can do if she must.

III

They are lazy now simply because they are not interested in the vents offered them for activity, because they do not respect those things or admire them or even trust them. And that is the point at which I begin to be extremely sympathetic. Women in industry, in spite of certain rebuffs, are continually building up their jobs to suit the expanding knowledge and appetites and capabilities in themselves. But women who fall into what is technically the leisure class, that composite of so many domestic groups, are more likely to have to take what is given them—or leave it. On the whole, they seem to prefer to leave it. They are offered the institutions built up for women of the leisure class by a group of their predecessors, who were very sober, very earnest, often exceedingly sentimental women. This generation which is sliding through the thirties is not particularly sober of taste, not so earnest, and not in the least sentimental. The last generation wanted messages, rounded phrases, compliments on womanhood, inspiring discourse, and had simple faith in their own better natures because they were women, and not men. They were what Bernard Shaw calls "managing women." This generation wants facts, physiological, psychological, or chemical, as the case may be, and is left utterly cold by messages or forward-looking discourses. They are amused by compliments and not completely respectful toward the rest of their sex. They are clear-eyed and clear-headed, and self-reliant because they must be so, having as a group lost reliance on a deity. They look on the activities which are offered and urged upon them and they are not tempted.

The most notable example, of course, is the club work, which almost invariably fails to hold the lazy thirties, at least in any numbers. The fact is that the women's clubs disappoint them. The programs seem to them bloodless, the intrigues and hierarchies footless, the objects pompous, the institution without humor. It is quite true that the average program of the average woman's club is a pretty thin affair. Little speeches crowded into neat hours, beginning with greetings and ending with generalizations broad enough to cover land and sea, and ever, maddeningly ever, hopeful. Study classes with ill-assorted and heterogeneous minds jerking the discussion every which way. Committee meetings struggling not to hurt anyone's feelings or interfere with any other committee. And then more speeches by professional lecturers who have been so warned not to offend and not to become

too heavy and not to talk too long that their talks have become dull and often infantile.

I heard recently a notable professor of psychology at a club meeting, though to do so I broke a vow that I would listen to no more lectures. His talk was worse than worthless. With a certain ineradicable charm, he spent an hour making jokes and not very good jokes at that, racing through a cheap talk good enough for a jumbled mass of clubwomen, he doubtless thought. But he was wrong. Dozens of them besides myself were affronted at being given a lecture which he certainly would not have offered the freshmen in his university, and those same dozens were more than ever disappointed in a club which would allow itself to be the target for such a talk. That was one instance only, but it can be multiplied by seventy-five per cent of all the lectures I have ever heard at club meetings, many of them given by celebrities who have earned sufficient reputation to demand enormous fees. Most of them as talkers are not worth their railway fare. But it is a tradition in the woman's club that the thing to do is to sit and be lectured to every now and then. So the lecturers get richer and the lazy thirties get lazier. For they will no longer endure the lectures.

That is only one branch of club work, but it is illustrative of what keeps many young people out of them. The departmental club, brought to its zenith in the last ten years, has been a tremendous force in the lives of thousands of women. It has brought the timid and the middle-aged out of their homes, taught them the trick of organization, given them companionship, coached them in parliamentary law of a rudimentary sort. Those things may justify its vast machinery more than its actual impress on public opinion and action, although that too has been weighty. But it is none the less a fact that the departmental club, with its niches for drama, for literature, for art, for civics, does not strike the fancy of the rather sophisticated young matron of to-day. She wants stronger meat, sweeter, closer to the bone of life perhaps. She wants something more amusing and less academic. She finds these clubs thoroughly formed and rather set in their ways. The older women will gladly make a place for her if she will sit in it in their image and likeness. But this is exactly what she will not do.

The small jealousies, the intrigues, the club politics exhaust her, too. Women, whatever they are doing to themselves in other ways, are certainly growing much less petty. Club gossip is very small-minded, and the woman of the lazy thirties likes her gossip racy but not malignant. The quarrels in the clubs are minor and invariably over trifles, and while she enjoys a fight she does like to have something to fight about. The struggles over personal ambition are not interesting to her. She can find those in social life and play them for larger stakes. I know at least half a dozen women who founded and led the best and most vigorous clubs in their communities who cannot get their married daughters to serve as committee members. The answer is, of course, that while the clubs want new blood they do not want new clubs, and the temper of the old club is not suited to the modern young woman. That is not a controversial statement but a rather dreary conviction.

IV

But, if she does not want to do club work she can go into politics. Here two avenues are open to her. She can go into the League of Women Voters or into practical party politics. In the League she will find plenty to learn and she will be surrounded by exceedingly intelligent women with steady keen judgment who work together amazingly well. Here there is meat if she is looking for it, rather an exclusive meat diet, in fact, with very little political exercise to help her digest it. Often it does not agree with her. The League, if it is

brilliantly launched in a community, and well sponsored, probably holds a larger per cent of the lazy thirties than any other organization. But it is none the less a small per cent, and the League knows well enough that its big fight ahead is to get enough of the thirties into the field to keep the pot boiling after the splendid pioneers who came to it from the battle for suffrage have gone. Perhaps they can do it. But the staunchness of that earlier group is not among the younger ones. They come but they go, too. They are not God-driven as the founders of the federated clubs were, or as suffrage promoters were. They are stripped of purpose and only eager for stimulation.

Sometimes they do seek the stimulation in practical politics, but that is apt to be a blind alley. The woman of the thirties might insist on being admitted into politics, not on the old theory that she was to clean them up, but on a new one, that she is to learn to steer and control. Being a moral scavenger is no longer popular among young women but they like human contacts, and politics is little more than a skillful arrangement of these. The difficulty is that the lady of the lazy thirties cannot take much punishment, she does not stand up under political attack, abuse, and calumny. Again she lacks the resistance of her mother's generation.

There is left that ancient resource of women—charity, and its modern child, social service. When passion and love grew pale women of all times have diverted their emotions into those channels, often with infinite grace. I do not know why it is so much less frequent among women to-day. There is surely a great deal of suffering still in the world, and as long as human beings remain human there will be a pleasure in its alleviation. But this skeptical and idle decade does not take its pleasure so. They may try, and be temporarily interested. But here, too, the effort is rarely sustained. They grow critical. They find too much sentimentality in one branch of relief work and too much machinery in another. And in any of these things they attempt they grow actually very tired after a little effort. Again, they lack staunchness and devotion to a purpose. Possibly their capabilities have shrunken from disuse, exactly as a stomach shrinks on a diet.

So after their ventures they usually go back home, or perhaps they look at others venturing and do not stir from home at all. They are technically home women but have not the devotion of their mothers and grandmothers who so enjoyed offering themselves on the home altar. The lazy thirties consider a home as a form of self-expression, just as all life is to them a form of self-expression, even their child-bearing. They have come to the conclusion that is about all there is to living. I think sometimes that they are the most disillusioned group of women in the world, for disillusion has come to them so young, and in the midst of their happiness. As a rule they are reasonably chaste young women, whose love affairs of importance antedate their marriage. Aften ten years of marriage many of them have become even more handsome, with a kind of sterile beauty that has no mystery and little charm. They keep their figures. They play bridge and golf, adequately. Many of them read extensively and usually for stimulation and excitement, so that there come into their lives accounts of debauches, or perversions, crimes, and horrors. Such reading they are quite able to digest without disturbance.

The important things in their lives are the financial and social hierarchies. These things are as tangible to them as clubs and causes are not. They are very skillful and very valuable to their husbands because they are so intelligent about the relationships between business and social life. It is not that they are coarse or climbing, for they are not. They are very amusing and amused about the way they move the pawns, and they know exactly what they are doing.

Nothing excites them very much or disturbs them very much as they stir around in their small circles, except that they hate getting old. For getting old to them means no upgrade into dignity or wisdom or power. It means that they are slipping. Nothing else.

V

When I admire them, in spite of my irritation at their perverse laziness, it is because of that broad streak of disillusion which runs through the lot of them. It is nothing so obvious as cynicism, and they wear no sneer. They do not talk of being disillusioned. They do not consciously feel that they are. They are young wives and happy mothers and often beautiful women, and they assert that they are busy women. And yet, with all that fine effect, they are in reality women without illusions, without any of the cushions of sentiment that women have been lying on so long. They lie on a hard bed and they know pretty well what is coming to them. They are enjoying their thirties deliberately, for they live in the shadow of the forties and the fifties, and to them the approaching decades are real shadows. They have built their lives on health and beauty and vitality, and those things dwindle as they go along. Youth without illusion has more resources than age without illusion, and that they are aware of, too.

The pity is that the lazy thirties do become the discontented forties and the incapable fifties. If a woman, even a mother, does not build resources in the thirties, in the forties her children are in boarding school or high school, and she is restlessly seeking a part-time job or going faster and faster on her whirligig of personal enjoyment and enjoying it less and less. In the fifties she may be dependent on the beauty parlor and the movies. For a home, even the most charming one, is only four walls. That is what the older clubwomen found out and it drove them to build their clubs and listen to message after message. It was the imprisoning quality of those same four walls that made women brood over suffrage and get it, that made them go out and in hundreds of little ways try to improve the habits of the world. But they were women of great hope and faith and endurance, and the young women of to-day have little hope and consider faith sentimental. They cannot be contented in the same way, and it is idle for the older women to try to berate or coax them into the old paths. One might as well suggest high shoes with laces.

If anything can be done to give the thirties that rebirth of energy and interest that comes now only in times of calamity and crisis, to build up their energies before they fritter them away in half a woman's job, it must be done by building on that streak of disillusion in them to which they refer all things for a test. It is, I believe, the most substantial quality in them and possibly the modern form of honesty. If they are lazy, it is because they prefer to choose their own futilities instead of working out those of other people. If a matter is important, they must be shown that it is. And if the clubs want them and the politicians want them and the charities want them, they must present forms of expression suited to the temperament of the present thirties, and I fancy that these forms of expression must be presented without compliments or exhortation.

Possibly the lazy thirties will never find a place in the departmental club, riddled with professional lecturers, honeycombed by intrigue. But the thirties need work. They need work to harden them up, to get them again on a normal diet of activities which will extend their energies. That is the chance for both politics and relief work. It has been my experience that in either of these fields a good, hard, definite, single job can be turned over to a young woman suited to it, and that she will not only do it, but visibly strengthen in

doing it. I have seen one of them go into a battle over a county commissionership, develop the most remarkable political acumen, and do valuable work in securing better roads and greater honesty in spending county money. She respected herself for having been valuable. The trick now is either to find her more work or keep her interested to the point where she will find work for herself. I have seen fashionable young women, not suspected of being good mixers, come into campaigns for raising money and work side by side with all kinds of other women until they got the money. The young woman can work. But she is intelligent, and if she is going to waste time she prefers to waste it on herself instead of wasting it on some fraudulent impersonal object. It has to be a real piece of work before it can hold her.

How all this energy can be saved I do not know. Possibly it cannot be. Possibly there are not enough real jobs for women of leisure to go around. Possibly there is no way to sort out the jobs and the women they fit. The women themselves should help, but they may not. They should have a certain patience, should learn to take punishment, to be less quickly intolerant of machinery.

But in any case, if they are not going to manufacture their energy and ability into a stock product like relief work or politics or a woman's organization of any kind, that is all right, too, if only they will be honest about their laziness. For that is the bad flaw in their own clear judgment, the place where they trip themselves up, the reason why they are basically dissatisfied with themselves and grow melancholy in the forties. They will not admit their laziness, and yet it stays with them, a careless sloven; whereas if they looked at it for what it is, decided to acknowledge it, brushed its hair, and smoothed its dress, it might become self-respecting leisure. I have no quarrel with the woman of conscious leisure. I respect her thoroughly whether she is married or not, bears children or not. I envy her more than I do genius. She knows where she is going, or rather, she knows where she is staying. But though the lazy thirties have thrown off most of the silly shams which were passed on to them, they have yet to differentiate between laziness and leisure. That is why they are not yet in full control of their lives, why their attitude on the whole is a negative instead of an affirmative.

For if the clubs are futile and the politics get nowhere, and if a disillusioned age has found that charity has a great many more attributes than are mentioned in the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians, if being a delightful person is the most a woman can do with her time, why not admit it frankly instead of camouflaging a pleasant and idle life with a pretence of vast activity, or hiding behind the children's rompers or the responsibility of table service or anything else? Leisure is good for women, and if they are of the temperament to enjoy it, let them have it. Hard work is good and necessary for some women, and there is still and will be for a long time plenty of interesting non-professional work for women to do, if they have the ability and temperament. But the air needs more clearing. No one should have to apologize for not flying into what is really voluntary work. No one should become absurd for going into it. But if one stays out it should be because one openly prefers leisure. Leisure and laziness have nothing in common. Laziness breeds discontent and cripples energies. Leisure breeds humor, of which we need much, and beauty, of which we need more, and philosophy, of which we need most. The thirties, if they are wise—and on the whole they are both wise and clever—will come to the point of choosing between the two. Destroy their laziness and preserve their leisure, and the thirties will be the incomparable decade.

It sounds distressingly like a message.

THE CUT OF THE JIB

BY H. G. DWIGHT

"IS THIS a literary club?" asked my Italian friend, after a brief inspection of the books.

Having done what I could for his American education by taking him to a ball game, and to an exceptionally ear-racking one, I had brought him to the club library to recuperate. It was the quietest place I could think of. Not because anybody pays the slightest attention to the placards decorated with the capitals S, I, L, E, N, C, E, but because nobody goes there except for a nap.

"This is Washington, you know, not London," observed the glum-looking man.

Being busy over his pipe, he let it go at that. And just then I heard a sound from one of the alcoves. A capacious armchair stood there, presenting to us an unsociable back, above which gleamed a noble dome of pink marble. As I studied this structure, which appeared to be more Byzantine than Renaissance but which at the moment I could not otherwise identify, the upper edge of a *Wall Street Journal* rose into view behind it.

"At any rate, it looks very English," said the member of the Italian Parliament, repeating his curious comment on the ball game. His expressive hand, I noted after an instant of surprise, was indicating not the noble dome but the dark tables and bookcases, the brown-leather chairs, the dull-red hangings, the park trees visible between them.

"Sh-sh!" uttered the glum-looking man. "It isn't safe to say such things over here, under the very beak of the American eagle."

"That is to say, very comfortable and not too splendid, like some other clubs I have seen," amended the Italian with a smile. He paused. "Then you are not English, perhaps—or Anglo-American, I mean?" he added, examining the none too Nordic features of the glum-looking man.

"Horrors, no! And if you want to go home alive, I'd advise you to cut that word out of your dictionary." He inspected his pipe. "You see it's like this. It's all right for there to be Italian-Americans, Irish-Americans, German-Americans, Greek-Americans, Afro-Americans, and what not. It's all right for Fascists and anti-Fascists, Karolyists and anti-Karolyists, Bolshevists and anti-Bolshevists, Zionists and anti-Zionists to play their games in our yard. It's even all right for one kind of American to be the head of the Independence Party of Syria, or for another kind of American to run Albania, or for a third kind of American to take Armenia under his high protection. It's permissible, too, to mention the English language, though it's getting out of date. But it's all wrong to speak of an Anglo-American. There's no such animal. And as for referring to England otherwise than with contempt, it simply isn't done. If, through some youthful indiscretion of an ancestor, you are so unfortunate as to have an English skeleton in your closet, that is a secret you must carry to the grave. Strictly among ourselves, however, I can't deny that my own family does happen to be of English origin." Another sound from the alcove. "What is worse, during the

three hundred years we have lived on this side of the Atlantic, only one of my grandfathers ever married a wife who was not also of English origin—and she came from Ireland."

"Then," exclaimed the Italian, "you must be what I have read— What do they call it? One hundred per cent."

"My God, no!" protested the glum-looking man again. "One Irish great grandmother doesn't put me in that class. To be a chemically pure hundred-percenter you must have not a drop of English blood in your veins. And if you speak English less fluently than you do some other language, so much the better."

This time there was so great a commotion in the alcove, where the armchair jerked part way around, that I wondered whether curiosity or displeasure had begun to stir beneath the noble dome. At any rate I recognized, and hazarded a placating wink at, the gentleman whose slumbers we had so rudely disturbed. But it was the Italian Deputy who took the floor.

"I walk among eggshells!" he said. "Will it be safe for me, I wonder, to make an observation? In Europe, you know, we used to think of America as a province of England. To our inexpert eyes there seemed to be little difference between you—except that you have more *brio*. If an Englishman in a train did not speak, he was an Englishman. If he did, he was an American! Then we began to hear that a good many people who were not English had gone to America. From our country so many went, and did not come back, that we began to think about it. And in our simplicity we supposed—how shall I say?—we supposed that if a chemist puts together two or more elements the result will be a new compound—and perhaps an explosion! We supposed, rather, that if a painter mixes two colors the result will be a shade different from either. Whereas, I seldom see any such result. What happens does not even seem to be like your famous cocktails—impossible to divine how you make them! It is more like a French *pousse-café*, in which each liqueur keeps its own color and flavor and level. I know, for example, that there are several million Italians in this country. And I know where to find them. But in the circles into which my interests oftenest lead me I hear nothing but English. It is very rare if I come across so much as an Italian name. How is that?"

"Perhaps you haven't been here long enough," suggested the glum-looking man. "And perhaps the experiment isn't finished yet, or may not be the kind of experiment you thought. In these days, you know, we hear a good deal about rays, and their effect on the composition of matter. But I can at least tell you this. One of my greatest cronies has a German name and his father was born in Germany. Another, was himself born in Russia. Another has an Italian mother. That doesn't keep any of them from being as good Americans as anybody. Come again in two hundred years and see what you find."

"*Magari!* But in the meantime may I ask, very softly, how it happens, if there are no Anglo-Americans and if England is not to be spoken of except behind the hand, that you have an immigration law which is more favorable to the English than to anyone else?"

II

The Deputy's quick dark eyes took us both in. And it may be that each of us waited for the other. At all events, the man with a noble dome, issuing from his alcove in search of matches, was the first to find an answer:

"For no better reason than that a Frenchman got up a theory of the superiority of the Nordic races, which one or two Germans amplified and one or two Americans have adopted with immense enthusiasm." He lighted his cigar. "But there is great dissatisfaction with the law," he went on, seating himself on the edge of the nearest table, "and it is probable that we shall soon

see radical changes in it. For instance, I notice that the mortgage bankers recommend an immediate increase of six per cent in the immigration quotas, in aid of that portion of our population which has profited least by the present wave of prosperity. The law has cut down the supply of farm hands and has driven up their wages."

"And Americans won't work," threw in the glum-looking man. "We prefer to live by our wits."

"I notice also," pursued the man with a noble dome, his bass growing more impressive, "that Mr. Roger Babson, one of our chief authorities on economic questions, likewise recommends more liberal quotas, for the improvement alike of industrial conditions and of our native stock through the infusion of new blood. I believe that Judge Gary and other large manufacturers take the same broad-minded view. I further notice with pleasure that, in accordance with a recent ruling of the immigration officials, religious refugees are henceforth to be admitted without undergoing the literacy test. And the movement to admit outside the quota not only the relatives of American citizens but the immediate families of immigrants who have declared their intention of becoming citizens, is another step in the right direction."

"All of which Labor will doubtless take care of!" contributed the glum-looking man.

The Italian considered the two of them reflectively.

"It is a difficult and delicate question," he said, "but one to which certain other countries cannot quite be indifferent."

"So Baron Goto of Japan told a journalist in Berlin," remarked the glum-looking man. "If the papers are to be believed, as I fear is not always the case, he said that 'we deny to the United States, which grew up through immigration, the right to forbid immigration into its territory.'"

"Ah, I shall try to be more diplomatic!" smilingly rejoined the Italian. "Otherwise you might very justly deny me the right to do what I choose in my own country! Still, you will not mind, I hope, if I defend Baron Goto to the degree of pointing out what it must mean to an ancient, proud, and intelligent people, assured of a great destiny, to be told that its nationals are not considered worthy of admission to a country which has large red and black populations and into which Caribbean negroes are admitted."

"That is not exactly what we told them, but I am ready to agree that Congress is not at its happiest when it undertakes to run foreign affairs. The Japanese end of that business could have been handled more gracefully. I also agree that it is absurd to admit West Indians and Western Asiatics but to exclude East Indians and Eastern Asiatics. It would have been better to prohibit immigration altogether."

The Italian hesitated a moment.

"You are for the grand methods, I see! But that would have presented another situation. And in the actual situation there is more than one factor which might impress different persons in different ways. For example, you are one of those mysterious beings whom it is forbidden to describe as Anglo-Americans, and you have a friend who is a Russo-American; but it is not forbidden either of you, I take it, to express your views. Is it not conceivable that your friend's feelings toward Russia might be less detached than your own? On the other hand, there are several foreign states which have gained the right to feel that America has more than one mother country, since they have contributed, through their sons, to her greatness. Moreover, they know it is not because you lack room that this law has been passed. Wherever I go I am struck by that—the emptiness of the land, even at the door of New York, its look of unfamiliarity with the hand of man. You still have room for millions, while for our millions some of us have not an inch left."

"True enough," the glum-looking man noncommittally agreed.

"Now then. A state, like an individual, has certain liberties with which no one has the right to interfere. Among the first of them are matters of taste and inclination. And it does not accord with the dignity either of a state or of an individual to make a public outcry when he discovers that another is preferred to himself. Nevertheless, as civilization advances we perceive that the borders of liberty grow painfully narrow. We even have to keep our likes and dislikes within certain limits, in order to encourage our neighbor to restrain his own! Otherwise it is only too easy to set in motion, whether in good company or in the domain of international affairs, one of those currents of imponderables which have sometimes ended by changing the course of history."

I was curious to hear what more he would say and how he would put it; but the man with a noble dome butted in:

"Never fear! The question is by no means closed. Not all of us are such weathercocks as to fight your battles and then turn around and slap your face. If the Immigration Act has not been pronounced unconstitutional, it is none the less contrary to the spirit of our institutions and fundamentally un-American."

The glum-looking man tapped his pipe emphatically on his heel.

"Ah, Mr. Deputy!" he ejaculated. "There is a word which is perfectly safe to use! The most popular word in our language! A salutary, an invaluable word, after which no other may be spoken without calling in question the patriotism of the speaker! 'Un-American!' Would you know what it means? Nothing more crystal-clear! It is the antithesis of 'American,' an adjective describing hundred percenters and non-hundred percenters, ladies who swim the Channel one day and ladies who swim the Channel the next day, gentlemen eligible to sit in the White House and gentlemen eligible to be leaders of the Independence Party of Syria. You have but to focus in your mind's eye the opposite of that—a feat which philologists have latterly been aiding us to perform. Thus it appears that 'American' further describes a hitherto unrecorded variant of the human species, incapable of the higher fruits of civilization but insatiable in decking his lair with the piled-up loot of the ages. There he wallows in stolen gold, which he throws away with one hand and clutches to his heart with the other. His diet is of the simplest, consisting of scrupulously weighed pounds of flesh, washed down with copious drafts of bootleg alcohol. To put it in a nutshell, he is at once a savage and a Sybarite, a Puritan and an Apache, a Shylock and a Don Quixote, a fabulous tipster and an enraged enemy of the vine, who unites the ingenuousness of a child with the diabolical cunning of a Levantine banker. So does it not follow as the night the day what 'un-American' must mean? But of whom do I ask it? A fellow-countryman of your own, that protean personage who began life as Gaetano Rapagnetta and is ending it as the Prince of Monte Nevoso, long ago pointed the way to a true understanding of this limpid adjective by speaking of *le razze imbastardite d'America*. For D'Annunzio, that is, the American is a mongrel European with a strain of copper, a stripe of black, and a streak of yellow. In a word, his markings are as variegated as would be those of a kennel of bulldogs into which should stray three Irish terriers, a pair of dachshunds, an Airedale or two, a Sealyham, a Great Dane, a spaniel, a French poodle, an Italian greyhound, a Russian wolfhound, a Belgian police-dog, a pug, a Pekingese, a mastiff, and what not. On the whole does it not strike you, *Onorevole*, that our word 'un-American' has the delicate precision of a cameo?"

Again the man with a noble dome hastened into the breach.

"You illustrate my contention very graphically," he said with high seriousness. "From a strictly racial viewpoint the only true American is the

Indian. But, in its essence, what has Americanism to do with race? We are making here a great human and political experiment, not a chemical or biological one—carried on by men and women who may be totally unrelated in blood but who are kin in spirit. What is America if not an ideal, an opportunity, a refuge for the oppressed, a rallying ground for those who believe in the right and ability of the average man to govern himself, who are eager to be rid of old inhibitions and worn-out shibboleths, who seek freedom and justice and peace? From the beginning of our history we have drawn them from every race. Would you dare to tell me that Du Pont de Nemours or Carl Schurz or Theodore Roosevelt were not better Americans than many a descendant of the *Mayflower*? Or is it reasonable to insist on a racial aristocracy when the very tongue we speak has undergone such radical changes that the inventors of it can scarcely understand us or we them? We shall doubtless end by evolving a language as different from English as the Romance languages are from Latin. That is why the Immigration Act is un-American. It goes against all our past by denying to certain races what is confined to no race, and by tacitly or openly claiming superiority for the Nordics in general and for the Anglo-Saxons in particular. That is not the America the Fathers shed their blood to found. The real, the American, solution of the problem is to make intelligence and personal worth the test of admission to this country."

"Whew!" let out the glum-looking man. "That's some program! And I'd hate to be on the examining board!"

"Have you a better program?" demanded, with some majesty, the man with a noble dome.

"I have one, as I mentioned a few minutes ago, which is more workable and less open to charges of discrimination: namely to stop immigration altogether—say for a hundred years. And on top of that I would amend the naturalization law by lengthening the preliminary term of residence to twenty-five years. However, we already have a program, which is neither yours nor mine. Nor is it based, tacitly, openly, or in any other way, on the theory of Nordic superiority. I don't believe in this Nordic stuff any more than you do. I have too much respect for the Mediterranean and for Asia. When it isn't mere amateur biologizing, it's only a ruse to raise the dust in front of the real issue. But if I get tired of living in an apartment house, or if it appears to me that I am enjoying too much of the society of my mother-in-law, who has a perfectly good house of her own, does it necessarily follow that I consider myself cleverer, handsomer, more virtuous, and a more talented conversationalist than my mother-in-law or the man overhead? Of course not!

"The simple fact of the matter is that we had overloaded our famous melting-pot to a point where it wouldn't melt. It had got to the point where whole quarters of cities and whole districts of states were packed full of people who didn't know a word of English. It had got to the point where too many of them looked at naturalization as a temporary convenience, enabling them to go and jingle dollars or become leaders of independence parties in some other country. It had got to the point where we couldn't teach our own history to our own children without fear of upsetting the man overhead. It had even got to the point where a man like you can get up and tell me that the only true American is an Indian or some soppy kind of cosmopolitan who is neither fish nor flesh. It might easily have got to the point of which Asia Minor is an example—into which some obscure people called Turks began to immigrate in the eighth or ninth century, and in the fourteenth or fifteenth turned around and took possession of it. So, rather late in the day, we have come to our senses and have decided not to leave our front door wide open all night. We have also decided that we stand a better chance of

becoming homogeneous again if we let in only those whose blood and traditions are nearest our own. That doesn't mean that we consider ourselves better than people whose blood and traditions are different from our own."

III

"Six of one and half a dozen of the other!" commented the man with a noble dome. "You have no race prejudice, but you have a prejudice in favor of your own race!"

"Who hasn't?" the glum-looking man rejoined blandly. "I see nothing unnatural or blameworthy in that. In fact I must confess that I see nothing shameful at the root of those racial antagonisms which so easily break out in shameful ways. On the contrary, it seems to me abnormal for different races to feel a strong attraction for one another. Intelligence and personal worth are all very well; but our impulses to invite people to dine with us or to marry us aren't governed by those alone. How should it be otherwise? These things run back to our most primitive instincts. I grant you that modern man no longer depends entirely on his nose to choose his friends or his mate. Nevertheless, we all have, consciously or unconsciously, inherited standards of how we like people to look or to behave. For instance, there are certain colors of skin and hair and eyes which in my own inward mind I prefer to others —certain facial angles, certain figures, certain accents, certain ways of taking life. In short, there is a cut of the jib which attracts me more than any other, and which is commonest in this country and in the British Empire. What can I do? I am made like that. And a good many other people are made like that—including those whose taste in jibs doesn't happen to coincide with mine. It doesn't surprise or enrage me to hear that the odors which you and I emit are nauseating to Africans and Mongolians, or that they are repelled by our blanched faces, our staring eyes, our barbaric manners. It seems to me quite natural.

"Those deep-lying attractions and repulsions are what have made species and races and nations. They are what in Athens, a long time ago, and not so long ago in the Italian cities, flowered in what all the world now goes to see. Intelligence and personal worth no doubt had much to do with it, but so did the fact that the people in those cities spoke the same language, liked the cut of one another's jib, were intensely proud of and jealous for their own clan. They weren't very famous, of course, for their success in getting on with their neighbors; but I think we are beginning to get it through our heads that it is quite possible to get on with our neighbors—if they stay in their place and we stay in ours. So far as this country is concerned, however, what chance have we of achieving anything like the individuality of those old city-states, or of countries like the ones from which we came? We may in time, but at present we are the classical example of a split personality—and of one split not only in two. Even if we manage not to fly at one another's throats, it doesn't make for peace or happiness or greatness to be forever gulping down an inclination to do so. It can make for nothing but misunderstandings, smothered resentments, all manner of unnecessary difficulties. I am convinced, too, that it has a good deal to do with the lawlessness for which we now enjoy so brilliant a reputation. You feel considerably less compunction about letting fly with your automatic if you are reasonably certain of hitting somebody the cut of whose jib you don't happen to like!"

"Speak for yourself!" retorted the man with a noble dome. "I have no such squeamishness with regard to the cut of my neighbor's jib. Or I have never noticed that it ran on racial lines. If I now or then have an impulse to let fly with my automatic, it is likeliest to be among my own people! And judging

from the number of international marriages that take place, I should say that racial antipathy is less common than you imagine. I wonder what the Fathers would have thought of your interpretation of their principles! It seems to me I have heard that they felt no particular reluctance in cutting loose from their own race or in welcoming men of other races to their shores."

"The Fathers!" repeated the glum-looking man. "That, *Onorevole*, is another safe, in fact a sacred word, not to be pronounced without a tear in the voice and a roll of the eye." He shrugged his aggravating shoulders. "They were remarkable men who took remarkable chances and got away with it. But, being human, they could not possibly tell how their 'principles' would work out. Some of them have worked out very queerly—of which their idea about naturalization is an excellent example. They seem to have regarded it as a sort of miracle of Cana, which in five years would turn the most hardened foreigner into an American of purest ray serene. Perhaps it did in those days, when an immigrant really had to cut himself off from his own country—when it took him a month or two to cross the ocean in a sailing vessel with room for half a dozen passengers, and he began speaking English the day he landed or kept his mouth shut. They could not possibly foresee a ship like the *Leviathan*, capable of depositing the kindred in spirit at your door at the rate of ten or twenty thousand a month. They could not possibly foresee that your land of freedom and opportunity was to fall into the hands of the get-rich-quick man—who would speak of new blood and the oppressed of the earth with his tongue in his cheek, meaning plenty of raw labor and no monkeying with a tariff that farmers sometimes get restive about. They could not possibly foresee that your great human and political experiment was to create a mass of undigested foreign colonies where a newcomer need never change his tongue or his habits."

IV

Here my Italian friend, who had been listening intently to this dialogue, at last succeeded in getting in a word of his own.

"What you say interests me greatly," he remarked, "for the light it throws on the psychology of the question. We Europeans are the first to appreciate how deeply are rooted in our natures these sentiments of race! Your friend, however, is not the first to suggest in my hearing that the English language has altered considerably in America, while you yourself suggest not only that England continues to be regarded with little sympathy but that the conditions which presided over the foundation of the republic no longer exist. The world has grown infinitely smaller, communications have reached a development undreamed of by Washington, and your population is far more diverse. The various elements dwell together in admirable harmony, it is true, but it has become difficult if not impossible to insulate all of them from European currents. Now a European, observing this phenomenon, and knowing that the Anglo-Saxon element was under no compulsion to abdicate the unquestioned numerical superiority it once enjoyed, cannot help asking himself a question. What if one or more of these other elements should in the end prefer not to abandon their mother tongue? Would the Anglo-Saxon element, as one among several, still consider that it has superior rights in the matter?"

"Who has a better right?" inquired the glum-looking man. "This country was made by Englishmen. For one hundred and sixty-nine years, longer than there has been an American republic, this was an English colony and our history was a part of English history. Washington and seven other presidents who followed him were English-born. Their people came from England, they had English names, they spoke the English language, they read

English books, they governed themselves by English law, they built English houses and filled them with English furniture, they had English ways and tastes and manners and traditions. Of course they fought the English tooth and nail, but they set on these States a stamp which no Indian had set and no other European—though Swedes and Dutchmen and Frenchmen and Spaniards all had a try at it. And of course neither a Fourth of July orator nor an Oxford Don would call it English; but where did it come from? Don't be deceived by the lightness with which we take the English, or they us. We are not the kind to go about with our arms around each other's necks, and one of our chief amusements is to make game of each other. We both understand very well, however, that we have more in common than any two countries in Europe. Don't let yourself be deceived, either, by your Fascists in New York, or by Irish or German or any other kind of grumblings. They didn't come here to be Englishmen, naturally, but neither did they come here to be Europeans of any sort. Otherwise they would have gone somewhere else. They came here to be Americans—to speak English as we speak it, to play ball and politics as we play them, to pursue happiness as we pursue it, on wheels, to join every imaginable kind of organization as we have a passion for doing, to save minutes and waste hours in our own inimitable way, to acquire the cut of our jib. We didn't compel them to come. They came of their own accord: not on a pleasure tour or a business trip or a scouting expedition, but to be one of us, on the perfectly clear understanding that that meant giving up a lot of things which men do not willingly give up. And if they find they can't give them up, all they have to do is to go back, as freely as they came. There isn't a particle of uncertainty on that point. So when you go back to Italy you can explain to His Excellency Signor Mussolini that the period of colonization on the American continent has ended. If he needs to find room for his surplus vine-growers, but wants to keep a string tied to them, it's no use sending them here. We think too highly of them. I myself think so highly of them that I have lived five years in Italy, whereas in all my life I have spent less than a month in England! Moreover, so intelligent a man as the Duce should not allow himself to be led astray by the superficial similarity between certain European countries containing mixed populations and the United States in its present transitory phase. There is no *Italia irredenta* in America—even though there be more Italians in New York than in Rome."

I began to feel rather uneasy. When that glum-looking man gets started there's no heading him off.

"What good Americans we can make, you saw at that ball game this afternoon," I said to the Italian. "I don't suppose the fathers of half of them were born in this country. But that's one thing, at any rate, which we didn't bring over from England!"

"I should say not!" chimed in the man with a noble dome. "I don't know whether our eloquent friend is a good enough American to have read Richter's *History of Baseball;* but the game and the name were both invented in this country, by an American general named Abner Doubleday, during the presidency of another American named Abraham Lincoln—neither of whom was born a British subject."

"Although they had excellent English names," added the glum-looking man. He then went over to one of the bookcases, ran his eye along a shelf, took down a volume, turned over a few pages, and said, "I must confess that I never read Richter's *History of Baseball.* I have here a book, however, which was published some time before the day of Lincoln and his generals—which as a matter of fact was written one year after Washington ceased to be president. And in the first chapter I find this:

"'Mrs. Morland was a very good woman, and wished to see her children everything they ought to be: but her time was so much occupied in lying-in and teaching the little ones, that her elder daughters were inevitably left to shift for themselves; and it was not very wonderful that Catherine, who had by nature nothing heroic about her, should prefer cricket, base ball, riding on horse—'"

"Go on!" interrupted the man with a noble dome. "Where do you get that stuff?"

"Out of a work entitled *Northanger Abbey*," replied the glum-looking man—"by that celebrated English sporting writer, Jane Austen."

FORGIVEN

BY A. A. MILNE

I FOUND a little beetle, so that Beetle was his name,
And I called him Alexander and he answered just the same.
I put him in a match-box, and I kept him all the day . . .
And Nanny let my beetle out, and Beetle ran away!

She said she didn't mean it, and I never said she did;
She said she wanted matches and she just took off the lid;
She said that she was sorry, but it's difficult to catch
An excited sort of beetle you've mistaken for a match.

She said that she was sorry, and I really mustn't mind,
As there's lots and lots of beetles which she's certain we could find
If we looked about the garden for the holes where beetles hid—
And we'd get another match-box and write BEETLE on the lid.

We went to all the places which a beetle might be near,
And we made the sort of noises which a beetle likes to hear . . .
And I saw a kind of something and I gave a sort of shout:
"A beetle-house and Alexander Beetle coming out!"

It was Alexander Beetle I'm as certain as can be;
And he had a sort of look as if he thought it must be Me,
And he had a sort of look as if he thought he ought to say:
"I'm very, very sorry that I tried to run away."

And Nanny's very sorry too for you-know-what-she-did,
And she's writing ALEXANDER very blackly on the lid.
So Nan and Me are friends, because it's difficult to catch
An excited Alexander you've mistaken for a match.

PLEASED TO MEET YOU

A STORY IN THREE PARTS—PART III

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

XIII

The summer moon poured on Farniente its soft endearing lunacy. The terrace, where Nyla and the Colonel were sitting out this dance, was a milky twilight; from the ballroom came the sweet innuendo of the latest Viennese waltz.

"I wish they wouldn't play such emotional tunes," he remarked. "It makes the roots grow so quickly."

"Beautiful, beautiful world!" exclaimed Nyla happily. "It doesn't make me feel like roots. It makes me feel like escaping into that magic paleness, going farther and farther—on and on and on. Doesn't moonlight make you feel like that, Gene; almost as though something was after you?"

"I know the feeling," said the Colonel. He played the tune again on his mouth organ, retarding it in an absent thoughtful fashion. "Speaking of traveling and all that sort of thing, I've got some important papers to get off to the League. Confidential reports, you know. I ought to let them know that the republic has been successfully inaugurated. What I mean is, I suppose there's a late train that I could send them on?"

"There's the two o'clock. That connects with the sleepings at Laibach. I know, because daddy had to take it once when they summoned him to Geneva. Gene, you're so conscientious. Couldn't your work wait till to-morrow?"

"Oh, well, perhaps it could," admitted the Colonel tenderly. "But the last thing—one of the last things—Ramsay MacDonald said to me was, 'Get your reports in promptly.'"

"Please forgive me," she said, conscience-stricken. "I mustn't forget, just because you've been so perfectly darling to me, that you have to attend to business."

"Supposing that you'd never met me," he began earnestly, and then interrupted himself. "By Jove, that just fits the music!" he cried, and played a snatch of the air again. "We can make up some words of our own. Come on now, take turns with the lines."

The orchestra indoors just then took up the tune for an encore. To that soft accompaniment the Colonel sang his first line:

"*Supposing that you'd never met me—*"

"*In that case let's never suppose,*" she hummed in reply.

"*But then you could never forget me,*" continued the Colonel.

"I'm stuck," she said. "I can't get it. Wait a minute—*Our poetry never be prose.*"

"Grand!" said the Colonel. "We'll knock Irving Berlin for a loop. Here we go: *That is the tragic in every sweet magic—*"

"*Yes, even the fairy tales end,*" she improvised in a prettily pretended pathos.

Both paused, struggling for the next rhyme. The Colonel got it first, and warbled in a thrilling *espressivo:*

"*So we can't sever, forever and ever*
Let's pretend Not To Pretend."

He finished off with a fine rich flourish on the mouth organ.

"Gene, you're *wonderful!*" she cried ecstatically. "You're much too good for the old League of Nations; you ought to be a bandmaster or something."

The delighted virtuoso replied with both arms and the one word that was his favorite ejaculation.

"Darling!" was his simple declarative statement. One word and two arms, he used to remark, could best express a tender crisis.

"I *do* so like to be admired," he murmured, "and I've had so little of it."

"Nonsense," whispered the infatuated Nyla. "The League must be frightfully proud of you, going round making people happy."

"Never mind the League," he said. "Let's iorget the League for the nonce. In fact, for several nonces. We'll go off and found a republic of our own. We haven't had that voyage on the moat yet."

But the affairs of state are not so easily forgotten. Others were also finding the terrace useful, though perhaps less pleasant. Herr Leutz, escaped from the dance floor to a tilting ground not less perilous, was strolling with the Ambassador. From the Ambassador came only a mild fragrance of cigar while Herr Leutz's words of woe were audible.

"Von hondred eight million six hondred und sefenty-four tousand fife hondred und tventy-fife florin," he was saying. "Blus aggrued interests up to now, blus interests for sixty-two year—Ach, Herr Ambassador, you call dat gapacity to bay, dot sound to me like de massacre of de innocents. Und if de florin she go any lower, ve haf to hire a plomber to hunt for her down de drain pipe."

The tactful Colonel was about to lead Nyla away from this painful scene when a dark figure that had been peering about in the moonlight approached cautiously and proved to be Romsteck.

"Your pardon, Fräulein," he said politely. "Colonel, here are the dispatches you were expecting." He handed him an envelope.

"Oh, yes," said the Colonel, at first a little annoyed at the interruption. Then the shape and feel of the envelope reassured him. "The dispatches, yes. I wouldn't have missed them for—for a couple of hundred florins."

"Exactly, sir. The Colonel is always accurate."

"A lovely evening, Romsteck. Are all the guests quite happy?"

"There is one, Colonel, who cannot be kept happy indefinitely."

"What does he mean?" asked Nyla.

"He must mean Frau Quackenbush."

"Poor daddy, he's having a terrible time."

"If ve say von million florin a year for sixty-two year," continued the unhappy voice of Herr Leutz, "mit an average rate of interests of not more dan von per cent—"

"This is too gruesome," said the Colonel, and they turned toward the dance.

Through the open French windows they could see glimpses of gliding couples, where the fashionables of Farniente did honor to the occasion. The President, having vainly sought the apostate Colonel, was doing his best. Holding the lady gingerly at a distance, so that he could gaze downward unimpeded, Herr Guadeloupe was too busy co-ordinating feet to attempt small-talk. Save for his automatic repetition, "Excuse, I tell de vorld," or his anguished, "sorry to meet you" when they came solidly against the massy postern of some Illyrian dowager, he performed in anxious silence. The orchestra leader, keeping respectful watch on the chief magistrate's timing, made the mistake of trying to help him by halting the music when he went wrong. The unhappy man dared not raise his eyes from the floor except when he occasionally cast a haggard look in search of his adviser. The latter had been only a brilliant migrant in the crowded ballroom, seen sometimes in the distance floating serenely with Nyla, then disappearing again into the moonlight.

So Frau Quackenbush, aware that a

few more collisions would be fatal, did the steering. The President turned always in the same direction. His brow, fiercely intent, drooped lower and lower upon her generous acclivities until his head almost seemed to teeter there unstably like the rolling stone on its perch of moss. His English had vanished in his hour of need; he no longer could remember any phrase adequate to thank Frau Quackenbush for the honor and suggest recess. She herself was succumbing to the unholy vertigo. Her face was flushed, her eyes closed, she had a strong desire to scream. She controlled herself, as I suppose many a strong-minded matron has done in moments of hellish temptation, by forcing herself to recall the parliamentary procedure of the Ohio Federation of Women's Clubs. Through clenched teeth she murmured the sanative and gracious ritual: *Minutes of the Last Meeting. Reports of Committees. Special Business. The Literary Program. Madam President, we have with us to-day the distinguished British poet.* . . . Already the Illyrian ladies had begun to stare and whisper, a buzz of scandalized sensation to pass round the room. Then the Colonel, who had seen the crisis, deftly slipped through the throng. He broke every rule of high etiquette by cutting in on the President's partner and unwound the spell by a few resolute twirls in the opposite direction. One on each arm he led the collapsing pair to the coolness of a window. He lent Frau Quackenbush a handkerchief, her own having slipped too far down to be decently retrievable; from his pocket he produced the forgotten hay-fever atomizer and sprayed the panting President and his speechless partner.

XIV

In the great hall, under the beam of many candles, Herr Guadeloupe and Nyla were saying good-night to the departing guests. The President looked senile with fatigue. Not the caducity of the florin, nor the anxieties of the American bondholders, nor height nor depth nor any other created thing could much longer keep him from bed. But Nyla, shining in her golden frock, radiated the divine vitality of girlhood. Her dark hair, her lilac eyes, her pretty tinge of excitement were caught in a mild flush of quivering light. The impressionable Colonel, halting on the curved stair by the portraits of old lords of Farniente, vowed to himself that those painted ruffians had never looked down on prettier neck and shoulders. "I'll bet you never did," he remarked to the Duke Friedrich, whose yellow canvas face looked biliously at him. "Never one so lovely. Or so chaste," he added with a sigh.

"It would be a pity if the Dalmatian Navy never had any sea service," he said to her as she turned from dispatching the last leave-taker. "I have the punt all ready."

Now in the ancient flat-bottomed boat, tilting heavily aft, they idled gently. Low under those licheny walls the water was dark, scribbled here and there with silver where the moon leaked through the chestnut trees. The Colonel paddled softly with an oar, then, with the optimism of a true Dalmatian navigator, entrusted his vessel to destiny. The small melody of the Moating Song sighed from his mouth organ. A gradual diminution of brightness in the windows above them showed that candles were being puffed out one by one. In Illyria the gaiety of evening is not blackened at one flick, by snapping a switch. Windows extinguish like stars, paling softly.

"It would be preposterous," he said, "not to pay such a night the tribute of an embrace."

They paid it. The florin may depreciate but the Illyrian kiss remains always perfect par, a sterling medium of exchange.

"Pinch me," she said at last. "I guess I've been enchanted into a different world. I thought for a moment you were some kind of fairy prince."

It was too comprehensive to be described as a pinch.

From the distant cathedral came the boom of midnight, followed by small tinny chimes tinkling in various quarters of the town.

"Those little churches had really quite forgotten the time," said Nyla, "but as soon as the big one shouted twelve o'clock they all hurried to pretend they knew it too."

"I wish they wouldn't make such a point of it. There oughtn't to be any time in a place like Illyria. Nothing but eternity, like this."

"Mention it to the League," suggested Nyla happily. "Darling, you can do anything. You *are* a fairy prince."

The Colonel seemed troubled. Perhaps he remembered that at midnight fairy princes turn back into disinherited cadets, coaches of state into pumpkins. Fairy tales have so many disquieting analogies.

The slow current had drifted them round the North Tower, under the terrace balustrade. All that face of the house lay in thick shadow.

"Gene!" she whispered, clutching him in sudden panic. "What's that? Look, over there on the parapet. Something white."

"I don't see anything," said the Colonel. "Great place for a ghost, though. Surely this house ought to be haunted by Dukes with bullet holes in them. Or maybe the ghost of the florin."

He pushed the boat off from under the wall into midstream, where they had a wider view.

"Jove, there *is* something there."

Far along the terrace hovered a glint of white, apparently suspended above the ground. It was small enough, truly, to be the wraith of the florin. Then it disappeared. There was a splash and a faint choked cry.

"Gene, it's the little girl! Hurry, hurry."

The old punt was unwieldy in the dark. The rowlocks were missing and, though each seized an oar, their desperate paddling only succeeded in twirling the craft in a wild swing which brought them bumping back against the wall. The Colonel hastily scrambled up the rough stonework. He would have fallen but Nyla boosted him fiercely from behind. He vaulted the balustrade and ran along the terrace. Now he could see a small white commotion in the water. With a leap he cleared the parapet and dived in.

It was indeed Myrtle. Nervous excitement, the cocktail, the uproars of the orchestra, and a lively indigestion had made sleep spasmodic. Her dreams were all of the brilliant elevator man who was going to take her promenading by the moat in the morning. She had been put in a room by herself. Thence, after restless rollings in a vast canopied bed, she had eventually sallied out in an almost somnambulist trance which was half fatigue and half the uneasiness of colic. A rearward stair brought her unobserved to the postern door onto the terrace. Here, refreshed by the clear night, her extravagant and erring spirit desired one more tiptoe along the stone balustrade.

With considerable difficulty the Colonel held up the strangling figure while Nyla, groping along the wall, pulled the punt toward them and shouted for help. The dress uniform of Dalmatian admirals, as fortunately few of them have learned, makes an ill swimming suit. The Colonel was heavily sogged by his golden festoonery. He swam laboriously, grasping Myrtle by her armpits. Eventually they got her into the punt. The dripping Colonel scaled the wall, hoisted up the half-drowned child, and hauled Nyla afterward, leaving their shallop to drift where it would. Myrtle, after groaning faintly, suddenly ejected several pints of moat and began to bawl lustily.

"I wanted to see the elevator man," she screamed. "Take me away from this rotten hotel."

The Colonel, exhausted, sat panting in a trickle. By this time the terrace was filling with all varieties of negligée.

Romsteck, who had apparently made no move to retire, was the only presentable figure. Frau Quackenbush, who had seen her daughter safe in bed only half an hour earlier, came trailing ribbons with a scream of maternal dismay. The President sped out in a flannel nightshirt.

"*Gott!*" he cried. "Yet anodder attack on Frau Quackenbush?"

The Ambassador was shouting inquiry from the bedroom window. He was beginning to wonder whether the post at Farniente might not prove too vivacious for a man of mature years.

"Myrtle fell into the moat," explained Nyla to Frau Quackenbush, soothing the sobbing child, and trying to dry her with a handkerchief. "The Colonel saved her."

"De child," yelled Guadeloupe to the anxious parent at the window. "He fell drunk in de moat. But not dead drunk," he hastened to reassure. "*Gott* be tank, I feared it vas anodder case for de billiards table."

Herr Quackenbush appeared in pajamas with a blanket, and Frau Innsbruck with a bottle of the 1865 cognac, the universal specific. In the middle of an admiring circle Myrtle was given a hasty friction, then blanketed and carried off. "That bed was too lonely, I couldn't sleep," she wailed. "I want to go to bed with the elevator man."

"You drink de cognac, Colonel," said the excited President. "Happy days, my interpretations save from de perils of de moat."

"My dear sir," said the Ambassador, "obviously I cannot thank you for what you've done. But if there's any way I can show my gratitude—anything, sir, anything. You have only to name it."

"De gustomary ting," said the Colonel, rising from his pool, "vould be to ask you de hand of your daughter in marriage. I spare you dat sacrifice. But dere is von little ting."

"Name it, sir, name it."

"You are here, Herr Ambassador, as blenipotentiary to negotiate de debt. I overhear de Herr Leutz say dat von million florin a year, blus de interests at von per cent, is Illyria's extreme gapacity to pay. Vill you promise me, on vord of honor, no matter vat happen, not to ask more dan dat?"

Herr Quackenbush was a little taken aback at this injection of politics into a sentimental scene. He paused an instant. The Colonel improved the moment with a sigh, expressive of bodily weakness and perils encountered. He wrung a small cascade of drippings from his dismal finery.

"By God, sir, I promise."

"Goot!" said the Colonel calmly. "Remember de terms of de promise, vatefer happen. Ve haf witnesses here. Besides, a gompact made among gentlemen in deir nightshirts must be specially sacred. Now I tink I go change."

XV

One great advantage of stone stairs is that they don't creak. So the Colonel reflected, once more in his brown tweeds, as he cautiously felt his way down the iron hand-rail. He was in stocking feet, groping through the moonlight. He sat on the bottom step to put on his shoes. While doing so he had a sudden fright. The major-domo emerged noiselessly from shadow.

"Don't you ever go to bed, Romsteck?"

"I was expecting you, sir. Is there anything I can do?"

"A clean handkerchief, perhaps. I think I caught a little cold in the moat."

"Here you are, sir. Also I've got some dry money for you. I take it that the bills got wet. Wet money seems suspicious, somehow, sir."

"Jove, you think of everything. I dare say you're just rolling in coin."

"Not at all, sir. I took this from Herr Quackenbush's trousers, while he was on the terrace in his nightclothes."

"That won't do. I can't rob the man."

"Certainly not, sir. If you will

kindly return the wet ones I'll dry them in the kitchen and put them back in his pocket in the morning."

"You're an excellent fellow, Romsteck," said the Colonel rising. "Well, no loitering."

"Beg pardon, sir, but are you really leaving?"

"Bet your life I am and pronto; it's one o'clock now."

"Look here, sir, you stay. We'll fix that M.P. somehow. You're just what we need. We could get up a revolution and make you Grand Duke. Begging your pardon, sir, but all the chambermaids were suggesting it."

"Delightful of you, old son. No, that splash in the moat cleared my head. I was getting a bit fantastic. That's my trouble—they say I'm not quite right in my head."

"None of the Grand Dukes ever were. That's why we were all so happy."

"I've got to beat it. You see, Romsteck, I'm not what you suppose."

"No, sir. I never supposed you were."

"You're charming at dialogue, but there isn't much time. Remember I've got to go all the way round through the subway."

"Through the passage?" said Romsteck, startled. "You know about that? But you can't go that way, there's where we've got the M.P. locked up."

"Sure," said the imperturbable Colonel. "He's going with me. You don't think I'm going to leave him behind to poison my memory with the Fräulein, do you?"

"Don't go!" appealed the majordomo. "I don't mind, sir, if you are a bit mad. It doesn't matter. It'll do us good. Please, sir, for the good of the country, don't leave us to the mercy of all these perfectly sane officials. The League of Nations will put it all over us without you to take care of us."

"Damn it, man," cried the Colonel in vexation, "you're as mad as I am. Do you suppose I *want* to go, to leave the nubile Nyla and the 1865 cognac and all the fun? I don't want to make you morbid, but I'm not here from the League of Nations or the Department of Public Safety or anyone else. I'm just on my own, and the game's up. Come, we're wasting time."

XVI

Sergeant Higgins had had a trying evening. The cellar of the North Tower is very nearly beneath the ballroom, and he sat there, angry and perplexed, listening to the clamor of music overhead. Disarmed, his gag was removed and he was given supper and a bottle of excellent vintage, but a couple of stout footmen made it plain that any attempt at escape or disturbance would mean the renewal of bonds and bandage. He helped himself to an extra bottle of the Burgundy stacked in a corner, and fell asleep on a cot-bed against the wall. Thus he was spared, later, the amorous chords of the mouth organ, which would have puzzled him. The Colonel's moating song was only a few feet from Sergeant Higgins's ear when the punt drifted past the tower.

He was too heavily asleep to stir when a key chirped in the rusty lock and the Colonel and Romsteck entered. Cointreau shook him and he sat up in confusion.

"Well, here we are," remarked the Colonel genially, standing over him with the candle. "The angel of the Lord appears in a vision to the Military Police."

"Aw, quit your kidding. Let a fella sleep," grunted the drowsy M.P. and fell back on his pallet.

"That's no way to greet the angel of the annunciation," observed Cointreau, joggling him again. This not availing, he tilted a few drops of hot candle-grease onto the slumberer's neck, which effectually startled him.

"Buck up," said the Colonel. "Tidings of great joy. Here's the lost sheep, crawling right into your bosom. What are you doing in the wine cellar?"

"Search me, buddy," said the sergeant

peevishly. "I'd like to get my hooks on that bird in the Knights of Pythias clothes. He got me railroaded into this jug. Who'n hell are you?"

"I'm the guy you're looking for."

"The hell you are! Wait a minute, where's my papers?"

"Here," said the Colonel, taking a pulpy document from his pocket. "I'm sorry it got wet. It was the fault of that Knight of Pythias."

The M.P. examined the paper and then held up the candle to look at the Colonel.

"Your hesitation is natural," said Cointreau. "The photo doesn't do me justice."

"I guess it's you. Well, you're under arrest, see?"

"Romsteck, it's a pity you don't savvy English," said the Colonel, turning graciously to the major-domo. "Here, you've been such a sportsman I'll read you the indictment. The description's quite flattering. *Eugene F. Connolly, commissioned first lieutenant —th Infantry.*—I'm afraid I have no right to the name of Cointreau. I chose it because it's my favorite liqueur. It smells like orange blossoms.—*Cited for gallantry*—here, we can skip that—*Regimental interpreter . . . five foot eleven, 170 pounds, birthmark*—Come, that's too intimate—*curly auburn hair, blue eyes, athletic and agile . . . escaped from Rehabilitation Hospital suffering from shell-shock, psychoneurotic hysteria and dementia jocosa*—devilish pedantic, these Freudian terminologies, Romsteck—*obsessional fantasies regarding the League of Nations . . . not be misled by gentlemanly manner and humorous conduct of the patient . . . mentally irresponsible, pathological case of great severity.* —Think of their pursuing a man half way across Europe because he's got dementia jocosa."

"That's what the world's come to, sir," Romsteck replied gloomily. "If a man laughs too much they think he's crazy. Consider a person in my position. I haven't dared to smile in thirty years."

"Come, Sergeant, we'll be going."

"Now? Whyn't we tear off a little sleep, Lootenant?"

"Nix, old son. Sleep is for the innocent and easy spirit. You and I are going to take the companionable sobvay, unhouseled, disappointed, unannealed. Away, away, charioted by Bacchus and his pards."

"You're the guy, all right," remarked the sergeant. "Plumb cuckoo."

"Romsteck, you'll have to say goodby to the President for me. I fear he will be distressed. I shall always remember him as I saw him last, in his manly nightshirt. By the way, here's a souvenir for you. My credentials from Geneva."

He handed over a small scarlet card stamped in gold, which Romsteck fingered curiously.

"The top of an American cigarette box," the Colonel explained. "The most official-looking thing I know. A friend of mine got into the Treaty Signing at Versailles with one of those. . . . Come on, sport. Back to the nut college. This way to the egress, as Barnum used to say."

He turned toward the hearth.

"I don't like it, that's the Gawd's truth," said Sergeant Higgins uncertainly. "Goin' out in dark night with a crazy man, me without my gun—"

"I say Yes," cried the Colonel fiercely. "Don't be misled by humorous conduct of patient. Get a move on, curse you."

He picked up the poker, to reach the spring of the passage-way; the M.P., misinterpreting this as an offensive move, leaped at him and they grappled. The door behind them opened with a squeak of ancient hinges.

"What's the trouble?" said Nyla.

She wore a blue wrapper and carried a candle.

"Gene!" she cried sharply. "Is something wrong?"

The men stood apart. Higgins gaped amazement at this vision of loveliness. Cointreau and Romsteck fidgeted uneasily.

"I heard talking down here. I was afraid someone was ill. Gene, what are you doing? Why are you all dressed?" She ran forward, seizing his arm.

"Damn," murmured the Colonel with feeling. There was a silence while Nyla studied him anxiously.

"Your pardon, Fräulein," said Romsteck. "The Colonel has had an urgent summons from the League."

"Oh," she cried, "and this is the courier to take your reports. I had such a fright. I was afraid you were going."

"I *am* going," he said. "I'm sorry, I didn't want you to know. I—I guess they're going to send me to America. I've had an offer from a publisher to write my memoirs," he added, with a wretched attempt at jauntiness.

"To America? Gene, let me come with you. Gene darling, let me. I'll go *anywhere*, I don't mind roughing it. You mustn't go to a place like that without someone to take care of you. I'll work for the League, I'll do anything."

"Say, Lootenant," put in the embarrassed M.P., "I didn't know there was a skirt in this business. If you'll excuse me, I'll step outside with the janitor."

The Colonel at that moment had no eyes or ears—or arms—for anyone but Nyla. Romsteck beckoned, and the Sergeant followed him to the door.

"You'll be O.K. in here, Lootenant. Take your time. I'll wait for you at the top of the stairs."

"Gene, you'll write to me?"

"Of course I will, darling."

"Do you *have* to go? Is the American republic in trouble, too? Fix it up and come back soon. Don't get to be too much like an American."

"Honey, I'm sorry, I've got to tell you. I *am* an American."

"I always knew there was something strange about you," she said softly. "Never mind. Come back soon and attend to the roots. Let me have one good look, so I shan't forget."

She held up the candle, which gave him opportunity to glance at his wristwatch.

"Hullo," he said. "Where's friend Higgins? Well, never mind. So much the better."

He climbed a chair and poked up the visor in the coat of arms. The passageway opened.

"Gene, must you go that way? It looks so dark and nasty. Shall I call your courier?"

"No," he said grimly. "He had his chance. Don't let Herr Quackenbush back out of his promise about the debt."

"Gene, I'll study, so we can talk American together."

"*Auf wiedersehen, Schätzchen!*"

"Goot-by, goot-by," she cried into the tunnel in her pretty accent. "Oh, Gene, it vas pleasure to have meeted you!"

And she burst into tears.

"Daddy," she said to Herr Guadeloupe at breakfast the next morning, "how much postage is needed on letters to Geneva?"

THE END

DECODING THE ROCKS

BY HENSHAW WARD

SAVAGES have no curiosity about common sights such as the sunrise or the growth of a tree. Their minds are excited only by irregular things like a firecracker or a myth.

Civilized man has seldom shown any curiosity about the common earth on which he walks, but has always been excited by its volcanic firecrackers or the myth of its Deluge. Only the most original minds, like Aristotle or Leonardo da Vinci, have focused their attention on rocks, actually looked at them with interest, and inquired, "What is your message?"

When we encounter the beliefs about the earth of even the most thoughtful men in 1700, we feel transported to a mental nursery where children made up stories of a pastry globe that cracked or caved in or spouted a Noah's Flood from its interior. When Addison posted through the Alps he thought that they were jagged fragments of a crust which had fallen in after the Deluge, dreadful ruins of a paradisal earth. The keenest geologist of his time, John Woodward, believed that all the rock in the world had been deposited in a few months.

Even so late as 1800 there was only a handful of men in the world who could look at masses of rock with any better eyesight. The most scholarly intellects of Christendom could see in mountains only the remnants deposited by Noah's Flood. Professor Silliman of Yale, a real scientist, wrote in 1824, "No one will object to ascribing most of our alluvial features to the deluge of Noah." One of his colleagues wrote in the same year about "the ruin of a former world," and not till after 1850 did geologists abandon their fancy of "the destruction of a primeval earth." These scientists were firm in the belief that the manufacturing of the earth had been completed at nine o'clock in the morning on October 23, 4004, B.C., and that earth and sea and spacious firmament on high had been all but annihilated in the Flood, exactly 2348, B.C. The professed students of rocks could hardly perceive in granite peaks and limestone cliffs anything more than this Hebrew story.

I am not implying that the message in the rocks could have been read easily if men had been more attentive to it. For it was written in most intricate and unsystematic symbols, compared with which the Maya inscriptions are simple. Moreover, the message was incredible. It told a story too vast for human conception, in terms which are alien to the instincts of our minds. It would be no discredit to our race if we were still unable to decipher the hieroglyphics of geology.

What will forever stand to the discredit of the race is that it made hardly any effort to decipher. It would not use its eyes even on those parts of the message that were printed out in plain capital letters. It theorized, philosophized, theologized, quarreled, used all manner of sophistry—did everything but observe what was recorded in unmistakable terms. Except for a few Greeks, and a half dozen Europeans during the Renaissance, no human being before 1775 seemed willing to examine rocks in the same way he examined money and puddles and candles.

Take, as the most favorable example of all geologists before 1825, a teacher in the famous academy of mines at Freiberg, the most eminent trainer of miners in his day, Werner. The best he could do was to think up a theory that all rocks were deposited by Noah's Flood, as if they were so much salt left by evaporation. He taught that there were three layers of rocks, arranged in the order of their age. When a disciple discovered near Freiberg some of the "oldest" kind on top of a "younger" kind, Werner was not interested in a fact that upset his theory. He was teaching doctrine. His doctrine was zealously defended by his followers, as if it had been a political or religious creed. Because they credited the ocean with having made the surface of the earth they were dubbed "Neptunists."

They were opposed by a school of thinkers who accounted for rocks and minerals by the action of volcanoes and earthquakes, and who were therefore called "Plutonists." The Plutonists can be credited with caring a little for the observation of facts. They pointed out the strong indications that the interior of the earth did not contain "stupendous caverns," but was solid and very hot. When they saw a basalt cliff, like the Hudson Palisades, they said, "It *looks* as if it had been poured out molten from the earth." We now know that their guess was correct.

But neither party of the geologists of a hundred years ago cared much about observing the alphabet of nature and reading her narrative. Their main reliance was on the invention of narratives. They made spectacular and romantic ones. The earthquakes of the past had been terrific, the cataclysms stupendous, the catastrophes overwhelming. One of the mildest of their romances was told, as late as 1852, by a distinguished Frenchman, Elie de Beaumont. He assured the world that every mountain range had been "thrown up suddenly" and that all ranges thrown up at the same time were parallel to one another. These mountain-making periods he called "paroxysms." The geology of 1825 was a history of the spasms of the earth's crust. Islands and continents were born in violence and blotted out in quick disaster. Every mountain gorge was the result of some frightful upheaval; every placid valley had been scooped out by the mad swirling of Noah's Flood.

We all love romance. Not simply does our fancy respond to the extraordinary doings of the long ago, but our religious instincts cling to the stories of a workman who fashioned and destroyed with the emotions that are in our breasts. To question the stories is to be "mechanistic." To find in the geological record only a history of changeless natural laws, the same to-day and yesterday and forever, is to be dreary and unconvincing. No wonder that the cipher of the rocks was utterly unreadable.

II

Some day it is going to occur to a historian that the political liberty achieved by the American Revolution is less important than the freedom of the intellect which was declared by a certain Scotch geologist, James Hutton. He set himself, "with a passionate love of inquiry," to observing the message in the rocks. He resolved—in words not previously matched among men—that he would *refrain from speculation*. He determined "to interpret the past by what can be seen in the present order of nature." His book, published in 1785, bore in its long title this phrase: "an investigation of the laws *observable*." By mere *observation* he proposed to read the riddle.

Such an undertaking was unique in the annals of mental operations. A philosopher can perceive the assumption in it—namely, that natural laws to-day are the same that they have been in the past. That might have been a fallacy; but it proved to be the key for the world's most baffling cipher.

The canny work of Hutton gradually

appealed to a few observant minds here and there. In 1807 a small group of these observers organized themselves into the Geological Society of London, with the expressed purpose of "avoiding speculation and patiently accumulating facts." The same purpose began to animate a young man, Charles Lyell, who called his *Principles of Geology*, 1830, "an attempt to explain the former changes in the earth's surface by reference to causes now in operation." All his observation had indicated to him that natural causes have always been what they are now and that they have always acted uniformly. Hence his method of searching for the secrets of the past was called "uniformitarianism."

That lumbering eight-syllable name is typical of the way in which geology has been made forbidding. The Latin and Greek polysyllables suggest to us a morgue of the emotions, a grim, mysterious, pedantic place where human interest cannot breathe. But this is the opposite of the truth. All geology is as much alive with common-sense emotion as a day in the woods is for a hunter. All a geologist's reasoning is based on cases that are as matter-of-fact as deer tracks and that are more exciting. When a geologist decodes a passage in the rocks he is no more mystical than I am when I reason about a country road that has been gullied by last night's rain.

As I open my eyes to the actual clay and gravel that lie beneath them, I do not see any evidence of a universal cataclysm which deluged the continent four thousand minutes ago. If you were walking with me and I held such language, you would think me a lunatic. You can read the geological message beside the road. Here is a clay cliff one inch high, below which is a basin of fine earth fringed with pebbles. If you follow down the slope from this point you will trace the course of *a stream that ran in past times*. You have no more doubt of what you read in the dirt than of what you read in a newspaper. Indeed, you have far less doubt; for the printed words may tell a falsehood, but the sand and stones reveal absolute truth, indisputable in its smallest detail—provided you judge that natural laws were the same last night as they are this afternoon.

My illustration, you will suppose, is humorously petty. No, it is not even so slight a thing as an illustration; it is a part of the very stuff of the most recondite geology. We have looked at a watercourse and have read its history. If we had previously spent a few months in cultivating a knowledge of many sorts of rivulets, in many sorts of soil, we could read a hundred particulars that are hidden from us by our ignorance. We should have no doubt of the accuracy of our interpretation of this stream. And if we acted in this perfectly rational way about a bit of erosion, we should surpass the performances of almost the whole body of geologists before 1825. They looked upon an earth that has everywhere been eroded by streams of water, a record as unmistakable as ours beside the road—and they did not allow themselves to use their eyes. They speculated. They reported in their learned books that all river valleys were caused in 2348, B.C., by a universal deluge. Even in 1862 it was still a common notion among geologists that the Grand Cañon of the Colorado was a fissure caused by some paroxysm; it was still necessary to prove, by arguing from actual observation, that the Cañon had been eroded.

There was never any sensational year in the history of the Southwest when violent forces were unchained that rent the rocks and formed a gorge. There was never any spectacular century in which the work was accomplished, nor any thousand-year period. The slow, calm centuries succeeded one another while the water gradually, very gradually, wore its path through a plateau that was slowly, very slowly, rising with a quiet uniformity. Everything that observers can see corroborates this read-

ing of geological history. Nothing has ever been seen in nature that opposes the reading.

Every observation ever made of a puddle or a lake that is lowered by evaporation confirms a certain opinion about a line along the mountains above Great Salt Lake. No observation conflicts with that opinion. Hence, all rational tourists now believe as a matter of course that the border of the Lake was once high up where that perfectly horizontal line runs. No other agency ever watched by human eyes is capable of making such a mark on the sides of irregular mountains.

What agency could have planted a ten-foot block of granite on a ledge, so balancing it on a one-foot base that it looks as if a high wind would topple it over? Until 1834 no geologist knew the right answer. Perhaps no geologist ever would have been shrewd enough to guess it if a Swiss hunter had not *observed* something. He noticed, with his mere pair of eyes, that great boulders looked as if they had been left, sometimes poised in remarkable positions, by glaciers. He told an engineer, who was incredulous. When the engineer finally mustered courage to report this strange observation to a society of naturalists it was met with incredulity. "Seldom has a small memoir so excited the scientific world," we are told. Most who heard it mocked at it, among them Agassiz. But Agassiz was curious. He studied the evidence with his own eyes. There was no evading it. In 1837 he horrified the Helvetic Society by publicly defending it.

Imagine that you are Agassiz, coming from Europe to be a Harvard professor in 1846. You are a devout person whose science has deepened your religious convictions. To you is put the question: "How did this balanced rock in Shrewsbury come to be in such a position?" You reply, "It was dropped there gently by a glacier." For the rest of the scene your imagination is not strong enough, because you cannot understand how the answer seemed atheistical to most Harvard professors. That was the fact. New England professors of eighty years ago were not nearly so broadminded as the inhabitants of Dayton, Tennessee, are to-day. The Daytonians want to hear what the scientists have to say. The Harvard professors did not care to listen to a mechanistic naturalist who flaunted Genesis.

Their distrust of his glacier was better-founded than you think. If his theory were accepted it would have astounding consequences. All the way west from Massachusetts there are other signs of glaciers. There are hummocks of gravel, ridges of sand and clay, hills of gravel and boulders, all of them formed out of materials jumbled together in a mass that water could never produce. Water has to sort and stratify what it carries; the hills that Agassiz traveled to view in Ohio and Wisconsin and Dakota are formed higgledy-piggledy. Ice is the only conceivable agent that could have dumped them down on the plains. The fact was as obvious to Agassiz as it would be to you and me if we had ever observed what ice does in the Canadian Rockies or along the Alaskan shore.

The consequence of Agassiz's answer reached much farther still. It is beyond dispute—at least for people who refuse to speculate—that these ice-deposits were not made by limited local glaciers in mountains. They could have been made only by a continuous sheet of ice that stretched from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with a southern front of four thousand miles. And this ice-sheet must have been moving, slowly gliding southward. It could exist only in a climate somewhat like that of Greenland.

A still more amazing consequence was, as prolonged and careful study showed, that the ice-sheet had different southern fronts at intervals of many thousands of years; it came down and went back, came down and went back, five times. There is no more doubt about it than I

feel when I examine the lines of dirt left in spring by the melting of a big snow-drift. It is possible in some places, where the record of the continental ice-sheet has been perfectly preserved, to count the number of yards and inches of a glacial retreat each year. Every retreat of a hundred miles must have meant an alteration in climate.

Another sort of record left by a glacier is comparatively slight in appearance—the grooves it makes when it presses the stones on its bottom against ledges over which it moves. Yet to the trained eye these grooves are as unmistakable as a hill. No other agency could chisel the long, straight lines. If a geologist sees them, he says "glacier" as certainly as you say "loom" when you see a piece of cloth. So we can only dimly imagine the consternation with which scientists first heard of glacial grooves on very ancient rocks in temperate regions—for example, in India, within nineteen degrees of the Equator. If the law of gravitation is the same now as it used to be, then the climate of this region must once have been sub-arctic.

Evidence of another sort shows that the climate of Greenland must once have been sub-tropical: there are beds of ancient coral in latitude 81° north. Coral polyps do not live in cold water—unless biological laws were once utterly different from what they are now. The Arctic Ocean was once warm—unless we account for coral by mythology.

If we do not trust myths, if we do trust our eyes, there is only one way of reading the record of the climate of the North American continent through past ages: it has been alternately warm and cold ever since the most ancient times. There has been no gradual cooling of a hot earth.

The key of uniform natural law has enabled us to decode another large and very different section of the message in the rocks. This is the up-and-down motion of the earth's crust. There are bits of the record which could be read by any alert high-school student. Show him the pillars of the ruins of a temple on the coast of Italy, ten miles west of Naples. These are forty feet high; for a distance of twelve feet upward from the base they are smooth; then comes a section nine feet high which has been pitted with holes by some stone-boring mussels that can live only in salt water; above this band of borings the pillars are smooth. Only one explanation of the borings is possible: at one time the base of the pillars was more than twenty-two feet under water; and after the pillars had been submerged for a period, they were again lifted out of the water. The land at this place sank and rose more than twenty-two feet during seventeen centuries.

There has been a long series of accurate measurements of levels in the Baltic, which show that in certain shallow waters the depth has diminished. The lifetime of one man has been sufficient for the shoaling of a passage, so that where his boat would pass when he was a boy it will not pass when he is an old man.

These and many other indubitable proofs embolden the geologists to believe their eyes when they see, by signs quite as indubitable in the rocks, that mountains have been slowly lifted ten thousand, twenty thousand, and thirty thousand feet.

The largest and by far the most important part of the geological record has been read by means of fossils. If we believe that an old nest was made by birds, that the skeleton of a dog in Pompeii was once part of a living dog at Pompeii, that a beetle in amber was once a live beetle on a tree—then we must believe that the fossil records of plant and animal life reveal a history of the globe. In this article I can do no more than point to two examples of how the geologists learned to read by means of fossils.

William Smith, nicknamed "Strata" Smith, was a surveyor whose various jobs carried him over many parts of England when canals were being pro-

jected so numerously to provide for the needs of the Industrial Revolution. As he surveyed he curiously observed the strata of rocks; and after he had gained a long experience of them and had codified his surveys, he discovered *a settled order of succession*. Now it so happened that two clergymen became acquainted with this interesting but unacademic lover of nature. One of these, like so many other men of the cloth in England and France, was interested in nature and had made himself an adept in fossils. Smith classified the rector's fossils *according to the order of the strata in which they had been found*. In 1799 he collaborated with the rector in publishing these results of putting together the knowledge of strata and the knowledge of fossils: *Order of the Strata, and Their Imbedded Organic Remains, in the Neighbourhood of Bath*. This book is as significant in intellectual history as the fall of the Bastille is in political annals.

While Smith was learning to read fossils in England, a French abbé was investigating fossils in the limestone hills west of the Rhone, above Avignon. He found at one place five layers, in each of which was a distinctly different set of shells; in the bottom set there were no shells like any that live to-day; in the next layer above this was a set that contained a few living species; and from here up the successive layers grew continually more modern; the top layer contained no extinct species. When, now, the abbé studied a place in the hills north of this, he found the same five layers of limestone of the same different ages. And the same was true of a place to the south. In short, he had discovered a code-book for the message which nature had written at the edge of the Rhone valley. If any skeptic had gone to a spot in the hills where the abbé had never been, had there collected samples of the shells, and had labeled his sets wrong, the abbé would have detected the trick and could have exposed it by going back with the skeptic to supervise him while he collected a second time. No variation in the order was found at the time, nor has any ever been found in the researches since then.

In other parts of France, and in other countries, are similar sets of those identical kinds of shells. They always have the identical order that they have on the Rhone. The geologists now know that the record read by the abbé is a record of the time-order of the rocks, and that it always reveals the same order in all parts of the world.

There is no way of knowing the age of a formation by the kind of rock or minerals in it, since lava and limestone and gneiss might have been formed in any era since the earth was young. The relative age of a formation can only be told, either directly or indirectly, by fossil evidence.

My two illustrations are very much simplified and merely indicate the hundreds of indexes to the vast volumes of stone. But they show the principle. The work of paleontologists throughout the past century has been to carry out the principles of observing the order of fossils in one region and comparing it with the defective or distorted record in another region. It has been a most intricate and tricky labor. It has required the co-operation of thousands of skilled men inspired by a zest for the most difficult sort of detective work with the most baffling materials. It is far from solved. In fact, the tangles in the fossil evidence are so numerous that one man has written a book to prove all geology a bluff. If I had ever encountered an incautious geologist I might be interested in this book; but it means no more to a reasonable person than an attempt to prove that the buildings in Chicago are a lie invented by an association of real estate dealers.

Geologists are just as competitive as real estate agents. Every paragraph of the history of the earth has been subjected to the pitiless scrutiny of rivals. Every young geologist on a survey in summer knows that if he can find evidence against any accepted bit of the

chronicles he can gain prestige and open a career by publishing his evidence in a technical journal. The worst nightmare of every old geologist is the fear that some rival will detect him in error. For these translators of the cipher of fossils are not a corporation of altruists building a pretty temple for their common glory; they are self-seeking and emulous individuals who covet more salary and reputation. And they cannot realize their ambitions by subscribing to a creed. They can get ahead only by translating something. It is this perpetual rivalry which guarantees to laymen the version upon which they are all agreed.

Their scripture is a story to which no adjectives can do justice. When a scientist, testifying at the Scopes trial in 1925, spoke the first sentence of it, the crowd in the courtroom tittered. To them he sounded ridiculous when he said, "The crust of the earth is at least a thousand million years old." Yet no geologist in the world has been able to win fame or promotion by disproving that first verse of the genesis according to science.

III

Professor Chamberlin of the University of Chicago, the dean of American geologists, was once engaged in an ordinary kind of deciphering job: "How could ice-sheets have crept so far south over the coral of an ancient warm sea?" He cared no more for speculation than a bloodhound does for metaphysics; he simply followed his scientific nose. And the trail led him to the most distant stars, where he had to call upon Professor Moulton for astronomical advice. You may read the story in his little book, *The Origin of the Earth*, which bids fair to become one of the most significant of scientific classics. Here I can only sketch what he discovered as a first chapter for the testament of the rocks. Fantastic though it sounds, and remote from geology though it seems, it was arrived at by inquiring, "What causes, which have always been uniformly at work in the universe and which can be observed now, could have produced our set of planets?" The answer proved to be what I outline in the next two paragraphs.

A billion or two years ago there was almost a collision between Sol and another sun; the other sun came so near Sol in its cosmic travels that it began to disrupt Sol; eight gobs of molten matter, drawn by the superior attraction of the other sun, rushed toward it; they were not fast enough to reach it, for it had been wheeled out of its course by Sol; the gobs were thus left spinning in cold space, unable to get back to the warm nest which they had left—and they have continued spinning to this day, revolving about Sol, as eight planets. Two revolve between us and our sun, five beyond us.

The embryo earth was much smaller than now, molten, of irregular shape. But it must have cooled and taken a spherical shape in an extremely brief time, as time goes in geology. No sooner had it settled in its monotonous race-course than it began to gather to itself the débris of the encounter of the suns, and grew rapidly in size.

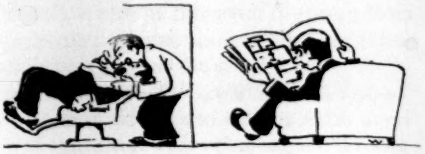
So it had a most bizarre birth and an eventful infancy. But since then it has been a most placid and changeless orb, never hot since it took its present form, never more volcanic than now, never covered with sulphurous vapors, never altering in any noticeable way. Very gradually it accumulated an ocean and an atmosphere. The ocean adjusted itself to land-masses very much as we see it adjusted to-day. Portions of the crust have always been slowly pushed up and slowly worn down by erosion, but always within such heights as we see now. Geologists cannot learn of any period of cataclysms and terrible doings. When I read in a newspaper that a survey mark on a peak near Santa Barbara has been pushed north thirty inches during the last twenty-four years I have read the record of as much violence as

has been customary throughout the earth's existence.

Think of one sample of the details of this vast record that even the most wary geologist feels assured of. He will tell you that by the most scrupulous comparisons of the tablets of stone, taking account of tracks and shells and records of rain-storms several hundreds of millions of years ago— You stop him and ask about the rain-storm joke. It is not a joke. Some raindrops in ancient eras left such accurate impressions of themselves on mud, which hardened into rock, that now we can know from what direction the wind was blowing, and how large and frequent the drops were. The geologist will continue to tell, if you do not interrupt, what he knows about the varying shape and size of our continent during the last half-billion years. He will not like to talk in years; he says he knows only "time periods." But when he tabulates these periods to show their proportionate lengths, and estimates for us the minimum total of the periods, he has to allow us to see what his table means in our arithmetic. If, then, we compare the maps he draws, we shall form conclusions like this: "About four hundred million years ago North America looked like a combination of Australia and Greenland. Twenty million years later it looked almost familiar, with an Alaska attached in the right place and a Gulf of California where it belonged. Then, some twenty million years later still, North America was all chewed to pieces, for Puget Sound was two thousand miles long, and the Gulf of Mexico was a thousand miles too far north."

When I take stock of all the ingenuity and patience and stern honesty that went to the making of such maps of the past (you may see dozens of them in Grabau's *Textbook*), I am filled with admiration for geology. When I realize that they are authentic chapters of a mighty history, I feel reverence. Geology has shown us the folly of which the human reason is capable. It has shown us what reason may achieve if it will trust its eyes.

The Lion's Mouth



THE HOUSE COMFORTABLE

BY CHARLES A. BENNETT

SOMETIMES when I am at my dentist's or when I am waiting at the Country Club for some affluent friend who has invited me there, I find myself glancing through one of those illustrated journals that march beneath the sign *For Hearth, for Garden, and for Home.* As I turn the pages I wonder whether this is a magazine that deals in real estate or a firm of real estatics that publishes a magazine. Whatever its origin or intention, the product itself is a farrago of indecipherable reproductions of architects' plans, pictures of "delightfully cool interior effects"—achieved apparently by setting a bowl of tulips on a polished table and pulling down the window shades, photographs of country homes, and essays upon such subjects as "The Culture of the Korean Iris." Finally there will be an instructive article on "Beautifying the Bare Spots." From this it seems that all you have to do is to collect some rocks in a heap and with a dibble set out some rock-plants in the interstices—simple things like Saxifrage, Febrifuge, and the Tufted Marlinspike. Any obliging junk man will let you have a discarded plaster Cupid. Polish up the bloated urchin, set him on top of the pile, and there you are! Underneath the picture of this horticultural ensemble there will be a little verse which runs after this fashion:

Fringed grot,
Cool spot,
Eh, what?
What rot!

Well, as I was about to say when my attention wandered, some time ago one of these concerns sent me a form letter saying that they had learned that our place was one of the more beautiful Country Homes of America, so wouldn't I let their representative come and take some sumptuous photographs of it which they could publish in their magazine. That was a poor shot, eh, what? For no one has ever accused our house of being beautiful. (I call it ours; but it is the landlord's really.) Years ago it was partly burned down and rebuilt in the style of a rather poor period. Later it was moved about a hundred yards, raised eight feet on a red brick underpinning—or whatever you call it—and slewed round towards the magnetic north so as to give the furnace a northern exposure. A few years later six rooms were added as a sort of architectural afterthought or adhesion. No, beautiful is not the word. But, I reflected, why insist on beauty? Surely comfort is more important.

The result of the train of thought thus started is that I am going to publish a magazine to be called *The House Comfortable, Inc.* I am to be editor. The man who won only third prize in a Piquant Pergola Competition and has been embittered ever since is putting up the money. The title is to be in the inverted style, because that device makes for impressiveness and has almost a relish of sanctification about it, like "the choir invisible" or "the life eternal." We have got six mailing lists. Each person therefore is sure of receiving at least

three copies of our inaugural form letter. This alone is enough to show that we are right in the stream of modern business efficiency. But just wait till you hear the rest. We have a filing system, a stenographer of unmistakable charm, some overhead, and a sinking fund. You see, we are going into this thing in a big way. For the detailed description of our plans an impatient public must wait until our magazine is on sale, but it is only fair to announce in advance some of our special features.

Bathrooms. We propose to give a good deal of attention to bathrooms. We have the greatest admiration for the achievements of American plumbing. Just as Greece gave to the world Art, and Rome gave Law, so America has given Plumbing. But her plumbers, or Plumbors as they probably now style themselves, have yet much to learn on the score of comfort. (1) The bathroom should be large, at least fourteen feet square. This is not in order to give room for the daily dozen—the proper place for these is the gymnasium or the insane asylum, but to mark the fact that the bathroom is a place of ample leisure suited to peripatetic meditation or song. (2) A bath is a thing to be walked down into, not to be stepped over into. (Who was it said that a preposition never should be used to end a sentence with?) Therefore we shall recommend baths sunk in the floor, two steps down. (3) Further, since the purpose of the bath is relaxation and reflection rather than cleansing, our model bath will have a shelf hinged at one end on which the recumbent bather can set up his book. There will also be a tongs or forceps with which one can turn over the pages without removing one's arm from the water. (4) Instead of the skimpy things they sell nowadays, we shall urge the use of real towels, that is, towels of generous size, at least six feet by four. I realize that towelling is hardly to be considered as a branch of plumbing, but I don't see what can be done about that now. (5) A good big fireplace. We think of offering prizes for the best mottoes for a bathroom fireplace. The Latin classics must contain thousands of appropriate quotations.

The Dining Room. Under this head I will mention only tablecloths. Everyone knows what a nuisance linen tablecloths are. Your child upsets a glass of milk, or a more than usually refractory chicken leg skates off the carving dish. Your wife exclaims, "Oh, see what you have done to the tablecloth and it was put on clean only this morning!" A wrecking crew arrives from the kitchen and shoves a plate in under the stain. This only serves to give prominence to the crime. Meanwhile the dinner grows cold, tempers spoil, and the meal is socially and gastronomically ruined. Seeing that for hundreds of years men, women, and children have been upsetting things at table, you would think that by this time something would have been done about it. But no; it has been left to us to propose the obvious reform. Of course I am aware that someone has invented a table surface immune to every conceivable disaster, but, as far as I can make out from the advertisements, if you are eating at one of these tables and a guest happens to spill some soup on it, in order to put him at his ease, you must dash out to the kitchen, return with a kettle of boiling water, and pour it gaily on the table, exclaiming, "Please don't concern yourself about it. You see, nothing can hurt our table!" That seems such a roundabout way of restoring your guest's equanimity. Our innovation is simple—oil-cloth covers for tables. I need not enlarge upon their obvious advantages. Of course we shall find ourselves fighting the Laundry Trust, but a reference to our suggestion under the head of towelling may placate them.

The Living Room. Subsection vi: *Ash Trays.* The things commonly sold as such under the head of Smokers' Accessories have evidently been designed by non-smokers, for non-smokers who

live in homes beautiful. They are worthless. The ideal receptacle for smokers' debris is a common pail or bucket. These should be so placed that it is possible with average accuracy of aim to hole out in one from any position in the room.

Delenda. This is to be our black list. Under this head we shall publish each month a list of minor domestic abominations whose removal is imperative. A dollar for each suggestion adopted. For example: Bedspreads, counterpanes, or quilts. In the absence of my wife and the *Oxford Dictionary* I cannot tell which is the correct name for it. Anyway, I mean that large embroidered diaphaneity whose only discoverable functions are: (1) To be spread over the bed in the morning, (2) to be removed at night, (3) to keep itself unspotted from the world.

The Nursery. No house can be comfortable unless the infant's propensity to ululation and the raucous cries and general obstreperousness of older children can be controlled. Hitherto this has been impossible. But a new era is at hand. We, that is to say, *The House Comfortable, Inc.*, are fortunate in having been appointed sole agents for, and distributors of, a new and harmless drug called Hypnopædine. The property of this drug, as its name implies, is to induce in children of tough or tender age what physicians call a benign stupor. The duration of the stupor can be nicely regulated by the amount of the dose. We think that the wives and mothers who might have been somewhat cool to our other proposals may be captivated by this domestic boon, with its dramatic selling slogan: "The child straightens out like a ribbon and lies evenly on the bed."

So much for a foretaste of what is to come. We are now ready for business. There will be four classes of subscribers (if any). *Life Subscribers.* These pay a hundred dollars a year and are in for life. *Sustaining Subscribers.* These pay fifty dollars a year and are called sustainers because we hope they will keep it up for ten years. *Associate Subscribers.* We associate them in our minds with twenty-five dollars a year and an indeterminate sentence. *Co-operating Subscribers.* There was really no need to give this class a special name, for these are just ordinary subscribers drawn from the great mass of the common people whose heart is in the right place, but our Consulting Expert in the Psychology of Advertising, the man who wrote *The Psychology of Appeal and Response or Conditioning the Sucker Reflex*, advised us to invent a name for the fourth class. Subscriptions must be paid in advance by cash, certified check, or money order. All subscriptions will be spent immediately on receipt and no subscription will be returned even if accompanied by stamped addressed envelope.

GOLD-DIGGING ALMA MATER

BY O. R. SELLERS

NEVER has there been a more severe open season on loyal alumni than the present decade. The statement that Ephraim Biff has given Bump University four million dollars on condition that the institution raise an equal amount from other sources is so common a news item that it is hardly worth a double deck head. Naturally, part of these other sources must be the alumni.

So three weeks after the first announcement the Bump alumnus receives a neatly printed pamphlet setting forth briefly the achievements of his alma mater in science, philosophy, language, and literature. After a decent interval this is followed by another prospectus showing wash drawings and plans of the proposed anatomical laboratory, geolog-

ical museum, engineering hall, and modern-language building. Then there comes a questionnaire for the new alumni directory. He is asked again to state his class, his degrees, his present connections, the books and articles he has published, the date of his marriage, the ages of his children, and any other honors that may have come his way.

There follows a circular with red headings announcing the biggest dinner in history. President Bamm will be the guest of honor. Dean Buff will tell about the alumni he met on his recent trip to Japan. Coach Bagg will recount the achievements of last fall's champions and give a line on the coming season. "All the old gang will be there. Don't let us miss you."

He signs the enclosed post card and his doom. He will subscribe to the expansion fund and probably will serve on a soliciting committee.

The developers of subdivisions have nothing on the boys who go after the alumni. The sedate grad who eludes his dear old alma mater's crew of go-getters is as much of a novelty as an Irishman in a symphony orchestra. He is visited first by an ordinary committee member. He can save trouble by signing at once. But if he is stubborn he will receive a letter and later a call from one of his classmates who has built up a large bond business. In case of continued reluctance a high-powered solicitor working strictly on a commission basis will make him so ashamed of himself that he will come through with a hundred dollars more than the first visitor had hoped to get.

Last winter I received a telephone invitation to dinner with a youth I had known casually in the university from which I graduated. Since then he had become secretary to the university president. At the time I received the invitation I was working fourteen hours a day at my profession, but before I knew what had happened I had accepted a soliciting assignment and sallied forth with my list of fourteen prospects and a pamphlet of instructions reminiscent of the summer I had attempted to sell aluminum ware. By taking off four evenings, I ran down all my prospects but one and landed ten contributions.

It was very desirable to have a hundred per cent representation from our city. So another committeeman, who sells insurance, took my failures and made two of them sign; but he was insulted by prospect thirteen and, like me, he was not even able to see number fourteen. Then there came out the university's clean-up man, a senior from the law school working on commission. How he did it I don't know, but he cracked the two tough boys for eight hundred—more than the total of the ten contributions I had garnered. It would have paid these reluctant ones to sign up with me at fifty each.

The bleeding of alumni now is no haphazard affair, nor is it a matter of sentiment. It is a well-organized and lucrative business. I did my undergraduate work in a Western university and my graduate work in the East. My wife is an alumna of one of the Eastern women's colleges so well known that they name candy and underwear for it. It so happened last winter that our three alma maters were driving at the same time, and I noticed a similarity in the literature—a similarity so startling that I could hardly believe it due to the general acceptance of the principles of the new science—sales psychology. I learned later that all three drives were being directed by an Eastern corporation which does nothing but stimulate and fertilize college loyalty. So those of us who have responded to the call of the dear old college are landed suckers, trimmed boobs—high-class ones, of course, but fish nevertheless. Our money, after the commissions are deducted, goes to a reasonably good cause, but the methods by which it is secured are the same as those used by the salesmen of oil stock and unseen real estate.

The university or college itself, however, is not the only bidder for the cash

of the loyal alumnus. There is the general alumni association and the local alumni club, to which dues must be paid, and there is the class, which is establishing a scholarship fund. Old Billy Bull, whose snap courses in English Literature have been a great boon to the athletes and whose speeches at mass meetings have cheered many teams to victory, is about to retire and it is only fitting that his former students present a portrait of him to the university.

Then the fraternity chapter house becomes obsolete, and to maintain standing on the campus the boys must have a new domicile to compare with those of Alpha Beta Gamma and Delta Epsilon Zeta. Or, if you have paid your pledge to the building fund and the house from the outside is a cause of envy to the Theta Iota Kappas next door, still there is need of new furniture and silverware.

Some of the soliciting literature sent out by the fraternity undergraduates is efficient in causing the old grad to think of the time he engineered the deal which bumped the Lambda Mu Nus in the class election and to reach for his check book. It is written by the boys who have taken courses in sales-letter writing in the college of commerce.

Never have I failed to respond when called on for a contribution to my graduate fraternity, to my professional fraternity, or to either of my alma maters. My contributions never have been large, but they are sufficiently numerous generally to cause comment by the clerk at the income tax office. Most of the time I have a feeling of self-righteousness over them, but when I attend a homecoming or an alumni meeting I often wonder whether I have been prudent.

Alumni meetings are not what they used to be. In the pre-Volstead days the old grads, after the formal meeting, would go over to Jimmy's, order beer, and proceed to entertain themselves until closing time. There was some real comradeship in those gatherings. But now, while I am an ardent prohibitionist and think that even with poor enforcement the Eighteenth Amendment has done a world of good, I must admit that the demise of the open saloon has ruined alumni reunions. Most of the people that you want to see don't come, and those that do come are not particularly cordial. The ones with flasks go off by themselves and drink their medicine with only simulated joy. The drunks are no longer funny, but merely pitiful. In spite of brave pretense, the boys don't enjoy their vile corn liquor. And, as a matter of fact, there is not a great deal of drinking. It only seems that there is because those who do drink are more offensive than they were in the previous generation.

Three years ago I moved back to the city of my first alma mater. On the earliest opportunity I visited my fraternity house, which I had helped to build. It was on the occasion of an early football game. After the game the chapter held an open house, to which all alumni with their wives were invited. I had talked so much of my fraternity to my wife that both of us were anticipating keenly the joys of the brotherly gathering. But when we went into the house nobody spoke to us. There seemed to be present a lot of undergraduate boys and girls intent on dancing. A few alumni and their wives were there, but I knew none of them, and they seemed as much embarrassed as we were.

A slick-haired youth, evidently a chapter officer, finally came around and asked our names. They meant nothing to him. He asked my chapter, but before I answered the music started and he hurried to his girl. So we left.

Before the big homecoming game at the end of the season I received a most cordial invitation from the chapter to come out. I thought that surely some of the alumni from my day would be there, and I was able, after some argument, to persuade my wife to take another chance. Our team won a glorious, unexpected victory, so that there should have been mirth and rejoicing. But at

the house conditions were about the same as before. This time there were present four men that I knew and we introduced our wives; but the women had nothing much in common and the men had developed divergent interests. We asked the perfunctory questions about occupations and number of children. We exchanged addresses, promptly to be forgotten. Meanwhile the undergraduates danced. I could get my wife into that house again only by knocking her unconscious and carrying her.

University homecomings are notable in that only comparatively few come home. After the game everybody drives away or rushes for the train.

Alumni dinners, though, are worse. They are harder to leave. The people who attend are mostly those whose college life was not successful, wistfully looking for some compensation, or those less successful in business than they were in college, living in the past. I attend alumni dinners regularly, paying exorbitant prices for poor meals and generally finding myself seated between people in whom I am not interested and who are not interested in me. Nearly every time I go I decide it will be the last, but somehow I am unable to keep my resolution. Possibly I may unconsciously hope to find myself seated by one of the few girls of my time who remain charming; it may be that I take delight in seeing some of the erstwhile beautiful maidens who used to cut dances with me now displaying fat bodies, gray hair, and goitre; or I may pride myself in being able to call a few of the eminently successful men who occasionally appear by their first names.

The promotion of alumni affairs is hard business. It is carried on principally by two classes: paid secretaries, who look on the loyal alumnus as their meal ticket, and those willing to work because of a desire for recognition. I know of one outstanding example of the latter class. Though not very capable or personally attractive, by taking over unpleasant tasks and attending all possible meetings through fifteen years he has become president of his alumni association and a trustee of his university. There is another small, but still important class: those who, unable to say "no," are hounded into activity by the paid secretaries.

Through these agents Alma Mater chases her sons. She no longer is the stately, benevolent lady we used to see in the college annuals. She demands our time, our money, our energy. She is a go-getting, gold-digging jazz baby.

She is strictly modern in every respect but one—she has shown no inclination to reduce.

YOUNG PUBLIUS IS DISGRUNTLED

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

OF course The Easy Chair is a conservative seat, and it follows that nobody would have been deputized to sit in it who had not evinced conservative propensities. It is no Bolshevist's bench, The Easy Chair; No! No! Perhaps that is why young Publius, whom I speak of sometimes, seems a good tonic for it. He comes often to our house, talks freely and quite loud, and always puts over on us complaints or indictments of this or that detail of life as we now see it lived. Publius has his meals regularly and has no special trouble with them when eaten. He seems to get a little to drink, has good health, a very nice family, a pretty good job, and terrestrial prospects of reasonable felicity—unaffected by all of which good fortune, he comes to our house with these diatribes about the details of the *status quo*.

For example, I wish you could hear him talk about the Hall trial. No one living in that wholesome fear of libel suits that stays the disclosures of some intemperate minds would dare tell the whole of what Publius says about that case; of why it was got up; of what newspaper instigation this recent trial had and why; of how intolerable an outrage it was on the family concerned, and so on and so on. Anyone who reprinted all of his remarks would be in danger of the grand jury at least; but they were interesting to anyone sufficiently ignorant to think they might be true, or sufficiently informed to know they *were* true.

Publius is a lawyer, and he thinks that the bulk of what little is now known about the management of human affairs and the relations of visible to invisible life is known by the members of that profession. He thinks the available information of the ministers is far, far behind what they need in their business. He thinks rather better of doctors, for the reason, perhaps, that he knows less about medicine than he thinks he knows about religion. He is willing, however, to help in the support of doctors for the sake of what they can do for his family. He tries to keep up with the scientists and, indeed, does keep along with them pretty well, but finds the limit of their attainments too soon reached. When he thinks they begin to guess he begins to grumble and to say that, after all, they don't know much more than the ministers.

Of course young Publius is safe enough in all these aspersions of contemporary wisdom. It is nothing new to find limits to the wisdom of the wise and defects in its conclusions. But that disposition, when geared to some knowledge and some intelligence, is particularly noteworthy and perhaps useful in these times when everything seems to be in such a state of flux. Our river of life seems just now to be running through a narrow cañon full of rocks and tumult in which the rafts and boats which we have launched are shaken and whirled about in a way to make us wonder how many of them will still be afloat when our river comes to smooth going again. It is

this hurrying passage that I like to hear Publius discuss, because it really is a great matter for discussion. I asked him the other night if he wanted to cancel the foreign debts and had he read Mr. Glasgow's discourse on that subject in the front pages of the December HARPER'S. He had not read it but would, and said that he was willing to cancel the debts if he could make the speech accompanying the cancellation. He seems to have something on his mind about Europe and about war which he wants to set free in such a manner that it will reach the listening ears of mankind. Well, one can guess what it is. Probably he has it in him to say that mankind is so stupid it deserves to have wars go on, and that Europe is so stupid she ought to pay the debts—which is, of course, true enough in a way, and if Publius felt that it was worth a few billion dollars to have it brought to notice as he could bring it, why, one sympathizes with his feeling.

WHAT our poor world needs is to be laughed at. Rabelais laughed at the Middle Ages, and is a best-seller to-day. Cervantes laughed at chivalry and still lives. Voltaire laughed at Church and State in prerevolutionary France, and is on the way to sit with the saints. One of the great cures for disorder is to laugh. If young Publius could make Europe see itself ridiculous in having its debts cancelled, and could make us all see ourselves ridiculous for not being able to escape from war, it might be worth all that money. As for that special article in the December HARPER'S, to laugh at that is perhaps the most helpful way to take it. The question about those debts is what is best to do; not what is legal, not entirely what is possible, not what is the utmost money that can be squeezed out of Europe, but how much, if any, it will pay to take: what arrangement will in the long run be best for all hands. The American case is good enough at law, even at international law. When we got into the War we were needed in it. When our friends the Allies borrowed money of us they needed the money. When we began to lend it in quantity we said, "this may be all we can do in this war," so we did it lavishly. But then we went on and spent vast sums on our own account, training troops and all that, and in the end were actually useful in the field.

We have title enough to receive what Europe can pay, but that does not get us anywhere, unless it is really profitable to have Europe pay us. That is the great question, whether it is good for the world, for mankind, for the human race that we should collect those debts in the modified degree which has now been negotiated. For we are part of the world, of the human race, of mankind, and we believe, and not without due basis, that we have come to be an important part. They tell us so, and we think so. This is considerably our world. The economists say that we have contrived, or it has happened to us, to have a third of its wealth in our possession. All that wealth is more valuable to us if the other two-thirds are also valuable. If they shrink unduly, our third will also shrink. If by tipping out those debts we can make the rest of our world more prosperous, it may be an excellent thing to do. Almost anybody will admit as much as that. But we are more or less embarrassed by being tied to an ancient sentiment greatly respected in ordinary affairs—that honest debts must be paid if the credit of the debtors is to be sustained. Perhaps, however, in the great flux of things we shall presently get back more generally to a view of certain forms of property rights as something less permanent than we have regarded them. A very large share of our property rights consists nowadays of certificates of indebtedness of one kind or another. To call all debts off every fifty years, as the ancient Jews did, would disturb our system a good deal and it is not likely to be done. But the idea at the bottom

of it, that the less lucky or less able should be freed at stated periods from the domination of the more fortunate and shrewder, has plenty to be said in support of it, and is indeed embodied in current bankruptcy laws. That idea has an application to the foreign debts. Countries must not be crushed; nor driven into bankruptcy if it can be avoided. Peoples must not be overburdened, standards of living must not be kept too low indefinitely by national debts. That is not for the good of mankind and does not pay. Nature, even political nature, seems to work against it. In any country, in any empire, where too large a share of the wealth gets into too few hands, revolution begins to breed and presently there is a new distribution. So of nations. If they get too rich in comparison with their neighbors, presently they blow up.

MAYBE Publius will put forth some of these thoughts when he makes the address on the cancellation of debts, but very possibly he has better ones of his own. Another matter that concerns him is about the Church and marriage. We have had that amusing rumpus over the nullification by the authorities of the Vatican at Rome of a marriage which affected an American and an English family. It made the Protestant clergy in both those countries quite mad. As for the laity, they have not shown temper about it, but have merely grinned. Publius was very greatly entertained at the resulting situation. He is sure the Church has nothing to do with marriage anyhow. But then he is pretty young, and I never feel that he has yet reached final opinions about anything. The Church is almost universally of the opinion that people who marry should stay married. A great many of them do, and for manifold reasons it is a good plan; but the Church inclines to keep them married by making it hard for them to get loose from that condition. But nowadays efforts of the Church in that direction are largely defeated by secular law which lets people get divorce for a variety of reasons. Publius affects to think that the whole control by Churches of marriage is a usurpation, and that they really have slight concern with it. If they held that Church marriages made here remained in force in the life to come, that would be important. But they do not go so far as that. The most they hold is that a Church marriage is good till death of one of the parties to it. After that the other party can marry some more if so disposed.

It seems to be with marriage a good deal as it is with drink. If the rules are too strict you get a lot of bootleggers. Where the Church has been stricter than human nature has been inclined to endure, the bootlegging has been assisted by statute, and the secular courts have tried to make the rules match existing public sentiment. Perhaps the Church people after a while will get a divorce amendment into the Constitution. They show a disposition in that direction, but until we have digested Amendment 18, the adventure about divorce is not likely to succeed. We are going through a process of instruction about the possibility of making character by compulsion, or at least by compelling deportment whether there is character to back it or not. That is what our brethren tried to do who put over the prohibition laws. It was possible to regulate the sale of rum. That had long been done. Their effort to do it differently was legitimate enough, but they went farther than that and tried to contrive to eliminate drinking by law. After six years of experiment it seems to be pretty well demonstrated that this cannot be done, and most of us expect to see the present laws either modified by legislation or nullified in a way by failure of enforcement. What the Church has tried to do about marriage is something of the same sort. With a sound and admirable ideal of marriage in its mind, it has tried always to impose it on human creatures who had not character enough to make it go. Once it could punish

them if they were disobedient to its ordinances; now it can do no more than exclude them from church privileges.

Well, that seems proper enough if they wish to do it. It weighs a great deal with some people. Does anybody who faces marriage read up the laws of his state on that subject? Very few. For anybody but a lawyer it would be a difficult job of research. But does anyone read the Church service? Oh, yes, a great many people. The Church's influence in the direction of durable marriage is all to the good, but it is evident that it cannot compel anyone to remain married whose own conscience does not demand it except, indeed, its own officers who may be deprived of their employment if they disobey. But though the Church's ideal of marriage is respected, its position on divorce is very widely questioned. It would hold together people who do not wish to stay married and as to whom there is no compelling reason why they should. The Church (all the Churches) are considerably committed to the perpetuation of marriages which ought not to be perpetuated. That is the weak part of its position. The strong part of it is that it has the right ideal and does its best to promote its acceptance.

HEAVEN knows where it will come out in this matter. When the divorce lawyers of the Catholic Church in Rome nullified a marriage done with great formality by a Bishop of the Episcopal Church in the United States there was a general chuckle. The Protestant clergy was indignant, and said the Pope had no business to permit such a thing, and the Catholic clergy defended the action of the Rota, said it was all right and scolded the protesting Protestants. As for young Publius, he said the Pope had got in bad and the Rota's decision would make him trouble. But anyhow it was a very interesting case and world-wide discussion of it may in the end be helpful to an understanding of what in our present troubled and changeful times the relation of the Church to marriage really is and ought to be. The truth is, and it is no news, that we cannot rely on any organization to make us good or keep us good. When Charlie Chaplin's wife flounces out to consider whether she shall sue Charlie for one million or two million dollars, that is an illustration of what may happen to marriage when the Church has nothing to do with it. When the Rota nullified the Marlborough-Vanderbilt adventure, that illustrated what may happen when various Churches have done all they could.

But it has all made people laugh and that, as said, is useful. Man-made laws have never been entirely right and never will be. They are the defective products of defective powers; milestones set up in the road of human progress. The expectation is that travelers will pass them, and happily they do, else were our earthly journey more disgruntling than it is. When you put wrong definitions of conduct into a constitution or a creed, it is like a wall across our path. We have to get over it somehow and in time we do.

Personal and Otherwise

TWO months ago we turned to the subject of the war debts with an article by George Glasgow, an Englishman. This month ***Albert Jay Nock,*** an American, brings it up again, approaching it from a different point of view and drawing disquieting conclusions as to the probable future relations between Europe and the United States. Mr. Nock was one of the editors of the *American Magazine* in its early brilliant years, was a leading spirit on the editorial staff of *The Freeman* from 1920 to 1924, has recently written an excellent life of Thomas Jefferson, and during the past year has contributed to HARPER'S "The Decline of Conversation" (May), "Notes of an Emigré" (July), and "Postmarked Dresden" (August). For a year or so he has been living abroad, thus securing many an excellent opportunity to study popular European opinion of the United States.

The distinguished British short-story writer, ***A. E. Coppard,*** who makes his first appearance in the Magazine this month, is frequently represented in anthologies of current British fiction and has published three books, *Adam and Eve and Pinch Me*, *The Black Dog*, and *Fishmonger's Fiddle*.

The ethical standards of the legal profession are of moment to lawyers and the public alike; and for this reason we give the floor to ***Newman Levy,*** of the New York firm of Greenbaum, Wolff and Ernst, who discusses with sober restraint the discrepancy between the code to which members of the bar pay lip-service and that which most of them follow in day-to-day practice. Mr. Levy has been practicing law in New York since 1912, and from 1916 to 1919 was assistant district attorney of New York County.

Leland Hall graduated from Harvard in 1905, studied music in France, taught at the University of Wisconsin for four years, and later at Columbia, Harvard, and Smith. A little over two years ago, having decided to wander, he set out on a journey which brought him to Timbuctoo. (Readers whose exact knowledge of this famous city is limited to the part it plays in the verses concluding with "hymn book too" may be reminded that it is at the southern edge of the Sahara Desert just north of the Niger River.) In Timbuctoo Mr. Hall settled down to live awhile and, having a gift of understanding, he made many friends among the people of the city. His article, a result of that sojourn, will be followed shortly by a native portrait. Mr. Hall has now returned to this country and is teaching music again at Smith College.

Dorothy Dunbar Bromley describes herself as "one of those thousand and one young women who come out of the Middle West to find a satisfying career in New York." After filling editorial and advertising positions in the book world for five years, she has recently turned to magazine writing. It was a chance conversation with two lawyers that prompted her inquiry into the rights and wrongs of alimony.

Ellen du Pois Taylor, a native of Dakota, has done newspaper work in Chicago and is the author of a novel, *One Crystal and a Mother*, which will be published shortly by Harper & Brothers. "Nostalgia" is her first contribution to the Magazine. She is now in Europe.

Shortly after his graduation from Yale, ***Charles Merz*** joined the staff of the *New Republic*, which he later left to become an editorial writer for the New York *World*. He writes frequently for HARPER'S; his most recent contribution was "The Attack on New York," published last June.

Before the war ***Stephen Graham,*** son of the editor of the English *Country Life*, spent years living with the peasants and students of Russia, tramping in the Caucasus, the Crimea, the Ural Mountains, and the far

north of Russia, going steerage with Russian immigrants to the United States, and interpreting to the English-speaking world in a notable series of books the spirit of the Russian people. Since then his preference for traveling on foot and studying the life of the common people has not left him, and he has roamed in many countries, including our own. In 1921 he tramped through the West with Vachel Lindsay. The Bowery has long been familiar ground to him.

All three short stories this month are the work of new contributors. The third of these newcomers, ***Libbian Benedict,*** is a young New York writer.

Joseph Collins, the eminent neurologist, has in recent years added to his output of medical books a number in other fields: *The Doctor Looks at Literature, Taking the Literary Pulse, The Doctor Looks at Biography,* and *The Doctor Looks at Love and Life.* Now he logically turns his attention to his own profession. A year ago Dr. Collins stirred up a warm discussion with a HARPER article entitled "Childish Americans," in which he examined the emotional habits of our countrymen and rendered a diagnosis of adult infantilism.

We are forever hearing about the younger generation. What about the not-quite-so-young generation, the women of the thirties? We commend to them and their husbands, relatives, and friends the portrait sketched by ***Margaret Culkin Banning,*** herself a member of the group. Mrs. Banning went to Vassar, lives in Duluth, is the author of several novels (of which the most recent is *The Women of the Family*), and has written many a short story for HARPER'S.

After putting the finishing touches on the revised edition of his *Constantinople,* ***H. G. Dwight*** sends us from Washington a characteristic paper touching on immigration, Nordics, Anglo-Americans, the Founding Fathers, etc. Mr. Dwight is the author of the classic *Stamboul Nights,* one of the best volumes of short stories ever written by an American. After the war he spent several years with the State Department, but about eighteen months ago he left the Department to take up literature again. Since then he has written several HARPER articles; the latest was "South of the Potomac" (May, 1926).

Christopher Morley, author of *Where the Blue Begins, Thunder on the Left,* and many a volume of essays and verse, needs no introduction to the HARPER circle.

Henshaw Ward used to be a schoolteacher; for two or three years past he has been living in New Haven and writing books (*Evolution for John Doe* and *Thobbing*) and articles interpreting to the lay public the discoveries and hypotheses and conclusions of modern science. There are many interpreters of science in these days, but few have Mr. Ward's gift of combining accuracy, clearness, and the ability to dramatize the subject.

The poets of the month are ***A. A. Milne,*** the English author of *When We Were Very Young, Winnie the Pooh,* and several delightful comedies; ***Mary Ellis Opdycke*** (Mrs. John DeWitt Peltz) of New York, former assistant music critic of the *Sun* and contributor to many magazines; and ***Countée Cullen,*** the young colored poet of Harlem, author of *Color.*

Turning Lion's Mouth contributor after writing seriously in our November issue on "Freedom vs. Compulsion in Religion," ***Charles A. Bennett,*** associate professor of philosophy at Yale, gives new proof of his versatility. ***O. R. Sellers*** of Lexington, Missouri, and Chicago, comes to the rescue of the harassed alumni, showing that however pestiferous Percy Marks may find them, the poor hunted creatures sometimes deserve our sympathy.

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Gardner Symons, of New York, is one of the ablest American landscape painters. During the past sixteen years he has won a notable series of awards, and his work is represented in the Metropolitan and other leading museums. The painting reproduced as the frontispiece of this issue is characteristic of the winter river-scenes that he frequently paints.

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In his article in the November HARPER'S, John Macy made the following statement about the appearance of a group of women

before the Senate Judiciary Committee at the prohibition hearings last April:

The ladies, headed by Mrs. Henry W. Peabody of Boston, had, as the New York *World* put it, "few exact figures, but were loaded with generalities." Mrs. Peabody said, "These women who appear here to-day represent from 12,000,000 to 18,000,000 in the Protestant churches of America. . . . We represent the homes and schools of America." The lady had not a single credential to prove how many people she and her companions represented, and her sweeping inclusion of all the homes and schools in America is capable of immediate disproof.

This statement has elicited a vigorous protest from Mrs. Peabody, National Chairman of the Woman's National Committee for Law Enforcement. Her letter, which, we regret, arrived too late for inclusion last month, is printed herewith, together with Mr. Macy's reply.

To The Editor of HARPER'S MAGAZINE:

I am sending you the *Congressional Record* giving a report of the Hearing before the sub-committee of the Judiciary in Washington, April 12. It includes the sworn statements of sixty-five women, representing great organizations affiliated with the Women's National Committee for Law Enforcement. They are as follows: General Federation of Women's Clubs, Young Women's Christian Association, Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teacher Association, Federation of Women's Boards of Foreign Missions of North America, Council of Women for Home Missions, National Council of Women, International Order of King's Daughters, Women's Christian Temperance Union, and in addition statements from the colored women, the Salvation Army, and from many other organizations. These organizations were represented by the president or legislative chairman or accredited delegate.

Our claim to "represent homes and schools" did not assert that we represent "all," since no representation even in the Senate of the United States would cover all citizens in any state. If it covers a majority we are satisfied politically.

As we stated in the Hearing (Page 740, *Congressional Record*), since there was duplication in the testimony of so many religious bodies, it seemed to us more accurate to take as a basis the women of the Protestant Churches which, based on the 60 per cent membership of women, is eighteen millions. From this we deducted six millions, not because there are six million Protestant Church women opposed to prohibition and law enforcement, but merely to preserve a conservative estimate. There is no question regarding the stand of these women, since all have taken strong action in their delegated bodies. We have not included the many Catholic and Jewish women who, while not affiliated, are working with us.

For the benefit of those who wish to have the text of the testimony, we have published excerpts which can be secured from our headquarters, 1 Arsenal Square, Cambridge, Mass.

Very sincerely,

LUCY W. PEABODY,
(Mrs. Henry W. Peabody) National Chairman.

Editor HARPER'S MAGAZINE:

I was in error in saying that "the lady (Mrs. Peabody) had not a single credential." "Credential" is the wrong word. Of course the ladies were duly accredited and gave an account of what organizations they represented. I should have said, and shall say in my book, that they did not offer valid documents to prove how many people they represented. The figures are only guesses, estimates without sound statistical foundation.

Mrs. Peabody says: "Our claim to 'represent homes and schools' did not assert that we represent 'all,' since no representation even in the Senate of the United States would cover all citizens in any state. If it covers a majority we are satisfied politically."

There is nothing in the testimony given to establish whether or not "it" (their claim?) covers a majority.

Mrs. Peabody's words, as quoted in the *Congressional Record*, are: "We represent here to-day not only organizations of women, but, as a whole, we represent the home, the school, the church."

This is an unwarranted assertion. *The* is as absolute as *all*. They did not, they simply did not represent *the* home, *the* school, *the* church. They only represented some homes, some schools, some churches. How many we do not know and they do not know.

JOHN MACY.

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Letters in response to Mr. Macy's article on the comparative ability of women and men were still pouring in on us when the comments on Miss LeClerc Phillips's paper, "The Problem of the Educated Woman," began to arrive. The reactions to her argument were various. Some were satirical: one suggested the selection of college presi-

dents who had been successful in love; another wrote a prospectus of a college in which the members of the faculty were distinguished for the number of their divorces and successful remarriages and the curriculum embraced such subjects as "General Introduction to the Art of Attraction," "Husbandology: Getting and Keeping the Husband," and "How to Live Without Thinking." Another reader objected that the problem outlined by Miss Phillips was not that of the Educated Woman, but that of the Mental Prig: "History will bear me out in the fact that intelligence is accompanied by beauty more often than not. Of the girls who were graduated in my class at college those who won scholastic honors were, with one exception, the best looking girls in the class." Other readers protested that the type of student discussed by Miss Phillips is rare, and that the average feminine undergraduate is little influenced by the so-called "desiccated" instructor. We hope to have space in our next issue to quote at greater length from some of the replies.

Meanwhile the article has apparently had practical results. In the middle of December it was announced that William Van D. Lawrence had given his estate in Bronxville, New York, and $1,250,000 for a new women's junior college which is to educate girls "for their real career, marriage"; and the day after the announcement we read in the New York *World:*

Mr. Lawrence said that he has been considering the gift for years, and his views were suddenly crystallized by an article in the last HARPER'S, "The Problem of the Educated Woman," by R. LeClerc Phillips. The paper says that relatively few college women of superior intellect marry, and places a good deal of the blame on unmarried woman teachers.

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A letter from the Christian Science Committee on Publication for the State of New York:

To the Editor of HARPER'S MAGAZINE:

Under the heading of the "Editor's Easy Chair," your December issue makes a reference to Christian Science which may quite easily misinform your reading audience. I shall, therefore, be grateful for space in your columns to make correction. Your editor says, "One notices that schisms have started in the Christian Science Church and seem to be prospering." This is quite contrary to the real status of affairs. Never in the history of this great religious movement, founded over sixty years ago by Mary Baker Eddy, its Discoverer, has unity reigned so supremely. A perusal of the report of the annual meeting held in The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass., on June 7 last, will reveal healthy growth in membership, attendance, distribution and sale of the writings of its Founder and Leader. While a few members have been disciplined for disobedience, it is most unfair to insinuate that there has been "a formal division or separation," which I understand to be the meaning of the word schism. Nothing that could be so designated or so dignified has occurred.

Again, our critic states that the "Christian Science organization seems to be sharing the experience of the other churches in the decline of authority." There is no foundation in fact for such a statement. The "authority" in the Christian Science movement is the "Church Manual."

Faithfully yours,

EDGAR G. GIGER,

Christian Science Committee on Publication.

Mr. Martin makes the following reply to this letter:

I receive occasionally copies of the *Christian Science Watchman,* now published in Washington, which seems to me to be the organ of a separatist activity in Christian Science, under the leadership of Mrs. Annie C. Bill.

I also read in the newspapers from time to time page-long deliverances of Mrs. Augusta Stetson (I think), who also seems to have strayed away from the Mother Church of Christian Science, and to be functioning on the side.

I read in the newspapers, not very lately, of differences over the profits of Mrs. Eddy's book, and of general conflicts of managers following her lamented decease. I based on these signs, among others, the suggestion that schisms had started in Christian Science, but maybe these departures do not seem to the insiders big enough to be called schisms. Or it may be a part of C.S. method to deny schism, just as it is to deny disease!

EDWARD S. MARTIN.

THE MUSIC FIELD

Our Growth in Music

The Pianoforte a Vital Factor

WE are known as a musical nation and this generation has been called the most musical that ever lived.

Viewed in a broad way this is perhaps true. The country is certainly alive with things musical and never as in recent years has Music reached out in one form or another to capture so many millions of new devotees.

Men are taking a much greater interest in music—one of the most stimulating symptoms of our present musical growth. No longer need any boy hesitate to confess to a love for music in the fear of being thought effeminate. Now many of our foremost men in business proclaim the inspirational benefits they have received from the study of music. A list of notable Americans who are also fine musicians would probably amaze the average reader. They are to be found in cities and towns all over the country.

"Enlightened business men cannot ignore Music." That is the judgment of Mr. George Eastman, one of the notable figures in American business who has performed extraordinary service for musical education in this country. And the opinions of such men, based on their own experience and wide observations, are having a practical and far-reaching effect on their fellow men—great numbers of whom have found that music in some ways is more necessary to them in undergoing the modern business strain than it is to women.

Parents are taking a much greater interest in music and are more impressed than ever before with the great cultural and mind-training benefits that the study of music alone can give. In organized bodies they are urging upon school authorities wherever necessary that the study of music along practical lines be made a part of their children's early training.

Music is in fact becoming recognized as one of the great forces in education. This is a matter of such importance not only to the individual but to the community and to the nation that it is receiving the support of progressive men and women everywhere. No less an educator than the late Doctor Charles Eliot maintained throughout many years that Music, rightly taught, is the best mind trainer on the list and that we should have more of it in our schools the country over. And it was Woodrow Wilson who declared, "The man who disparages music as a luxury and non-essential is doing the nation an injury."

The more recent awakening of the general public to the possibilities and the power of Music and to its need in our daily lives has been brought about in various ways.

The phonograph, the player-piano, the radio, have each been of great value in increasing musical knowledge, musical appreciation and musical receptiveness. Possibly our advance along these lines has been more notable than has our progress in the art itself. For Music, in order to develop, must depend upon the *trained* intelligence of listeners. To get the highest value out of music one must actually give it some study.

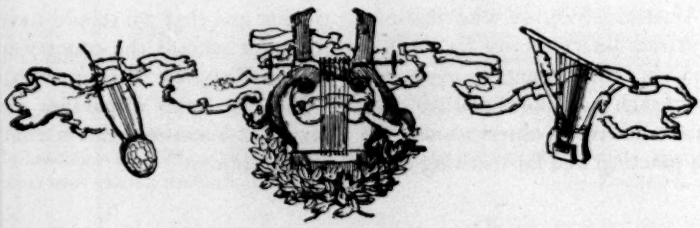
It is fortunate therefore that in creating distinct places for themselves in public favor, the phonograph, player-piano, and radio have been serving to bring about wider realization of the basic importance of the pianoforte.

> *"Music is fundamental — one of the great sources of life, health, strength and happiness."*
>
> —Luther Burbank.

For the pianoforte, or piano as it is now generally called, like the illustrious pipe organ, is one of the really fundamental musical instruments. It is the only one on which the three elements of music —rhythm, melody and harmony—can be produced simultaneously and completely. It is the one instrument above all others that will most readily and richly repay its study and actual use.

It was Owen Wister, an accomplished musician as well as one of our greatest authors, who wrote: "Music, as an Art, may be best approached through the pianoforte. That is, unless some one is preparing to make a specialty of some other instrument it is perhaps a mistake to inaugurate a musical education with another instrument. There is nothing in the literature of music that cannot be explained through the piano.

"It is for this reason I feel very strongly that everyone who desires to study music, whether the design is professional or amateur, should at first strive to gain a certain pianistic facility. The piano is easily the most practical instrument for this purpose and the average student gets more from it."

Because of this generally accepted view, and because so much of the musical history and progress of the past century has been written around this single instrument, one of the earlier purposes of the music talks to appear in this magazine will be to tell the story of the piano from its early beginnings and throughout its stages of development to the splendid instruments of the present day.

The talks on this and other subjects will aim to be of interest to every one interested in music and of as much practical value as possible in the way of helpful information and occasional suggestions.